

Indy and the Faerie Guardians

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This story may contain faeries, but it's for all ages.

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1 - The letter in the post

"*Faerie Guardians*," said the first woman "Just what we need. More childish magic." "I think it's lovely" said the second woman. It was as bleak a room as you could get. No toys, no games consoles. Not even *GULP*... Televisions or Computers! "The magic is spreading!" said the first woman, looking at the fairy dust seeping in through the double-glazing. "Oh, what if a little magic comes our way? It's not like we're going to get some horrible disease!" said the second woman, picking up some magic and blowing some of it over the first woman, but it turned black when it got near her. "How come it didn't turn black when *you* touched it?" said the first woman. Five minutes later the second woman was captured, and was revealed as a Faerie Follower. "What are you doing to the guardians?!" she whimpered, looking at her dying guardian among many others in the same condition. "I'd tell you, but I can't risk word getting out" said the first, zapping the second with a black light.

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"Look at this mess!" said Alison Hysra "You'd think a German air raid had just been going on in here!" What looked like it had been bombed was really Indy Hysra's room. "I like it this way," said Indy "It feels lived-in." "That's no excuse, young lady!" said Indy's mum. "One of the teachers at school said I'm not a young lady until I'm eleven." said Indy, grinning a satisfied grin. "POST!" said Ari (Arianna), Indy's big sister, from downstairs. Indy went downstairs expecting to find no post for her as usual, but instead she got a surprisingly heavy letter. She opened the heavy letter and read:

Dear Indy Hysra,

We need you urgently. I can't say much, only this: The Guardians are dying, more of them dead every day. We need your help.

Yours sincerely,

Ally Clourbis,

The Council of Magic.

'*The Guardians are dying*'? Either someone out there is playing a very convincing prank, or this guy is serious about whatever it is she's talking about! Suddenly a small faerie appeared on the edge of the letter: "Hello!"

To be continued...

2 - IZZY

Chapt. 2:

“Hello!” said the small faerie, fluttering her gossamer wings about happily “I’m your faerie guardian, Izzy!” “How can you exist?” said Indy, almost lost for words. “Well, I was created in the Rainbownian Universe. They sent me through the void, and here I am!” said Izzy. Her shiny black hair was rolling down her shoulders in a layered fashion, and her dress was made of stars. “Don’t mind me asking, but why – how - is your dress made of stars?” said Indy, perplexed at how dresses could be made out of stars. “I think they bind the stars together using rainbow power. I’m wearing a starry dress because I’m a space guardian. It’s my main fairy type.” said Izzy, suddenly turning into a light faerie “No time for chit-chat, though. We’ve got to go back through the void and into Rainbowniah! The hole has almost sealed itself!” and with that she grabbed Indy by the arm and pulled her through a portal (the void opening) that had suddenly appeared. “It’s just like that Vortex Manipulator thing in an ep of Doctor Who!” said Indy “I have the headache to prove it!” then she suddenly realised “Do they have Doctor Who in this Universe?” she couldn’t imagine a world without Doctor Who. “Of course, everyone here is mad about it!” said Izzy. “But don’t kids in this universe have their parents always saying they watch too much telly?” said Indy. “Parents? We haven’t had any adults in here for... well, forever!” said Izzy, acting as if not having adults was the greatest thing in the world, and Indy learned that it was. “Doesn’t anybody age? Doesn’t anybody *die*?” said Indy, wondering if all the people in this universe were killed when they turned into adults. “Nah, I think when we’re born they inject us with something or other, and that... I don’t know what it does! They only give it to us guardians!” said Izzy, getting a bit paranoid. “Its okay” said Indy in a calming voice. As much as Indy wanted it to be true, it wasn’t okay. She wasn’t okay. Everything was happening too fast. She felt sick. She thought it was really embarrassing, being in a different world for the first time.