

The Elementals

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Submitted: December 13, 2006

Updated: December 17, 2006

*this is a story idea that i have had for a while. it has real people in in but its not real its self (obviously)
hope u enjoy and remember to comment!*

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Chapter 1 - the beginning

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1 - the beginning

It's a breezy Sunday afternoon. My friends and I are cleaning out my attic, only to see if we can find any need stuff.

Could this table be any heavier! called Brooke from the other side of the attic. Brooke is average height with brown hair and brown eyes. She is one of the nicest people you could ever meet. How she ended up being friends & it's a mystery.

Brooke we are rummaging through my attic, not rearranging it. I yelled from behind a pile of boxes. I am tall with brown hair and blue eyes.

Oh&. ya&. right she said quickly moving across the room to a box of books.

Kathleen tried to suppress, her laughter but failed. She burst out laughing. Kathleen is tall with black hair.

Is there anything that isn't in this attic? asked Kathleen while picking up an old clock.

Ya seriously said Brooke This stuff hasn't been touched in so long that u have dust gathering on top of your dust.

Kathleen laughed until she, was stopped short. She had inhaled some dust particles, and was coughing wildly. She ran to the bathroom and drank some water. Brooke giggled under her breath and picked up a box in the process.

Wow, this box is so pretty she exclaimed.

I dropped the old teddy bear I was holding and hurried over.

Its so elegant! I whispered loudly as I took the box from her hands, and tried to open it.

Its locked I said with a tone of dismay in my voice.

Just then Kathleen came back upstairs.

What are you holding? Kathleen asked while stepping over the teddy bear I had dropped.

It's a box, said Brooke

And its locked I added

Oh well that's a shame said Kathleen as she inspected the box in my hands.

Suddenly there was a crash behind us. I jumped causing the box to fall from my hands and crash to the floor. Brooke turned to run but fell over a trunk behind her, and Kathleen just shrieked at the top of her lungs. After recovering, I turned to see what it was. There was Nate my welsh corgi! He had knocked over a piece of priceless china. Which shattered on impact with the floor. I started to laugh and was joined by my friends. Nate ran around the broken vase and halted at my feet. Just then I remembered the box. I looked down and found the box was lying on its side and a block had come out of the bottom. Kathleen picked it up slowly.