

Melt

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It's a story i guess

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1 - Untitled

Twilly's Point of View:

Time was melting. At least, I thought so. I saw all the clocks stop and start winding backward every seventeen and a half minutes, but I, alone, was the only one who saw them. I kept seeing the silhouette of a clock on the walls, cabinets, or sinks of every single place I went. I thought I was still the only person who saw them, that is, until I met him. He was my best guy friend's good friend; my friend, Kris, said that his friend saw the exact same things I did, he didn't know why he hadn't told me this earlier, but it was fine with me.

So I met him, and he was not what I was expecting. His actual name was Twig and I couldn't really tell why. He wore an extremely mysterious reddish purple, well now that I think about it, more of a reddish, trench coat, a flawlessly matching witch-like hat, and a silver necklace. His hair was shoulder-length and dark, it was not easily seen if you wanted to know what color it was. I couldn't see his eyes because he was always looking downward, but he was smiling a suspicious smile. I looked him over once or twice before my friend spoke.

"Hey, Twilly why don't you tell him what happened when you started seeing them," he asked.

I mumbled out my story, "Five years ago my life was typical. I was a normal nine year old. I had a typically normal annoying brother, normal cat, normal mom, and not as normal dad. That is until it happened. I was passing by a magic shop and a brilliant blue light surrounded it. I was unsure of what happened after that. I woke up in the hospital with my parents glaring at me. I looked at them and asked what happened. They just responded with a "you tell us". I told them that I didn't know. Then my brother chimed in about some tattoo. I just laid there clueless. I looked at my arms and there was a pink ribbon-like tattoo running up my arms. I then saw it reach my shoulders and spread out and cover my body. I was shocked! My entire body? I looked in a mirror and saw that my face was the only thing untouched. That's when it all started."

He just stood there and nodded. Who could just nod at a non-fiction story like that? Kris's jaw was dropped. I gripped the sleeve of my woven amethyst sweater and looked down at my feet. I saw a flat piece of wood emerge under my face.

"Hit me with this," This was the first time I heard Twig speak. I looked up. It was the first time I saw his eyes. They were golden-brown. In his hand was the piece of wood. He repeated, "Hit me with it."

I looked at him for a while before I took it. I would have to aim above his broad shoulders if I was going to hit him. I couldn't speak for at least thirty seconds. I finally found my voice and muttered, "Why? Why do you want me to hit you? Can I have at least have a reason to hit you?"

"Just because," he said grinning ear to ear. Because? I only asked for a reason to hit him with this wood!

I gripped it hard. I quickly brought it up like a baseball bat and swung like there was no tomorrow. He grinned like the Wal-Mart Smiley Face. I think I'll call him Mr. Smiley Face from now on, but before I made impact something happened. Kris stopped, just stopped. Everyone but Twig and I stopped. He mumbled something completely unknown and then I hit him, hard enough to send him flying into a rigid pale orange-yellow wall. His golden cat-like eyes shut, but only for a single second, but he rapidly stood back up, he wasn't even wobbling.

He grinned happily again and then everyone started back to the way it had been. I thought to myself for a minute, only a minute, and then looked at the spot where I had hit him, he was bleeding like a vampire's meal, before the meal. I was scared. Was he going to hit me now? Why did I hit him? Why do I keep asking myself all of these questions and never answer them?

"Are you okay?" I yelled. Still grinning he nodded. I looked at him then gave a sigh of relief. Are all men like that? Then I looked again, he didn't look much older than me. Kris was shocked. His dazzling blue eyes were completely different now. They were stiff and afraid instead of soft and caring. I looked at him and slowly hung my head. My dark brown, purple-streaked hair dropped in front of my face. I had frightened my BEST friend and Mr. Smiley Face over there was grinning like a little kid on Christmas.

My heart skipped a beat as I looked at the mark I made on his face. It was HUGE. Was I that powerful? I took a step backward.

"Hey, Twilly what exactly happened here?" Kris asked with annoyance.

"I...I...I don't know." I looked at Twig, a.k.a. Mr. Smiley Face, angrily. Before then the only person I had hit was my little brother. Now I was confused. Why does he keep on smiling?

"That's all I needed to know," Mr. Smiley Face said after he cleaned the gash.

"WHAT did you need to know in the first place, Mr. Smiley Face?" I swiftly inquired.

"Whether or not you have the power to stop time," he gleefully whispered, "and did you just call me Mr. Smiley Face?"

I nodded slowly. What did he mean by, "Whether or not you have the power to stop time"? Can I stop time? I mentally shrugged, then said bye to Kris and Mr. Smiley Face.

When I was twenty-five feet away from them Twig hollered, "Wait, Twilly can I speak with you." He started running over. `Now what does he want?' I thought. He caught up with me quickly.

"So now what do you need?" I asked.

He looked at me for a second then stated his reply, "I've been looking for the time stopper for a long time, and you're her."

"What?"

"You're the time stopper, the other person that was caught in the alchemic blast at the magic shop."

"What in the world are you talking about?" My red and black roller blades were swishing under me. Almost like they were happily skipping with his unusual smile.

"The blast at the magic shop you were passing by that day. It was an alchemic blast, don't you get it at all!?"

"Rude much. you shouldn't yell at girls. We are very sensitive, you know. I guess I didn't know about alchemic blasts, is that okay with you because it's perfectly fine with me?"

"That's why I work with MALE magicians."

"Sexist," I mumbled angrily. Oh man, I wish I had that piece of wood now. I guess it would be safer if I didn't.

"My job as a vampire slayer is excessively complicated."

"You're a vampire slayer?"

"Yeah, there are more vampires than you probably think there are."

"I didn't even think vampires existed any longer."

"See, there are many more than none."

"So, I was wrong. What are you friends with werewolves?"

"You know?"

"Know what, that Kris is a werewolf"

"Yeah!"

"I knew it!" I yelled triumphantly. Some people started staring at me. Once again I hung my head. That was so embarrassing it was unspeakable. I never embarrassed myself like that before.

"You know that Kris is a werewolf, so what exactly are you?" Mr. Smiley Face demanded for an answer.

"I'm a fourteen year old girl who likes Ramen, streaking her hair, roller blading, sleeping in, dancing, drawing, writing, forget me knots, chocolate ice cream, and mysteries."

"AND what else?"

"I have also just been told, by you, that I have the almighty power of stopping time. Happy now, Mr. Smiley Face?"

"More or less," he mumbled dragging his feet on the ground.

"And you have the power to do what?" I questioned. I felt my sappy brown eyes gleaming.

"The power to destroy anything I want and the power to time travel. Twilly, I just have one more question."

"What is it?"

"Why do you keep calling me MR. SMILEY FACE? It's quite annoying you know."

"Just because," I said quoting him. I quickly grabbed his funny looking hat and started running/skating for it.

"Hey! Give that back," he yelled trying to get his hat back from my hand. His hair was quickly flying behind him. I could see it, as in his hair, better now. He had an oddly placed widow's peak; it was to the left of his head. And his hair was dyed to match his outfit.

I personally liked it. But then again my friends say I have hair issues. I guess I do. This probably proves it. I grabbed his hat just to see what his hair looked like. I wondered how his hair looked when I met him. I'm weird, aren't I.

"Give me my hat back!" he yelled.

"No!" I cried skating for the end of the block. Once I reached it I made a very sharp turn. My hair flapped in the wind like it was chasing after me. I speedily lunged for the bus stop's green bench. When I made it he was only thirteen yards away from me.

I decided to plop down on the bench. In only about thirty seconds he was standing directly in front of me. I smiled at him and gave him his tremendously odd hat back.

"Why did you go and pull an nefarious stunt like that," he growled angrily.

"Because I wanted to see your hair." My smile faded, "Is your hair color dyed or natural?"

"It is really just a burgundy dye."

"Oh, so what is your natural color? Blonde? Red? Brown? Or is it even green? I want to know!"

"It was blonde," he said as he plunked down next to me, I looked at him closely then asked.

"Wow, was it light blonde like the sun? Or was it Platinum like Kris's? Or even dirty blonde?"

"You really like hair don't you?" He asked quietly enough to hear a pin drop.

"Yeah, well, it's kind of an obsession I have."

"It was dirty blonde," his smile faded and for the very first time I saw him frown, "everyone in my family is blonde."

"Oh, so what's bad about that? So it's not original, a blonde family is still nice. I have a family of brunettes." I said placing my hand on his shoulder, "what's wrong, you don't look like you did when I met you."

"I just thought of my mom, she absolutely hates me, just because this is my job. VAMPIRE SLAYING! WOOP-DE-DO!"

"Well, it's better than werewolf slaying. You could have killed Kris, you know that right."

I started scratching my arm. My entire body itched. Then my body started glowing with a bright pink light. Then I was gone, away from my place at the time, my family, Twig, and my body.

Twig's Point of View:

Where in the world did she go? Why isn't anyone moving? Did her power just overload? I've got to help her, but how? I wish there was someone to talk to. It was a power overload. I just knew she couldn't control her power, she was just too weak to hold any of it in at all.

My simple explanation wasn't so simple. I need to find her and stop all of this. I guess I'm going to have no help. I will just have to go alone. I walked down the street. I know where I'm going... who am I fooling, I have absolutely, positively no clue where I am going. She could be anywhere from Tokyo to Peru! I slugged down the street and looked in the window of the magic shop... that's it!

I ran in the shop and grabbed the crystal ball that was on the table. I slowly chanted, "World of absolute darkness, show me your proper form! Show the individual who has caused this catastrophe. Bring me the place where this one is located. Show me their face!"

In the crystal it showed Twilly on top of the statue of liberty shining like one of the brightest stars. She looked completely lifeless. I wish I could get there faster than really I could. The only problem I have is that I'm in Florida, too many miles from New York. I ran for it. Out of the shop and down the road. Florida, New York is so far away it's unbearable.

I slowly slugged my way down the road. Then I thought about something very odd. I ran for the airport. On my way there I saw frozen people, ducks, bird, and even some of the most annoying Chihuahuas. When I finally reached the landing field I looked for an airplane (Note from the author: Good children should NOT follow Twig's odd way of thinking, at all. His strange way of thinking is very, VERY bad for your individual health, I only care about your health do NOT, I repeat do NOT, do as Twig does in this interesting story). As soon as I found one, that would be going to New York in the first place, I moved the pilots and took charge, like I always have done and will always do.

I move to the cockpit and being skilled in airplane driving, I flew to New York. The strange thing was, I never got tired. I was guessing that time was neither here, nor there, nor anywhere. The aircraft flew like a soaring eagle.

I gazed out the window. Nothing seemed to matter now. My life was ruined, completely ruined. My heart sank into the deepest pit of devastation.