

# Heartsong

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*Chapter One and two to the story im putting in my book. The title is still being worked on, but please let me know what you think, gramatical errors, etc.By the way, this is a philosophically based story. So use your imagination and think about human*

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**Chapter 1 - Chapter 1 and Two**

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# 1 - Chapter 1 and Two

Heartsong

## Chapter 1

My eyes flutter and, although I strain them, darkness reigns supreme. I groan, and bliffling numbness flutters at the edges of my mind, tantalizing me so much that I almost lose myself again, however I force myself onto my side and stretch my wings tentatively. I wince and bite my lip against a scream when my before injured, but now completely shredded wing moves. The fall was not kind this time, although I suppose it never has been. I calculate my injuries, my shredded wing is now bloody and useless, and I wonder in the back of my mind if it ever will be usable again. The other wing seems to be bruised and scratched, but in far better condition. For a moment panic floods me; will I be able to leave in the state? Surely, leaving the last time was difficult, but..

A mocking chorus of howls erupts in the distance, a mock greeting that tells me that I am anything but welcome. Horror chokes my throat, and although darkness is complete, I catch shimmers of the eyes of dark, hungry, and angry creatures in passing. They growl their warnings, and perhaps it is better that I cannot see them. They hiss that I am not welcome, and I feel the prickles of the Other coming on. The telltale signs, the writhing in my belly, the shocks up and down my spine, all let me know that he is awakening. I jump to my feet, wincing at the pain it gives me, and fear makes my belly tighten around the worm writhing within it. The other growls its awakening deeply, and my vision shakes with its receding echo's in my mind. However, I resist. If I give in I most certainly will not be able to climb out. The Other has no wings, and its insatiable anger will prevent me from thinking another way out. But the Other is a way of life here; survival means giving in. I stagger with the effort of holding it back and fall.

I moan softly, feeling the power of the Other coursing through my veins; soft as a lover's caress, yet sharp as the claws of death. So easy, this power whispers to me. You've come too far to back out now. None understand you. Like a dream, tangled and obscure, the only way to keep the power is simply surrendering. 'Surrender to me, become my essence', it coaxes. But I am wary, shifting between forms, tail and claws growing and receding painfully, afraid and unsure. What if there is no going back?

'I am truth!' The power roars, impatient. 'Surrender all, bear everything, and you will be free.' But I am already spiraling out of it, the last fleeting feelings of the Other dancing through me. Like a dream, I clutch to the last of the thoughts, but all save one have already flown away through the darkness.

"Surrender all, Bear everything, and you will be free." Oh, what a sweetly sugar coated lie. If I truly surrender all, give in, I will lose a part of myself. The Other is far too selfish to let me keep my sanity, and while I am in my Other form I lose my memories, slowly succumbing to the sweet sickness until I am

my Other, a beast which is no more human than the sun is cold. A beast with swift legs which can run down the quickest of prey, and golden eyes that spare none in its gaze. A merciless, dark creature with nothing but bloodlust and fury in its thoughts. However tempting, I can not give into my Other side.

I curl into a ball to stop the shaking of my tired limbs, and finally, blissful numbness claims me.

## **CHAPTER TWO**

My mind spins, and when I open my eyes, they have finally adjusted to the dim atmosphere of my surroundings. They now blend in with the others from before, and although not belonging to a beast outwardly, my dark, foreboding golden eyes now pierce the deepest darkness. I now see the fearsome creatures from before without the shadows to hide them. They are fewer in number now, but stragglers still watch me. I shudder at their ghastly forms, people in their Other. Long ears attached to a pointed snout, and long, long teeth. Ruthless beast bodies, although they do vary from creature to creature. When people look into a mirror, the beast they see is not always the same.

People here in the Darkness are desperate, and give in far too willingly to the Other side they contain within them. Although, granted, I can't say much. This is my second time here, which is a miracle. The Darkness is the slum, the lowest part of life, where people from up above fall through the cracks, and almost none ever crawl back out again. They go insane from being here, or give into their Other side and forget who they used to be. The Other is a horrible and evil necessity, telling you that it is needed to survive, but at a horrible, horrible cost.

Anyone can survive; however, you do not live through it. Surviving and living are two completely different things. Yes, you will live, but the Other slowly overcomes your soul, making you forget your dreams, your aspirations, and it steals your Heartsong, the mysterious hum of your soul which gives everyone the will to live. Some call it the Fire in your eyes, the drum beat that everyone dances to. Although the Other is sometimes a necessary evil because it shields and protects you, surviving for too long with it can be disastrous. I shudder when I look at the beasts around me.

'These were people once,' I think. 'These were people who loved, who laughed, and lost everything because they were too scared to come back out of the shell they were hiding in, the shield they were hiding behind. Now they are only shadows, ghosts of what they were, unable to leave the Darkness.'

But there is a worse evil than the Other, and I tell myself that I will give into my Other and become a mindless beast before I let myself slide down to that low. Although they are usually not seen, even here in the Darkness, there are still wisps of people that `exist', nervous and broken souls which refused, or could not, shield themselves from the onslaught they were receiving and, consequently, their souls were broken, shattered into a million pieces. These people have not lost their will to live, it was not taken from them, they simply do not have one, and although they will not simply die from this curse, they live their lives constantly in a fearful and horrific dream.

I shake my head, praising that I was able to get out previously, and hoping but unsure of how, if at all, I will do it this time. I can only hope that the Darkness will be merciful.