

The Man of Time and the Forever

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Submitted: May 28, 2006

Updated: May 28, 2006

This ia a piece of work I had written nearly three years ago (so its not as good as I can write now) that I had put on Hiatus when I began eight grade, but over the summer I will continue my work on it. Its basically about the adventures following a Char

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1 - The end is just the Beginning!

The earth in all its beauty and majesty. Life and time ever changing to the eye's of those on the outside. Yet, this and all things must end and begin a new, in the same way as the time before, but, at one time, particularly the end of time, something outside our own universe corrupted the endless ongoing sameness. An error in the system, you can call it, but never the less, happenings from another space time continuum effected us, but particularly one person, Charles Rubman, often called Charlie, but why am I telling you this, when you yourself can read as follows. So beware as you enter this void, for you may never come out again. ENTER AT OWN RISK! Chapter One: The end is just the beginning! Charles Rubman: Yeah, my first day of High School Approaches, my 14 birthday this 9999999999999999 AD just came a while before Christmas, and I am just waiting to begin. Only one more month and I enter the world of high school. For now, we wait the New Year. Man, its been weeks since those "The world is going to end New Years day" reports blocked up all the TV channels. I mean over two billion channels and those ridiculous stories are on every single one! Even those reports on governmental movements have been blocked out. Earth One is still in chaos, trying to constantly move itself to a new sun, but at least we are on earth two.. Mom: Come on Charlie, your friends are already at the front door! Charles: Coming mom! Narrator: That day my life changed for eternity, from the actions of my friends, to the very change in the air. It all effected the out come of that day. We were planning a party at my friend's house, so we needed to get some of the supplies. Kia was the one with her purple hat and black hair, green eyes, tall figure and a smile that can't be ignored. Greg had brown hair and blue eyes, a face like the Great Sphinx, and a ears to match, he had a strong figure that looked like he could wrestle a lion, which made him seem even more like the Sphinx. Kia: So, Charlie, are you coming to that party we're planning tonight to kick-off the New Year. Greg: Yeah, it wouldn't be a party with out you. Charles: I hope I can make it, if my mom lets me. Kia: Come on, don't worry about it, my mom knows your mom, and she's the one who is watching over us. Greg: Yeah Kia, did you have to remind me that your mom is baby-sitting us at this party. Kia: Don't worry so much, my mom has everything covered. Charles: I hope so, I wouldn't want to waste this New Years watching T.V. all day like last year. Kia: You mean the time when you watched T.V. for so long that your eyes wouldn't close. Greg: Hahah, man I still laugh every time I imagine his face stuck in that position. Charles: Knock it off you guys, we still need to finish getting all the supplies. Narrator: We hover-biked through the Jagmine City to the closest store. I rode my flame red bike. Kia rode her favorite purple bike, and Greg rode his dark green bike. At the speed we were going we had reached the store in minutes. Once we entered, the air had a drowsy effect on us. There may have been party supplies there, but it seemed more like the place were you would sell religious icons. The walls were covered in symbols which I recognized from Egypt, Greece, Persia, even Chinese symbols of magic and hex were on the walls, or the walls were were the symbols were at. We had found everything we needed at that party supply store, except a chain for myself. Then I saw it! A chain incrusted with ancient inscriptions and symbols which I didn't understand at the time. It was kept in a case that only stood out from the cash register. To me, it only seemed to be a well decorated chain which was quite old and of historical importance. I was later to find out it was even more valuable then I could have imagined. Charles: Hey, cashier, how much is that chain under your register. Cashier: Sunny, I don't think you want THAT specific chain. Charles: Why not? Cashier: Horrible things happen to those who wear this cursed chain. Charles: Yeah, like I'm going to believe some curse. All magical items were destroyed by the government in 3091 during the Magic Gymegh. Narrator: I was a kid who knew my history. I knew of the Magic Gymegh and many other historical events, especially those that dealt with

magic. Charles: Come on, I want to have it. I'll give you \$30. Narrator: That is when our space time continuum changed around us and felt as if it bent in a swirl. We all felt it, but we live in California, that day a mild earthquake was forecasted. We never expected what it was. Old Woman: No young child, I will not sell you this chain. Narrator: Then the effect of the change in the time continuum came walking in. The Cashier's daughter. Daughter: What is this, someone wants to buy our key chain! Narrator: Suddenly the Old Woman and Daughter started speaking in a language Charles and his friends couldn't understand. Old Woman Cashier: You know as well as I do that this Chain is cursed to us for eternity. Daughter: Mother, you know today the world ends and begins again, and I don't want to guard that Yaghem key any longer. Old Woman Cashier: Now you listen here, I run this store to keep a close watch on magical happenings, and you are not going to sell the only thing that can reflect magic. Daughter: Mother, you know because of that chain we have to live through eternity unable to change time because we expected it not knowing what it was, we can give it to the boy so our immortality might be removed from us. Old Woman: We don't know if giving the chain will allow us to die. We might end up having this boy trapped with us for eternity, having to guard the Yaghem with us! Besides, you are supposed to be guarding it right now. Daughter: I remembered from the last time in eternity how you missed this opportunity to remove our curse, so I came here to sell it! Old Woman: You wretch, you might kill us all with such foolish choices. Daughter: Death is better than having to go through another eternity guarding that stupid vortex! Old Woman: Daughter or not, I can't allow you to mess with destiny. Narrator: She grabs the chain. The daughter does as well. It became the rope in a tug of war, the daughter was of course winning. They forced themselves to pull even harder. My friends and I only watched in confusion as to what was going on, wondering if it was a good time to leave. Daughter: (In english) Boy, you can have it for free, take it, we don't want it. Old woman: Don't you fool, you may destroy us all! Daughter: Shut up mother! *Turns to Charlie* She is a crazy old woman, take it. Charlie: I guess so, well thanks, bye. Narrator: If I had known what would have happened to me because I took it, I would have never woken up that day. I would have never listened to that daughter. After I received it, *The daughter still trying to restrain her mother* we left without a second thought. Once the mother freed herself, we were already on our bikes, heading for home. Old Woman: We are all doomed! The end of existence shall come, I only pray that the boy can save us before it begins. Narrator: We headed back through the city, and returned home. We had set up everything we had bought, from the anti-gravity dance floor to the holographic system with surround sound and built in songs. We had set up everything for a party at Kia's house. After only a few hours the place looked ready for a party. We had all put on the coolest clothes we had. We had invited all of our friends from school, and soon they were all there. I remembered to put on the chain I had gotten, although I felt guilty for taking it without paying. The party had started at 8:00, but the anti-gravity dance floor shut off by 11:00. Then I remembered to buy fresh batteries, the ones that come with electronics only last for so long. Greg: Don't take too long getting those batteries Charlie, we need you here to count down the last five seconds of the year. Charlie: Don't worry, I'll be back before then. Narrator: Once I started the ride on my bike to the nearest battery shop my friends had already found some extra batteries in Kia's room, but I had gone too far to hear what they were yelling to me. I eventually had gotten lost once the built in GPS shut down. I went in circles, never reaching that battery store. I had spun around for 45 minutes after being lost, until I bumped into a woman in rags. Raggedy Woman: What is that fine chain you have around your neck. Charles: Nothing, just a chain I got from an old lady who ran a shop. Raggedy Woman: The Chain, I have been searching for it all my life, and you won't have it, it SHALL BE MINE! Narrator: The woman turned out to be a witch, she attempted to take it from me, but I ran. She revealed her true form. She was a spinning, destructive blue mist. Everything the mist touched disintegrated to ashes. It moved in animal like patterns, using its expandable form to attack me. She attempted to swallow me, but I continued to out run her through the alleys. This lasted until 11:59, and finally the witch managed to hit me with her magic at the final second

of eternity, but the power of the Chain lit and protected me, and I was hit with some of the magic which was suppose to kill me, but it was reversed, thanks to the chain, the final moments came as the apocalypse began, the witch and everything else around me died, only I lived as I saw everyone and everything sucked into oblivion and pain. The wind blew people to their death, and blood spilled as far as the eye could see. The earth and earth 2 were not the only ones. Fire and chaos engulfed the universe. People felt the sin of their life crush them in torture from the stinging darkness. Those who were good began to enter the light. The fire burned me, the light blinded my eyes, the darkness burned itself into my very soul, the air was unbearable to breathe, but the chain didn't allow me to die. When I tried taking it off, it only became tighter, making it even more torture to live through this. Then I saw the forces of darkness and light take in what they claimed as good and evil, and the universe was destroyed and left empty, but I was unseen by either of them, and I was left in emptiness, for eternity.....

2 - Endless Eternity

Time is like an endless cycle, ending and beginning over and over again, never meant to be changed from the outside. Different universes have a different length from beginning to end. Some can last as long as ten quadrillion years, while others may only be a million. Happenings in different universes may be transferred by a near by universe, like a swirl of colors in a rainbow. An error that brings perfection. A change that prevents a change in the first place. The rhetorical question that remains with an answer with in the question itself. Time can only be explained with a question. The universe can only be questioned by an answer. The meaning of existence remains the latter, ever searching for something that may not be there. Going on the quest that has no end result. Why are we here? Who are we? What are we? Questions that are understood only by not knowing the answer...Chapter Two: Endless Eternity

"Charlie: Trapped. Trapped in the one place in my mind where I once knew my home. Trapped in the guilt of the mistakes I've made. Lost in the emptiness of my heart matched only by the emptiness of the place I dwell. Is there hope to live on. Immortality was wished for by many from my time in the past, or more or less, the future. I have already dwelt to long alive. I was the cause of this. Because of my foolishness, I am trapped in an empty universe. My friends, my family, my home. I lost them all with out losing myself. Everything I knew and loved suffered and died before my eyes, as I was unable to save them, or go with them. Where is there hope in the fact that I can never see them again. Were am I to be for eternity? Wait, what is that, a, a house floating in a bubble? Do I dare check this home. I can lose nothing by trying. " The young boy entered the familiar building that was floating on its own. He realized where he was, the store which he had entered before."

Old Woman: So, you survived young Charlie?"

Charlie: How do you know my name."

Old Woman: I have lived over and over again in the same eternity, I believe I have the time to remember people I meet, especially those who disobey me, but let us forget the past, I am Unia."

Charlie: Who are you people, and why can't I remove this chain?"

Daughter: We are he guardians of the Yaghem key, a center to different universes and time. You see, this is the center universe, where the first beings exist. Their dreams become other universes, and from those universe more are created through different universes dreams. I'm sorry for dragging you into this curse with us, we weren't freed, and now you are stuck like this with us. The chain was worn by you, and must be worn through one eternity until it can be removed."

Thats right," Charlie barked, "it's all your fault that I'm stuck like this!" he became enraged, but still rubbing his burnt wounds (From the flames).

Daughter: Now you little brat, I'm Janie, J-a-n-i-e, get it, and you shouldn't have took it in the first place. " Janie, insainy, lost her brainy, put me through extreme painy!" he taunted.

Unia: Am I interrupting something here, but Charlie is still wounded, we need to help him, do we not."

Janie, keeps herself mainy, makes my soul drainy, her mother's trainee." he continued to taunt. Janie malted in the head, putting him in even more pain.

Janie: Shut up you incompetent brat!"

Unia: Now, Janie, you know you are 14 just like him."

Janie: Yeah, but I was born quadrillions of years before this kid."

Unia: Have you forgotten that it was YOU who gave him immortality."

Charlie: Are we going to keep this conversation up so I can feel more pain, hello, I can't be put out of my misery here."

Unia: Right, well, come, we may need to give you herbs and aloe to help those burns. Janie, go fetch them in our indoor garden."

Janie: Fine." She stuck her tongue at him. Over a few weeks he healed, but he was still in a state of depression from all his losses. He wouldn't eat, wouldn't sleep, wouldn't look outside the window into the emptiness of the universe. "The window, a window to my heart or to the outside?" he would always ask himself. A few centuries lasted like this, where he was always depressed, other then when he was taunting Janie. Finally they grew worried about him. They knew that surviving the apocalypse gave

a person a unique power, which they feared would grow out of control. They decided to train him before he lost his mind. One day, they awoke him and gave him a wooden bar. Janie was to be his teacher, so the first test was to see just how powerful he was. He attempted to defeat her, he had nothing better to do. "Charlie: How can you beat me with out a stick?" "Janie: Just watch me!" He then attempted a shot, but she then moved so fast around him, he got dizzy just trying to focus, and then Janie easily beat him by poking him once, making him fall flat on the ground unconscious. So they had to begin lessons. It took over 5 billion years, but he mastered every form of self-defense and his power, manipulation of time. He was eventually able to outmaneuver his own teacher, Janie. Then he was tested in his intelligence, but he got far too confused when he tried Unia's problems. He mastered education in another 6 billion years, and was able to outwit his teacher Unia, and think at speeds thought to be impossible. While all this was happening, the universe around them began to form. The earth began in a short amount of time, and Charlie decided to master the secrets of the Yaghem, knowing he would have to understand it for the rest of eternity. His lesson would soon begin, but his chain was starting to glow again, meaning something bad was about to happen, he was sure of it...

3 - Entered into the Shadows

Darkness and light, the struggle of good and evil with a blurred boundary and concept. An endless battle without a victor. Each side, exists only to defeat the other. Heros and villains, forgotten in the echo, as new entities of the forces arise only to be forgotten again. Time begins and ends, with darkness and light at its side. In each person a similar battle of right and wrong. Different people giving in to different forces in their mind. The gift of a choice. The lie in the truth. The truth in a lie. All the power with in a mind. All compiles to each person's ways of life. Do we have it in ourselves to make the right choices? Do we put ourselves in the darkness because of hate and evil? Are we human enough to except our fate, even if we can't see it in the path that lies ahead.....Chapter Three: Entered into the Shadows"Janie: Well, your quite a fast learner. You learned every single form of self-defense in only five billion years. You can even out maneuver me, who has extreme speed."Charlie: Hey, did you feel that, something is coming, a darkness. Hey what year is it."Janie: Around the middle ages, 1456."Charlie: Hum, so, how does the Yaghem key work?"Unia: I believe you are ready for the dark secrets of the key under our home. You see, as the first time the universe began darkness and light had already existed. Their endless efforts to destroy each other created a key to the main continuum core. It can open vortex to a place where you can bend reality just with thoughts. You see, this is the central universe. Our hopes and dreams create other universes. From those universes other dreams create universe. This creates an endless amount of universe, all of them surrounding this one. Once the end of time comes, this and all other universes are destroyed. The Yaghem Key opens to a place where you can control all of this."Charlie: So, why do you two guard it?"Janie: Charlie, we were once mortal during the stone ages in the first eternity. We had been offered the chain by an odd man. We had no idea what it did, so we took it, and we glimpsed at time and all those who die as we live on. We saw the core, a place with every color and spectrum, and there we were told by a power beyond good and evil to guard it over and over eternity. We knew we had to do it, so we excepted it over and over again."Charlie: I'm confused as to how I am now immortal, yet I shouldn't have been in the first place?"Unia: Charlie, not even I know why you managed to survive when you shouldn't. Maybe it was my daughter's foolishness, maybe it was that witch, maybe it was your will to live, maybe it was that break in time and space, or maybe it was a combination of the four, but never the less I can't tell you your destiny because I don't know it. You must look for it in yourself to find the answer... Wait, somethings not right."Charlie: Yeah, I feel it in my chain, darkness, its coming....."This was all in California, where Europe had not reached yet, or had it..In Rome, Italy, a power was stirring, and we come to an underground suer system, where ten cloaked people and a vile old man stood in a star shape....."Lord Carderviou: The americas haven't been reached yet at this time, but, I feel power from there, has, has the legend come true. Has the Yaghem Key found its true keeper."Prime Jagvu: Now, don't go judging on power just yet, I feel a disturbance as well, but, I can't completely understand it myself, we can first go to our base in Bermuda."Lord Uljaf: Prime, are you sure it is wise to enter Bermuda at this time, as of course we must not ruin history."Prime Jagvu: We didn't enter this universe for sight seeing. We came to this universe to get access to the Universal Core, and to get there we need the Yaghem Key! You are my ten servants whom each of you I have given a specific power. If we do not find the child soon, all the work we have done will be in vain!"Lord Uljaf: Of course lord of darkness, I must not question you."Prime Jagvu: Well said!" He sneered, then blasted Lord Uljaf with a black orb of energy, and killed him."Prime Jagvu: No one questions me, Carderviou, you are now second in command."Lord Carderviou: Master, the Yaghem key must dwell in the Americas, so we must go there."Prime Jagvu: Well then, in order to reach there we will need help from the dark forces

here, summon Dracula, the master of vampires. We will need flight transportation." "Lord Carderviou: Right on it sir." Carderviou pulled out a flute, played it and soon Dracula was in their mists, but, he had a collar on his neck, which appeared to be controlling his mind. Dracula summoned other Vampires with collars, and they flew this mysterious group of darkness to Bermuda. When they got there, they were greeted by a group of witch doctors, all who had collars on them. They surrounded an old witch doctor, who's eyes glowed in yellow and also had a collar. "Old Doctor: Master, what is your bidding?" "Prime: Jajio, seer of magical happenings, I need to know were the Key to the Universal Core lies." "Old Doctor: Far beyond the the desolate seas here, over mountain that tower the skies themselves, in the land of gold and rich soil. An eden of different lands, surrounded by desert, the land of treasure." "Prime: Land of treasure, thank you, wise one, I'll spare your life, for now. So, Carderviou, what does that mean?" "Lord Carderviou: The land of treasure is in a spanish tale, and the nearest mountains that tall are the Rockies, which is next to a desert and farm land, California!" "Prime: So California is it, well, work your flute, we may need more help, morning is approaching, and vampires are no use to us when they are turned to ashes by the sun, summon sea monsters to cross us during the day, and allow the vampires to return to their homes." They moved on, and let the vampires return home. They had reached the shores of Mexico, and dispatched the sea monsters, and summoned Chupa Cabras* from deep in Mexico, who also had collars on, and the dark forces became ever so closer to California. They then entered California, and were blocked by a group of natives. These natives had magic with them as well, but Chupa Cabras easily absorbed their power, and they were brutally devoured. Only then a few warriors were left, they ran, and ran, to the hidden house where Charlie, Janie, and Unia lived. They soon spoke of what was coming. All three of them had mastered every language.* (The Chupa Cabra is a legendary monster from Mexico that is said to have flight, speed, strength, reptilian features, claws, and many other powers.) "Warrior one: The monsters are coming, with people of the dark who live with pale skin!" "Charlie: Impossible, Europe shouldn't have made contact with this part of the Americas until feudalism ended in Europe." "Unia: No, darkness is coming, quick, to the key chamber." They took even the warriors with them, to an under ground part of the house. There, in a center, surrounded with ivory, gold, silver, and every other precious rock. This was a room that Charlie had never seen, and the warriors were even more dazzled. The key itself was amazing. It glowed in every color of the rainbow. It was taken out of its case. As this was done, Charlie's chain opened itself, and engulfed the key as part of it. They had no time to panic over this. The Chupa Cabras had entered, and grabbed the warriors, and devoured them as well. They ran, and ran out of the house. They then fought. The Chupa Cabras were overwhelmed by Unia's physic power, Janie's pure speed, and Charlie's power over time. They had almost been destroyed when Lord Carderviou stepped in. "Carderviou: So, you three are the source of power here. We can't let you interfere with our plans. This dimension has power that isn't rivaled by any. We are the ultimate evil. We are the darkness in every universe. My master must have that key, and anyone in his way must be eliminated!" "Charlie: I don't think you know just how powerful we are." They fought for some time. Carderviou's magic was quite a match for the three, but they still had the upper hand, and they were forced to destroy him, but the flute rolled out to Jagvu. "Prime Jagvu: Well done, well done, you three will be quite a challenge," he smirks, "but, I will find pleasure in destroying you three. My plan for universal domination will soon come into order." He then charged at them. He moved faster than Janie or Charlie. He had physic stronger than that of Unia's. He moved so fast that he dodged Charlie's control over time. He merely toyed with them, but moved on with his plans to take the key that is trapped with the chain. He tried, but the chain wouldn't come off, and none of the three would die no matter what he did. Unia used her final strength to teleport them out of there to Mississippi. He only smirked and laughed. "Prime Jagvu: From this universe to mine, a child was said to one day aid both evil and good. He was said to master time and space. The boy may just fit into my plan. Once I can use the flute over all power here, I can rule this and my universe. The boy will certainly think he will stop

me, but he may very well help me in the end. 'Both light and dark shall be ruled over by time itself. Thee who rules time shall rule all.' He is the final part of my key. The other two must some how be destroyed, but it will come to my will soon. Mwhahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha" And so he and the rest of the darkness moved out into the rising night, the Chupa Cabras were sent back home with the flute, and to Mississippi they head, after the three immortals and the key they have in their possession.....

4 - The Truth that lies in a Dream...

Death and life. Two parts to a puzzle. Each fulfilling the other. Each judging equally on all. Is it truth that lies in life. Is it lie that is in death. Is a dream that lies in the truth. A bend in the rules. The curse to go beyond the lie and the truth. The haven from life and death. To be trapped as stone in the sand of time. To go on without death but without a life. Is it better to die and live then to never live at all? The forces in our mind fighting for control. Is it in our dream to die? Is it in death to dream? Whatever lies in our path we can deal with and grow as life through death, but as trapped in a dream, trapped as a rock, forced to live out the rest of eternity, is there hope in meaning at all.....Chapter Four: The Truth that lies in a dream.....The dark room, surrounded in the spinning lights. The sword in the center, an echo in the silence. Charlie only watches as the darkness engulfs the room. The sword begins to break, and blood shatters from it. The room soon leaks blood, Charles's blood, and Charlie feels a pulse runs down him. The chain begins to drain his power, his life, his essence, his youth. His mind, split in three. All sense leaving his body. Thunder comes crashing down, and he wakes up."Janie: Mom, he's waking up!" "Unia: Well, 11 days asleep is quite a long time, maybe its this Mississippian air." "Charlie: Eleven days! I was asleep for eleven days?!" "Unia: Well young Charlie, you do seem stressed. I don't know who those people were and why they were after the key, unless they want to reach the core. The thing is that this was never suppose to happen." "Charlie: So where are we right now?" "Unia: Mississippi, I came here because we need to get to something before that evil does." "Charlie: Why didn't you get it when we got here?" "Janie: Charlie, we need the key to get this." "We had walked outside to what appeared to be a bog. Snakes slivered in the water and alligators swam in the water beneath our feet. All this was quite different for someone who was raised in the future where most forest were gone. We had gotten a ride from the local natives, and they offered us a long boat. We had to cross a long and shallow river infested with snakes and other vermin, but the presence of the natives seemed to freeze them. We had eventually reached our destination, a temple floating on water. There, we were greeted by five old natives in golden robes. They were pleased to see us. They lead us to the door. There was a key hole the size of the key trapped in the chain. Immediately the chain became loose enough to take out the key head, and the door was opened. The chain then ate the key again. In the room, there was part of a crystal key hole." "Unia: Charlie, the key isn't all that is needed to reach the core. You need the seven parts of the key hole to open the door. Each seventh is kept in a hidden location on each of the seven continents. Once all of the pieces are put together and the key is put through, the door way to the Universal Core will be opened, and that evil might do as pleases with it." "Charlie: But how did it get there?" "Jaine: At the beginning of the first eternity, a mighty power created the universe and the Universal core to control it and the other universes dreams create. The door to the core was locked, the key hole pieces were scattered on earth, and the key was left in our possession." "Golden Cloth Native #01: Quick, I sense evil approaching, take it and run!" "It was already to late. Prime Jagvu and his third in command, Lord Kanihuy, were on their way with the muck monsters wearing the collars to control them. The muck monsters were faster than they appeared. The golden shroud natives attempted to fight them off for as long as they could. Without Charlie took the first part of the key hole. It glowed as he grabbed it, but they were too busy trying to run for their lives to realizes this had importance. The remaining natives took them to the underground tunnels. The muck monsters were soon on their tail, with the rest of Jagvu's darkness being carried on the monster's backs. As a desperate attempt the natives used the last of their energy to create a wall of energy to keep the darkness separated from our three heros. Once this was done, the remaining of the natives became life less and were slowly turning to ash. The muck

monsters who attempted to go through were destroyed by the energy barrier. Jagvu was not pleased with this."Jagvu: Well Kanihuy, are you going to go after them, or are we just going to sit here and take a nap!"Kanihuy: Yes sir!"Kanihuy pulled out the flute, and played a different tune. The muck returned home and the shadows began to gather against the wall of energy. Soon the shadows were breaking through, and finally shattering the walls. Unia, Janie, and Charlie were far ahead of them. Kanihuy decided to chase them alone. He may have been small, but he had speed, and most surprisingly of all, arms of metal. He soon caught up to them, and turned his arms into swords. He charged at them. Unia was knocked out. Charlie and Janie carried her, and they ran to the exit, but only the ocean was at their feet. They ran and eventually were moving so fast to fall into the water. Kanihuy was on their tail, with his sword hands attempting to slice them. His arms had a thin layer of a black ooze on it, but they had no time to worry about this. Charlie had to push Janie out of range from the blow. It was just him, and Kanihuy. Janie ran as fast as she could. Any faster and she would have gone faster than light. Kanihuy darted forward, nearly cutting Charlie in two. Charlie made a quick dodge. From there it was a race. They hopped from island to island each attacking the other. Kanihuy was quite confident of himself. In fact, a bit too confident of himself. Charlie was reading his moves, learning his weaknesses as they moved along. He had so far found no error in his technique. Kanihuy had strength, defense, attack, and strategy down. Kanihuy managed to tear a ligament Charlie's right arm. This fight seemed over. He was too fast to hit by Charlie's time waves and too strong to be outwitted. He may not die, but who knows what dire consequences there are when this dark catches him. The final blow was going to be taken until a glow in Charlie's chain pulled him together. His mind was blanking out. The chain was taking over. His mind could faintly understand what he was doing."Kanihuy: What is this, it appears you have a hidden power, well, BRING IT ON!"Charlie (In an eerie and dark voice): Foolish mortal, your existence is a pawn in the darkness. Your life has no meaning, pathetic, trying to survive, DIE mortal, DIE!"Charlie moved faster than he ever had. He outran Kanihuy in a short time, creating a whirlpool of time stream. Charlie's eyes filled with emptiness and rage. He shot Kanihuy with a powerful blast of time stream, aging him, leaving a pile of ash and two rusted arms of metal. Soon even the arms rusted away into nothing."Charlie (Still in dark voice): Mortal, it is futile to escape me!"Charlie (Now half normal): Who, who are you!"Charlie (Dark): I am the darkness in the chain, the power that keeps you alive, and once part of you."Charlie (In a new voice): Stop that darkness, we mustn't interfere."Charlie (Dark Voice): Listen light, if I didn't then WE might have been captured and WE might have been killed through the only way we can, separation from the three of us!"Charlie (Normal Voice): Stop it! I don't understand, just SHUT UP!"Charlie fought now amongst himself to regain control. He eventually returned to normal, or at least as normal as he already was. He gathered his thoughts, now filled with so many questions. Then he realized he was separated from the others. He ran as fast as he could with a unusable arm, trying to sense and locate Unia and Janie. He sat down on the beach, allowing his legs to be soaked by the waves. He meditated and focused, like Unia taught him to. He concentrated in their power. He blocked out all other thoughts. He emptied his mind, only he and the others energy were present. He saw them, in South America, in Southern Peru, in Cusco, in the Incas empire. He saw it, focused all his energy on the position, and teleported to where they were. Although he wasn't welcomed as he hoped he would have. When he got there, he was hit on the head with a stick."Janie: Hey you jerk, were have you been for these past hours. I was worried sick about you. I was afraid they caught you, or were torturing you, or, or, or even worse..."Charlie: Gee, Janie, since when have YOU cared so much about me!?"Janie: (Blushes) Hey you jerk, (She mallets him on the head again. This time knocking him into a wall.) I was trying to be nice, you little brat!"Unia: Janie, can you ever learn to control your emotions. Have you even realized that he has torn a ligament, or that he seems a bit more worried than usual."Janie: Well, its his fault for hurting himself so much, (Tears were coming out of her eyes until Charlie looked her way) I was trying to show compassion for the little weirdo!"Charlie: Who are you

calling a weirdo Janie, Insainy, Trainee, painy, mainy...." He continued to taunt. Janie was going to hurt him, but she remembered he was already hurt."Unia: Well, we better begin to heal you, we need to talk to the emperor quite soon."Charlie was relieved to be back with them, but the thoughts he had when the chain controlled him still haunted his mind. He healed with in two weeks, and soon, from the little hut they built they headed to a palace that seemed to conquer the sky. It was very far away."Charlie: Unia, may I ask why we are going to see the emperor of this empire?"Unia: It's quite a long story, let me tell you it along the way."Janie: Hopefully you brain can process the complexity of the story." she continued to tease.They walked onward to the palace, but meanwhile, back in North America, Jagvu and the rest of the darkness found the remains of Kanihuy and pulled out the flute."Jagvu: Grumeg, you, the one with shadow power, are now second in command. Summon the sky dragon."Grumeg: Its my pleasure to serve you sir!"Jagvu: Thats what I thought you would say."Grumeg played the flute and summoned a black dragon from the rain clouds. It swept down, empty and pitch black. It also had a collar. They all rode on it and headed south to Peru, almost as if they knew where they went, as if they know what will happen three steps ahead of them. They arrived their in a few hours and the dragon was to follow them. Grumeg then played the flute in another tune and the statues around them came to life. They also had collars. They then headed off into the dawn, beginning their new hunt for the emperor and the next piece of the key hole.....

5 - The Unwanted Truth

Truth. A controversial issue of choice. A gift, and a curse. For those seeking it, and for those running from it, it can have its consequences, good or bad. To look for this on your own, would be the down fall of one, but to run from it with many, would be the down fall of all. Knowing the truth and understanding the truth can be very different things. To understand is to expect and face what ever comes ahead. To know is to be aware of the challenge at hand. At times it can be difficult to comprehend which aspect of the truth you have. Few can master either of the two, but a few enlighten ones can balance themselves in both. Those who know it, those who fear it, those who seek it, and those who find it, all in one, one in all, for it isn't one person who can change, but all of many who stay the same..... Chapter Five: The Unwanted Truth

We walked unaware of the dangers following us. So many questions were circling in my mind, so many of them puzzled me. They went against every thing I knew. The voices grew louder in my head. I of course, redundantly tried to hide it. "Who were the other voices from the chain?" "Why, after billions of years of wearing it, have they appeared now?" "Why are they here?" "What were they arguing over?" The questions merely spun with in the confines of my mind as they dazed me through out the whole trip. The dream, the voices, the chain, no of it made sense anymore. One moment we began our trip, and the next we were in front of palace, trying to make ourselves as presentable as possible.

Unia: Charlie, are you certain you don't need to rest."
Charlie: Yeah, I'm fine (He stutters), I still don't know why we're here, but lets get it over with. (Stutters again)"
Janie: Mom, I really think something is wrong with Charlie!"
Charlie: Janie, I'm fine don't worry about i-i-t.... (Faints)"
Janie: CHARLIE, CHARLIE, ARE YOU OKAY?!"
Unia: I was afraid of this, it was too much for mind to handle, he must be tapping into the forces of the chain, the forces must have took control of his body. The strain was to much, we must head back immediately, otherwise the power will drive him mad, and eventually he'll become a vegetable*." (*: In this case, "Vegetable" means brain dead.)

Jagvu and his goons were not far behind us, and Unia knew it. Their only hope was to run and take the emperor before darkness got to him first. The sky grew darker as the black dragon grew closer, the ground rumbled as the living statues followed. Each second, Janie's heart beat quickened in fear for my life. Each moment, my mind drifted farther away from reality. The palace doors right in front of us shook as they grew ever so nearer. Janie finally snapped, she charged full swing, banner fight into battle. Jagvu seemed almost ready for this. The dragon, as if it was one with Jagvu, constricted Janie. Grumeg played the flute even louder. With each note the force grew stronger. The statues pulverized the already trapped Janie. Unia feared for her daughter, but grabbed hold of me and ran into the palace.

Unia: Guards, I need to speak with the emperor!"
Guard One: The emperor is busy, he can't talk to you right now."
Unia: (her eyes glow) WELL THEN TELL HIM ITS FROM UNIA!"
Guard Two: No!"
Unia: THEN GET OUT OF MY WAY!"

Unia pushed them to the sides and rushed over to the Emperor's chambers. She slammed open the doors and laid me on the soft ground. "Emperor: So, I guess that old prophet was right, you three would visit me in my life time, so, am I needed?"
Unia: Yes, we need your crown, and we need the Porcelain key hole! We also need to help Charlie here, call your strongest army to return to my home in the jungle not far from here ad take a black shiny box under the bed, and take the long way back to avoid the battle, otherwise the medicine will be dropped, and Charlie here will perish from the inside out...."
Emperor: I understand, now me must go before the battle outside reaches in here, so quickly, we must take back way out!"(Booming sound on the walls)

Unia: Hurry!"

They ran as fast as they could to a hidden way out. The emperor call forth a small army of his to go and get the medicine. Charlie looked in really bad shape, and a battle was going on with in the confines of his mind:

Charlie (Normal): You two must explain to me!"
Charlie (Light): Now

look what you did darkness, he's asking questions far sooner than expected, and he is not ready for it!"

Charlie (Dark): Look, if I hadn't done what I had done all of us would have died at the hand of that amateur. Charlie here hasn't tapped into the full power of this chain!"

Charlie (Normal): OKAY, ONE OF YOU MUST EXPLAIN WHAT THE WORLD IS GOING ON!"

Charlie (Light): Well, we were afraid this would happen, but it is already to late, we may as well explain. You see, in the first universe we, the derogatory forces of light and darkness, were trapped in the chain created by an ultimate force. We were sentenced to become part of the curse to guard the path way into the core. You see, there is a planet in the center of the universe that we were from. We, and the part to reach the core, were put on this earth, and scattered through out the planet, awaiting the day for the finder to become one in and with. We awaited countless eternities for you, the finder. You see if we can not complete our mission, then we maybe erased from existence. We, you, were destined to stop it. You see, it is because of a prophecy that something outside this universe would change what happened to you, the variable in our constant world. You were destined to fail, to end existence itself. We were trapped here to become one with you to stop it, but, it can not be done....."

Charlie (Normal): Then why even try?"

Charlie (Light): Because, it is what we were told to do..."

Charlie (Dark): *Punches emptiness* MAN, must you remind me of the hopeless situation we are in?"

Charlie (Light): It is the truth and nothing more darkness!"

Charlie (Normal): Well, well, well, I guess this place is part of my mind isn't it?"

Charlie (Light): Yes it is, your in a comma, and Janie is fighting for her life right now."

Charlie (Normal): WHAT! WELL THEN LET ME WAKE UP!"

Charlie (Dark): We can't, this is still your mind. Only you can wake yourself up."

Charlie (Normal): But how!?"

Charlie (Light): Go through the door and find your center young Charlie."

Charlie (Normal): What door?"

Charlie (Dark): This one! (Point to a door that suddenly appeared) It enters the corridors of your mind."The other two Charlie faded away and I opened the door to find a strange place. There were stairs that led to nowhere, stairs that went up, rooms that led you back to where you started, windows that flipped your image vertically. In the center, hung from the ceiling, was a sword. He took every direction, but couldn't get up there. he tried jumping and acrobatics, but they wouldn't lift him off the ground. He then went to the mirror to see if from there he could spot a way up, and fell in the mirror itself. His hall was flipped, and he fell to the sword. Then, like in his dream, darkness engulfed the room, but he wasn't afraid. He bleed, but he pulled out the sword and attacked the shadow. I didn't even singe the shadow. he hit the walls, but nothing would hurt it. He tried everything he thought of, but nothing worked. The shadow absorbed everything. I had no idea what it was, but at all try I stabbed myself, hoping it would hurt him instead, and it did. What ever it was, it was gone now. There, were the sword was stood an opening. I went through it and I woke from my coma."

Unia: Charlie, but, but, but how did you wake up?"

Charlie: I really don't know, but I do know that Janie is in trouble and we have to go back."

Emperor: Its far too late, we have to go now before they do!"

Charlie: We need to go NOW!"

Unia: Charlie, she'll be fine on her own, now lets go!"

Charlie: Fine!"We headed off to another temple as I still wondered what that shadow was. I didn't ask though, but we entered the temple to find it empty."

Charlie: Where is the key hole?"

Emperor: Just watch and see."The emperor took off his crown and set it on a table. Suddenly a lever popped out of the hat. He pulled it and our floor disappeared."

Emperor: Geronimo!"We fell down for quite a while until we hit a strangely soft ground. My chain once more only let the tip of the key out. I opened another door and we entered a vast maze. Getting this one wasn't going to be as easy. Me and Unia had to cary the emperor, but at least we were running. Their were traps set every where. Spears shot out from the ground, boulders tried to run us over, and the porcelain key hole was surrounded by piraa infested water. We easily jumped it and grabbed what we came for, but the walls were breaking in, and Jagvu along with his allies bursted in. Janie was their captive."

Jagvu: I am so glad you retrieved the key hole for us!"

Charlie: I would never get anything for the likes of you!"

Jagvu: Well if you don't I believe you'll never see Janie again. "Unia: You fiend!"

Jagvu: Why thank you, now (Snaps fingers), Grumeg, destroy the emperor!"Grumeg reviled his

power over shadow, he was one. He moved along the walls as we tried to stop him, but he sliced the emperor with his arms and merrily smirked. "Charlie: I fought you inside my mind!?" "Grumeg: Yes, you see, that Kanihuy managed to hit you with his left arm, which was lined with a small piece of me. If he failed then I should have killed you from the inside." "Charlie: I beat you once, I can beat you again!" "Grumeg: No, no, no, you see I am far stronger than just a small piece of me!" Grumeg made the first move, but he knew what he was doing. As long as he was shadow I couldn't hit him. The only parts of him hittable were those attacking me. He moved far too quickly to be hit. The battle seemed hopeless. He hit both my legs and one of my arms. Grumeg was winning and Janie was restrained by both the statues and the dragon. I was losing it, my chain was taking over again, but this time a sword rolled out of my chain. I knew what to do. I hit the ground with it and out came the shadow. He used the flute to make the possessed monsters attack me, but I was so out of it the statues were destroyed just by me looking at them. The dragon was ripped to shreds as I breathed. It was no use to Grumeg. I struck the final blow and destroyed him. Then the sword was absorbed by my chain. "Jagvu: Well done Charlie, you may have Janie back, you won the battle but the war isn't over! Mwhahahahahahaha." He and his followers then disappeared, but took the flute with them. I had to carry Janie. Unia had to bury the emperor, and we had to find a way out. Once we did, the natives understood what had happened, and they offered us a boat, but we declined the offer. We had went far down to the bottom tip of South America and waited to let Janie heal, and from there we Unia had given us warm clothing to swim to Antarctica, but we were unaware that Jagvu was already there...

6 - Perspective....

Death sweeps the hearts and souls of all those before it, judging all equally and fairly. From moment to moment in history, greatness is reduced to nothing in a split second, and out of nothing, greatness itself rises again over an eternity. It is always easier to destroy, then it is to create. The time between creation and destruction is always short and split, but the time between destruction and creation can be an eternity. Through the sight of an open-mind, nothing is seen but everything, but through the view of a closed-mind, everything is seen but nothing. It is only those blessed with a curse who can find themselves finding, but only those cursed with a blessing find themselves searching....Chapter Six: Perspective....The depths of the sea were resisting. Our heroes, Charlie, Janie, and Unia still had a very long and treacherous way to go. Through it all, Charlie wondered why they had to swim to the continent. Janie and Unia's faces were determined, as if this was the only way. Charlie realized he had had a question that had been troubling him since the beginning of all of this. He wondered why was he here. The memory of his past, he realized, was beginning to fade away. He began to wonder if it had been all a dream, if it was always like this, empty, cold, and lost. He held on what he remembered, like a dream, looking back as he swam, since he was a small child, he wondered what he would do with himself. Charlie realized how puzzling his old life was, struggling to grow and learn who he was. He sighed as he understood he had lost all of that. His arms were getting numb and his lungs were getting tired of filling up with ice cold water. They were soon approaching the ice continent, the shore was just in the horizon. None of them had spoken to each other since they left South America, their mouths were nearly frozen shut. "Wu gunna ha' to 'ive," Janie said, "so 'ake a ig reath." Charlie barely understood what she said, but they all took a deep breath in unison and dove to the bottom, they knew this was going to be their last breath for a while. They went further and further down, the water getting warmer, not colder, the lower they were. They were getting close to a warm, glowing, light. It was an underwater city, like Atlantis, but this was larger. It took up the entire space of Antarctica! It was protected by a giant air bubble. They were running out of breath quickly, so they had to swim to the air bubble. They were getting tired, but they eventually made it safely. All three of them had to catch a breathe, their lungs felt as if they were about to explode. They were lucky they were immortal, otherwise the lack of air and the water pressure would have killed them along the way. The city was amazing. If it all, this surpassed anything Charlie expected. "Where are we?" Charlie asked. "Unia began: The city that was once known as Prestaint, an advanced civilization that eventually grew too powerful for its own good. As a result a few parts of this city separated, one, you may know, was Atlantis, but that was nothing more than a few survivors with tinker-toys compared to what this city was." "Why are we here?" He interrupted Unia. "Let me finish!," Unia continued, "After Atlantis split away, Prestaint had grown corrupt and violent. The few rebels from the inside had to stop Prestaint before it destroyed the entire universe, but there was a cost. A spell was placed, and every single person on Prestaint vanished, they ceased to exist, and all of Prestaint was left empty as more and more ice created a dome around it, forming the Antarctica of this time." "You still haven't answered my question!?" He responded. "We have no time, they're approaching!" Janie yelled. "Who's coming." Charlie remarked. Unia one more began "The prestaintian lost souls had formed monsters which guard this city. They are made of ice, and worse of all, they can drain your energy." Janie then yelled at the top of her voice, "We have to run, NOW!" Meanwhile... on the other side of the continent.... Jagvu and his minions were in a deep conversation almost ignoring the cold. Jagvu led the conversation, "And so it's beginning... well, this Charles is proving himself a very formidable opponent, but no matter, he'll be with us soon. Enyay, prepare the collar. He has taken-out nearly half of my dark

warriors. He was amusing at first, but we must convert him to our side before he grows out of hand." One of the cloaked humanoids revealed himself, and bowed down to say "Master, I am honored, can we finally reveal our intentions to the world?" Jagvu calmly remarked. "No, it is far too early for that. Let us go, they have already reached Prestaint. The Ice Monsters already have their collars, so Enyay, play the flute." Enyay stood up and praised, "As you wish, master..." Enyay played the flute, and the Monsters suddenly appeared. They were capable of becoming part of the ice around them, and avoiding detection. The Ice monsters were see-through, but they were nine feet tall, with rows of sharp teeth, and expandable claws. The only thing visible about them was a single dot on their head. They weren't curricular at all. In fact they looked very cubical and disfigured. The only thing human like about them was the fact they had two legs, two arms, and one head. "Well, shouldn't we be going?" Jagvu angrily remarked. Enyay still gawked at the monsters, but he stopped and soon the monsters were giving the remaining elegance of darkness piggyback rides. Charlie, Janie, and Unia were running for cover, they knew they were coming. Before they knew it, Jagvu and his underlings were hunting them down. The city was mind boggling in its massive size. It had twists and turns at every corner. It became a giant maze in the game of cat and mouse. Charlie, Unia, and Janie had no time to wonder why they were being chased. All they knew was that they had to run. These Ice Monsters can freeze anything in solid ice that is solid it would take an atomic bomb to defrost it. If they were to be caught in this ice, they would be trapped there until continental drift would move Antarctica closer to the equator. By then Jagvu would be in possession of the Core if no one stopped him. So they ran through the ancient allies, back and forth from one place to another. At the rate the monsters were freezing things, even more of the city was in ice. Charlie, Unia, and Janie were all corners against each other in one of the few remaining power cores of the city. The air was getting to Charlie. His fingers were ice cold, and his internal organs felt as if they were getting freezer burns. He was catching a cold, and beginning to sneeze. The Ice monsters have cornered them. Jagvu suddenly jumps to Charlie and begins. "We have had enough, of your games, join me now Charlie, and rule this, and all other dimensions." Charlie stared with anger, anguish, and contempt. "Agh! 'f 'ou were 'da 'wast 'erson 'n 'ert. "You're freezing Charlie," Jagvu went on "you should get out of the cold!" Jagvu and his lackeys quickly commanded the Ice Monsters to freeze Janie and Unia, but as always, Unia teleports out. She was frozen once finished, but took only Janie with her. Charlie was surrounded, and hopeless. His lungs were burning, but he was running, running for dear life. Even when half frozen, he was still a fast target. He dodged, he avoided, he did everything within his power to escape them, trying to run to the shore, but he knew, it was only a matter of time. His thoughts were passing through his mind, and his past life began to play once more before him. His birth, his childhood, his friends, his struggles, his very thoughts just as they were thought. It was like watching a recorded film of his entire life. He was age one, he was leaning to learn and recognize the world around him. Then age two, he was slowly becoming conscious of himself and others. Then age three, his teeth were in place, he speak moderately well, and he was learning about his world. Then at age four, he began preschool. At age five he learned more about letters, math, and the process of thought. These five years passed his mind in five minutes, but he was still no where near a shore. Year six passed, and he was in the first grade, and one scene played itself more loudly than others in that year: "It was the first day of school and classes were getting harder for the new first graders. He wished for anything other than having to sit and listen to the boring words of the teacher. Finally the bell rang, and the hover-tricycles were just for them. He walked onto the play ground, and look up to the crystal blue sky with relieve. He had looked up to the towering cylinder miles away. It was taller than the mountains around it, and it was one of the thousands of air filters which kept earth two clean. Charlie's father worked in the cylinder, as one of the engineers which run the generators. Charlie loved to look at the building, just to know that his father was safe. He walked only a little further, and bumped into a fifth grader. 'You looking for something,' said the brutish kid, 'or do you just need to learn how an uno is

treated on earth two.' He threw his arm directly to the small child, and pulled him off the ground by only one arm. He pulled Charlie up to his face, while still putting an enormous amount of pain on his arms. His breath was tart and although he wasn't necessarily hideous, for the moment he appeared as the ugliest thing Charlie had ever seen. Charlie was terrified, beyond all reason scared out of his wits. The fifth grader pulled Charlie closer and muttered 'You are a worthless primitive who spawned from grandparents who had escaped from earth one. You are a puny, worthless, pathetic imp who should be put of its misery. I hate you, I hate all of you, and now,' he prepared his fists, ' you'll never live to... ' His blow suddenly vanished, and the fifth grader was laying unconscious on the floor. Charlie blinked, then he was looking at a strange girl dressed in purple and in a fighter stance right in front of his unconscious attacker. She was Kia, a newly transferred student, about two year older than Charlie. Charlie looked up, and thought he was dead. He thought for one moment, he was looking at an angle. Then the daylight's glare finally left his eyes, and he understood what had happened. 'Hey kid,' Kia said, ' you need a hand getting up.' He still gawked, but he eventually pulled himself together. 'No, I'm fine, and thanks...' Kia had a bit of a confused expression on her face and looked down on him. 'Its my duty as a fellow member of earth two to defend the weak, the hungry, and those who are differentiated from society!' "From that point on, his past centered almost completely on her. Year seven, he was learning complex math, algebra, the standard for second grade at the time. More years passed, and thought centered on learning, and growing. Age eight passed, he had witnessed a terrible attack from earth one, and he was scared for the rest of his pass life. Year nine passed, the ways of his life were growing old, and schooling became far too easy. Year ten, then eleven, then twelve. Charlie is in trigonometry, actually a year behind the standard of his school, and meets Greg at the time. Age thirteen passes by, he is changing rapidly, but his life is reflected. He feels empty, cold, lost, and disorientated. He understands, now, what had happened in first grade. He was a direct descendant of earth one's people, and he could never change that. He hid all his fear, all his anguish, and all his hatred behind false happiness. His thirteenth year felt like the longest moment of his life. He continued running, but he was losing his touch with reality, and was running into a dead end. He was losing his mind, and his chain was glowing. Year fourteen began five days before the end, and in that time, he understood, now his emotions, but Kia was too close of a friend now. His friends, his family, even at times, his own self, could not know his second life, his hidden feelings. He was a lost soul, in a sea of purity and corruption. Finally, the end was approaching, and he saw once more what he already knew, and the moments came in his mind, the film stopped. He was in a corner, only a few feet from shore, but he was too frozen, and he just wanted it to end. He wanted to die, but knowing better excepted control. The ice monsters drained his energy, and one of them stared into his eyes. The ice monster's hideous face was the last thing he saw. Jagvu's servants put the collar on with no resistance, and Charlie's mind fell blank, he was himself fall into a door in front of him, and all he saw was red...Charlie's pupils emptied. His mind was gone, and an erie black aurora rushed from his body. He walked up to Jagvu and bowed. He broke the ice around him, and led, nay, he carried Jagvu to the center of Antarctica. He was lost, but yet he knew where he was going. They had reached the key hole chamber, and the Diamond key Hole was taken in a different manner. It was incased in ice, but Charlie went through it as if it were air. He took the key hole part, for the dark has won, but with Charlie, not yet one. With Charlie, no one can stop them, and he who controlled time, controlled good and evil, was controlled by the darkness...

7 - Differences in thought...

Thought and disorder. Things that correspond with one another. One is lost, another is found, and when one is found, another is lost. One can lose themselves in the dimensions of their own mind, the people who do not exist when thinking of another. A mind on its own has corridors, twists and turns. A mind can be so complex, and yet so simple. One can hardly realize the patterns and steps that happen within split seconds for simple, everyday, tasks. The thought of many, and the work of one, through which the world around us is composed of. When we change, our view, and the world around us becomes different. Without thought you are no longer who you are. See the world through pain, yet feel it through love. No being can see life through one scope. We must be different even from ourselves in order to find ourselves the same. To see one, lose the other, to lose one, see the other. Suffering and Pain. Misery and torment. Love and Peace. All the same, yet different. To see the monster within, a manifestation spawned from ourselves. As the road ends, all the work to get there was meaningless, if you were better off from where you started. An open can see, but a closed cannot. Madman! The same, the difference, all irrelevant. Thought, think, thinking, think, thank.... Chapter 7: Differences in thought... The rain crashes hard on the wet stone and the place reeked of fresh blood. All that is what he could see for the time being. His eyes glared against light with no regard to it in his eyes what so ever. His pupils had nearly faded, and his face stood still as if made of wax. His heart was as cold as stone, and his hands were drenched in rain and blood. He looked up to the door, to see if his master was pleased, as he handed the key hole of Diamond from Antarctica, the Gold key hole from Africa, the Jade key hole of Asia, and the Silver key hole from Europe. Jagvu's faces, although disgustingly pleased at the blood bath before him, looked to what was once Charlie in disappointment. He looked to the body of a young woman on the ground, who was a casualty in obtaining the Key hole in Spain. The body was completely ripped open, and blood oozed even from her eyes. A gaping hole was in her stomach, and there was no sign of struggle at all. Jagvu looked again, and said once more, "Without any resistance, obtaining these key holes," he paused and looked at the mindless Charlie again, "is just too easy." A struggling cry stayed silent, behind the door of the room. A young, frightened little girl, looked at the body of her dead mother, and vicious face of her killer. Vicious wasn't even the word to describe this kind of evil, this evil over his mind seemed pure, almost inhuman in every way. She hid behind the Spanish style door. She couldn't understand a word that was being spoken between the shady figures in the room on the other side. She only remembered her mother's words, "Vivas me Nia," as she held back her tears and hid behind the door. "Por que? Por que," she stuttered, and looked out the crack of the door again, "por que me madre, por que yo?" She would have continued asking herself why her mother and why her, but an eye stuck itself through the crack in the door. She tipped on her toes, as Charlie's empty eyes looked around the area, inspecting for any intruders. The eye met with the girl, and her eyes began to water, for she knew she was dead. For one moment, though, a pupil was in the eye, when it saw the innocence of the girl, and so to the mindless, she wasn't there. Charlie closed the door, leaving a dark stain of blood on the knob. He looked to his master, and honestly, the part of him that was held back by the beeping collar on his neck had held back the sight of the girl. He looked to his master, his chain continued being bleak, colorless. He, in an empty, powerless voice, "Master, there are no survivors left, and so we should leave in search of the final pieces." He looked to Jagvu, awaiting an answer, but Jagvu only grumbled. Charlie remained silent, and Jagvu whispered to his underling, "He is becoming very powerful, but soon he will be a suitable sacrifice, I am most certain." Jagvu looked to Charlie, "Burn the house down, it serves no purpose now." Charlie look at him, and for a moment, his chain glowed purple, even over the red glow of

the collar. The light backed down, far before Jagvu noticed. Charlie was fighting inside, and he was losing. He turned forward and followed his master. His faint eyes took one final look at the house. It was well decorated, a rather large house with twelve rooms. The two levels in the house all had rich forms of Spanish art and craftsmanship. The doors to each room were well carved, each with a painting of one of the twelve Disciples. The rims of the doors were incusted with gold leaf, and delicate angel carvings, beautiful beyond description. In each room, delicate, detail, far too many to describe, from the order of the furniture to the positioning of the religious icons. There was gold, there was jewelry, as they went from the second level to the exit, Charlie got a candle and set fire to the tip, then lagged behind his group, and put the candle under a chair. A small side of Charlie wanted to stay, and watch the fire, so destructive and fierce, burn the house down, but deep in his subconscious, he worried for the little girl. The collar took control once more, and he exited through the door, with his master, as the people around began screaming when they saw smoke and smelled fire. The group went into a dark ally, and then Charlie had to teleport them away, to the last key hole. Back in the house, the little girl was also aware of the blaze that now trapped her in the room. She slammed, she banged, but Charlie had accidentally locked the door when he shut it. She had looked around, she was almost certain she was going to die, regardless of her age, she knew this death was inevitable. She slammed the door once more, and an evil far beyond her understanding had begun to build inside her. She rammed the door, and for just an eight year old girl, she managed to break the knob. She pushed the door open, only to find that the fire was now entering her room as well. Everything, from the doors, to the beds, were being blazed by fire. The girl saw only one way to live, jump out the window to the ground two floors beneath her. She looked at the blood stained door knob, one side sparkling like the gold it is, the other drenched in blood, and quickly decided to keep it. She broke the glass and jumped out the window, right before the fire engulfed her in four sides. As time slowed down before her, she believed she would die once she hit the ground. In the flash of a second, a eerie, evil voice, called to the girl, almost as if, someone, or something, was holding her from falling. * "You want to live, do you not, little girl?" The voice remarked. The girl looked to the ground below her, and shouted, "Yes, yes, I want to live, to, for..." "For you mother?" the voice cunningly remarked, "Or is that not all you want, is it?" The girl began to cry. "The guy, the killer, the I want..." "Revenge, is what your little heart desires?" The voice sounded pleased when it said this. "Who, who, what, are you?" The girl stuttered. "It does not matter who I am, little girl, but what I can get you, what I can offer," the voice continued, "you want power, to give revenge, I can give you live, but there is a price..." "Name it!?" the girl screamed. "Now, now, don't be so hasty, all I want is for you to swear you utter servitude to me." "Why," the girl asked. The voice began to sound disappointed, "Perhaps you are not ready, you are quite young, I'll spare your live, for now, but, only say the word, and I will give you the power to get what you want..." *For this moment, Spanish, for the reader, is English. "How will I contact you?" The girl looked and realized she was slowly being dropped to the ground. "Don't worry, when the time is right, I will come to you... hum hum..." The girl looked, and time continued once more. The flame burned her house, and she ran, with no clue where she was going, she ran, with her hand grasping the doorknob, the blood began to dry on her hand. She ran into the dark allies, crying, as if there was no hope for her. She wanted to be strong, but she wanted to cry, she wanted to live on. She may have not realized it, but evil was consuming her heart. The rain drenched her, and her face was feeling salty. Her green eyes and her red hair were getting completely wet. She didn't care, she couldn't even understand. Miles away, in a deep part of the Australian desert, the frozen bodies of Unia and Janie were melting, not entirely, but slowly. Its been days since they have been there, after the incident. The ice was melting, and soon it would be weak enough to break. The blazing sun was tearing away at the ice, and a large pool of water was forming around them. Even while frozen, the detail of the distress on their faces was perfectly preserved. They, after a few hours, were fully out of the ice, still shivering from the cold. They walked out from the desert, hoping to find the Key Hole of Australia, but they were afraid of how long

they were in Ice. Their other key Holes were with Cyro, but they feared for what might have happened to him. He should have found them already. Unia kept trying to communicate with him, but where his mind was, there was only blank. Janie, worried plenty, for Charlie. She knew, that deep inside, she cared far too much for him. Although it was obvious Charlie wasn't dead, they both feared something terribly wrong with Charlie was going on. They thought back, to the collars on all the monster necks, and the flute. Then, they put two and two together, and understood that they had some form of mind control. The desert was a living heat stroke. They were too weak to fly, too weary to teleport. They were certainly immortal, but even they had their limits. They could be walking for centuries until they come upon nutrients to gain their energy. If fate wasn't ironic enough, they had walked miles before they realized the ice could have been drunk or eaten. The heat must have been messing around with their common sense. They had left bitter cold only instances from their memory, into a desolate, hot, wasteland. "Damn, why does it always seem that fate is against us." Unia looked to her daughter, in a hopeful jest. "Hum, you hardly ever curse, even such a small word, and I have known you for YEARS..." Janie was so frustrated, she could hardly understand what she herself was saying. "Sorry, I hardly ever do, but I am so weak, and so hot..." "It's alright, we'll make it," was here cocky reply "you probably are worried about Charlie, though?" "Yeah," was about her only reply in an empty stare, "but, we'll find him, no matter what stands in our way..." They were too tired for words, all they needed was water. Out of all the rivers they knew, it seems every turn they took lead them the exact opposite way. They walked for miles, upon miles, upon miles. It seemed that Janie was more of a potty mouth than she made herself out to be, for when ever she had the strength, she would do so. Somewhere, lost, in a deep, deep part of the desert, they came up upon an oasis. They had taken their share of water, and even ate what was edible. They, then realized they were at the foot of the next key hole. It was in vain, though, for they needed Charlie, they Key, to open the hole itself. If fate were not more cruel, once they were fit for fighting, Charlie and his master had finally arrived. For although teleportation was fast and easy, the evil crew seemed to enjoy a bit of torture and death of the innocent before they took what they wanted. Unia and Janie were glad to see Charlie, but they understood they were in for a fight. The one playing the flute, controlling Charlie, revealed herself out of her cape. She was in black leather, she had black hair, brown eyes, she was tall, elegant, yet mysterious in a way. She wore black sun glasses, but here eyes were easily seen. She, elegantly yet joyfully, had played the flute, loud and hard, far different from what they have heard before. "You see," said Prime Jagvu, "to control more intelligent creatures, more complicated melodies must be played." Janie and Unia quivered at the sight, Charlie under his control, but never really stopped to look at Jagvu's features. He appeared almost human, as an old, 50 year man. He wore a hat, which looked like something out of a cult. It appeared like a dark priest's wardrobe. He was inhumanly muscular, and he wore black robes. His face looked very pale, as if he had never seen light, and his eyes had no real pupils, except one small silver spot on each one. They then began to ask themselves questions, like, who he was, where did he come from, and what is going on in the time flux? There was no time for such questions, the woman now played a another tune, and the sand around them began to form spiders, six large, sand spiders, wearing collars. Jagvu had no intention of making Charlie fight but instead make the spiders do the dirty work. Unia and Janie got into stance, and were ready to fight. The spiders jumped, they attacked and stung with scolding sand. Unia tried physic blasts, and Janie tried fast and physical moves, but nothing seemed to hurt the spiders. They, decided, for one, to take a different approach. Unia took a hit from one of the Spider's sand blasts. Janie made a fast but swift move, and with one karate chop, the spider was released from control, and dug itself back as part of the sand. By destroying the collars, the spiders, and apparently anything else under control, would return to its original state. Unia and Janie used combinations, jumps, kicks, dodges, and within minutes, the spiders were gone, but so was the flute playing woman. Unia and Janie raced to the inside of the temple. They avoided booby traps, and dealt with more sand spiders. They reached a main room, and flew up the

stairs as fast they could. Charlie was about to open the door to the key hole with his chain, until Janie and Unia charged in ready to attack. "I know your in there," Janie stuttered, "but for now, your on the other side." She charged, and gave a full blow to the collar, without even giving a scratch. Charlie, in an emotionless way, grabbed her by the leg and flung her to a wall. Janie looked into Charlie's eyes, and saw no fear, no hope. The stone around her was crumbling to pieces, and place wreaked of insect. Charlie, once more, blinked, with those cold, empty eyes. Janie had felt Charlie's hands when he flung her, they were cold, yet dry and ashy. Jagvu seemed to congratulate himself for a job well done, for his plan was falling perfectly. "You like," said Prime Jagvu, "it reinforced and nearly indestructible..." A small moment of silence fell upon them, and Charlie stayed motionless, waiting for command or attack. Charlie, the one locked away by the chain, was somewhere in this cold, killer, a person who can't kill the innocent. For a few moments, Janie feared Charlie might be gone. "Mom..." said Janie and she got back up from the wall. "Yes," was Unia's quick remark, as she entered fighting stance. Janie, brought her hand to a fist, "This isn't going to be easy..."

8 - To Live in evil, for Evil to live...

In the human world, nothing is as it seems. For what appears and what is is limited to reality based on human comprehension. It is imperative, in the human world, to live the lie we all live. All that it brings pain brings strength, and all pleasure brings weakness. We lie, only to see the truth, we tell the truth, only to see that it is a lie. You can fool yourself, but you can never be who you are. Death prolongs us all, but love and hate bonds the universe together. One grain of dust, one speck, brings forth a universe, an infinity in the infinity. All we see, all they, and we, understand is a lie in truth. When we know, when we see the world, not for fantasy, but for the endless pain and joy, do we want to live, do we want to go on? We live under the same sky, we breathe the same air, we live, just the same, but we hide in your shadows, we lurk in the darkness, we reside only in secrecy, for we don't exist. The things that hurt, are the truth, the things that help us. We sacrifice, we love, we hate, we're limited, yet vast, and unlimited. We live the life in an oxymoron, yet we wage war, we kill our own kind, for peace, and for power in our hands, if not just for a split second. We evolve, we change, we are created, we are destroyed, over, and over again. See flame poison, let the paralyzed sleep forever, we are confused, our time of existence frozen in time. Nothing is the way before, and yet it ends up that way. Let the flame engulf us, and let it consume our minds, but not the soul of our core... Chapter 8: To Live in evil, for Evil to live.... "Nothing is like it was before, I here, only with evil and good. I have to see what my body does, I am hurting the last people I have to care for. I hate myself, I hate, because I live, live like this forever. There can never be peace for me, if I can never bring peace to the world around me..." Charlie only sat down in the dark void which was his mind. He looked to the evil and good of his chain, their words meant nothing, they could not bring him serenity, they could not ease his pain. What if he did destroy this Jagvu, it would mean nothing, if he's born and tries this reality after reality. Regardless of whether or not he failed, they would all die, the people, this universe. His eyes began to water, they felt warm as they gathered on his cheeks, but fell cold as they hit the ground. He wanted to see the people, he cared so much about, from his past life. He wanted to see them, in a way, he knew he would a few decades before the Apocalypse. He looked to himself, his eyes were emptier than what they used to be, but his black hair gleamed like it always did. In his mind, all he wore was a robe, part red, the other blue. It was like space, there was no real up, no real down, no distinction between left and right. All in this darkness, words meant nothing. All they could see was a screen, through the eyes of the Charlie under control. They could hear the flute being played, over and over again. Charlie, the cold and empty one, got into fighting stance, his eyes, still empty, appeared to look to Janie and Unia in a bit of fear, but then fully jumped out at them. His speed and stamina was incredible, and the hollow soul fed him on. The woman, in the black outfit, continued playing to flute, but sat to the side. She sat down, crossed her legs, and pulled a pin out of her hair, letting out long, hair, almost half the length of her body. She closed her eyes, and meditated, then played the flute to a tune, slower, in low, loud pitch that could have been heard for miles. Janie raised herself from the wall, but Unia was still on the ground. She let out a punch toward Charlie, but, Charlie, slowed down time, and kept up with her super speed. Charlie moved gracefully, elegantly, and even in the heat of the temple, he neither took a breath or broke a sweat. He was a vicious, killing machine. They both ricocheted off and on the walls and gave each other serious injury. Jagvu was getting interested, and so, they halted trying to take the key hole, and the evils sat down to watch the fight. "This is getting interesting," Jagvu smiled to his disciples, "we can wait, after all, we'll have all the time in the world soon..." His other member's laughed, while still keeping their hoods on. Jagvu's female follower, however, stayed in meditation, still playing the flute. The immortal blows

appeared like flashes of lighting, from side to side of the rooms. Unia had to do something, otherwise Charlie would win. "Without his emotion, what else can hurt him the most, or what free him from the collar, unless..." A sudden brainstorm helped her realize how this 'invincible' collar could be beaten... Miles away, back in Spain... A terrified girl, still ran, still weeped, still praying it was a dream, and that any moment, she would wake up. It was only a few hours before the sun would rise, but it was still cold, it was still quite dark, and she was still lost and confused. She didn't feel cold, but she sweat as she tried to run out of the city. It's only been a few hours, the police forces were still searching for anything related to the burning of the house, and that of a few other civilians. Her clothes were singed, her hands were still covered in soot. She had run half of the city away from her home, her legs were tired, she felt dry and sore, the images of flame, her mother, blood, the murder kept flashing through her mind. The words of the devil, although she did not completely understand at the time, still rung through her head, her heart felt heavy, she felt uneasy, as if she could never find peace. The police were still on alert, she could appear to them, and tell her she survived, but she didn't want to, for some reason, somehow, she bring herself to share her pain with the rest of them. She wanted to do this on her own. She hid in alleys, crawled in spaces between homes, but she never showed her face to the people around her. She spoke no more after she left the burning home. Her memories were too painful to remember, she wanted to bottle it up, just let it go, and live on. She had run near the end of city, she hid her face and covered her hair from the rain that was harder than ever. As she felt out of the clear, a chariot pointed out to her, she looked suspicious, and an officer stepped down, sword in his hand, "Hey, tu, Para en el nombre del Rey!" The girl picked up the pace at the officer's command to halt, and ran to a man on his horse. She jumped up, got on the horse, right after the man got off of it, and rode off before anyone could do anything. The chariots were after her, but the girl was lucky she had stolen a particularly well bred horse, because she was out of the city and got the police off her tail in no time. It was still raining hard, although the sun was almost up, and she was getting her clothes absolutely drenched. She still had the knob in her hand, the blood wouldn't wash off the side. She had wondered why she couldn't bring up the problem with the law, she wondered where she would go what she would do. She could ride the horse very well, being of a rich family, she had learned how to ride a horse at a young age. It was still raining, one could hardly tell that the sun was up. The dirt road was in front of her, she had no idea where to go, but she decided anywhere was better, so she followed the road, her heart too weak to cry, with no hope for a future on the other side, revenge, with out her realizing it, burning in her soul... Miles back, somewhere in the outback of Australia... The temple was covered in decay, sounds of bangs and explosions, a fight still going on somewhere deep inside. The fight had been raging for hours, Janie was sweaty and tired, but Charlie, he was ice cold, his hands were flakey and dry, and his black hair lost its shimmer. With no emotion, his body had a natural thirst for destruction, his pattern of walking seemed almost mechanical, perfect in fighting stance. Jagvu's silver dot in his eye shined bright, although the place was dimly lighted, his smile was sinister, but even he, was beginning to lose interest in the one sided battle. He coughed out dust as he took a deep breath, put his two fingers in his lips, and gave a loud whistle to meditating women. She broke out of meditation, jumped up in a back flip performed almost perfectly, and sighed "Can we get this over with already," she bickered, "we have other plans..." Jagvu's silver dots focused on her, "fine, lets take it and go, the temple is beginning to fall apart, anyhow." The woman put the flute to her lips, and began to play a tango like tune, one with a danceable beat. Charlie heard, blocked a few hits from Janie, gave one, powerful, focused punch, slammed her tired out body to the wall, and did a gentle, walked toward the woman then, began a tango with the flute playing women down a narrow corridor toward a door. Arrows were being shot at them, but the way they did the tango, they dodged all of them, and made it to the door. The Key head came out of the chain, over the collar, ready to open the door to the Key Hole. Janie was seriously injured, she had blows to her internal organs, and blood was beginning to come out of her mouth. Her lips were busted, her entire body felt sore, and she

felt near losing consciousness. She could her heart beat, it was slow, in pain, this one heart, this one muscle, she realizes, as to work forever, in pain, with no rest. A tear went down her eye, it fell into the pool of her own blood, she knew they would take their parts of the key hole as well. She knows what they can do to her, if they decide to use her, as a receptor to use the core, if they can get their hands on the immortal shilling, or, if Charlie is completely consumed by the evil, if it completely empties him out, he would be an egg shell with no center, no soul. Her tears were warm, the air was humid, moldy, very difficult to breathe. Her eyes, she, her mind, sanity, there was a tunnel, no way out, her eyes got heavy, she was breathing in the pool of her blood, flashes came, Charlie's eyes, her mother's words, Jagvu's face, evil, hopelessness, sleep, sleep but never die... Unia saw her daughter pass out, she had little energy left, she had to get her hands on it, on the mirror, she had to leave her daughter, she had to teleport away. Charlie and the woman were nearly through the hall, they moved gracefully, elegantly, perfect, and perfect again. They reached the end, Charlie dipped the woman, and gave her a little kiss. "Don't mess around too much, woman," he rolled his silver dots, "we need to hurry up!" The door opened as soon as their lips touched, and Charlie went in alone he grabbed the key in his hand, he had a tight grip on it. A light came from the center of the small room, nothing could be heard, the Charlie on the inside wanted to do something, yet he felt like doing nothing, it wouldn't change anything either way. Charlie's cold, flakey hands came closer to the light, the pearl key hole was in sight, he just had to grab it. The light was warm, then it became hot, then boiling, then incinerating. The ice hands, the cold ice, was creating a crackling sound, it was pushing him back, he, the hollow shell, was not meant for it. The body pushed forward, he was fighting destiny itself. His chain was glowing red, the ferocity of Charlie was winning, he was getting closer, the sand chamber was beginning to kick up sand. The light was getting ever so bright, his body wasn't giving up. The collar was fueling off the emptiness, his finger was centimeters from the pearl, his body wasn't tiring out, with no emotion, not even fate can stop him, his arms went around the key hole, the sand stopped, the light faded, and the room was becoming empty. He jumped out from the disintegrated reality of the room, broke the door, and sledged out with the piece in hand. He walked to his master, "Lord, I bring you the final piece," he kneeled and kissed his feet, " I hope that this satisfies you." "Yes, yes," he looked to one of the 'hoodlums' and bit his lip a bit, "we, now, my pet, must go out and put it together... now, to the north pole..." Charlie only heard the words and in the blink of an eye they were gone. Janie just laid there, and now that the pearl was gone, the temple was rapidly collapsing. Regardless of the pain, she really had nothing to push her, death was an option that had been lost since before she could remember. Like any immortal, she often thought of killing herself, she then realized she never could. She realized, then and there, that with misery, suicide leaves you in a tunnel, no way out except death, and then of course, when death is taken away, we're violent, ticking time bombs, that just tick, and never go off. "Bloody, bastards..." she screamed out, "I want to die!" her eyes began to sob a bit, "Is that to much to ask..." In a flash, Unia had reappeared, and grabbed her bickering daughter, "She's being delusional again." she spoke out to her daughter. She teleported away with her daughter back to California, they had unfinished business to attend to... A few minutes later, back at their house in California, Janie was in placed in recovery, she was badly wounded, and they would need to both be at their best to follow through with a plan. They needed to get their hands on the mirror... they'll have to get in contact with Father Time. "Gosh, I hate that old man," Janie rolled her eyes, "he watches people at ANY time of their lives..." "Its his job," Unia pointed out, "regardless of how much he abuses it...." In a matter of hours, they were feeling better and went off to a dimensional door somewhere, deep in their home. There home had upon layers and layers of lower levels under the shop. It was so dark the deeper they went, that most people would have easily gotten lost. They had finally reached an old door, behind boxes full of merchandise, which was a light blue with a hint of white, an almost cloudy color through out the whole door. "We call upon time itself, and the father over it, to seek and despair a timely demise...." Unia screamed out the chant, then put her hand

on the knob. A loud thunder was heard, and the door was opened, to a brightly lit room, their eyes stunned by the light. They walked forward, as their eyes grew more used to the amount of light, and took a look around, the place stretched endlessly in all direction, the door behind them had space behind it as well. Their were shelf upon shelves of sand clocks, each with different names, some near running out, others just beginning. These are the representations of the time from one's birth and death, for every moment is known before our death. Janie and Unia walked further and further in, they hated this place, almost as much as they hated father time. They even saw their own sand clocks, their sand was trapped in a fixture, it was solid, never moving. They had eventually reached the old man's throne, the man himself, Father time, erm, happy, to see them... Janie and Unia hadn't seen him in a while, he an old, frail man, with a white, long beard that he dragged around. He was skinny, almost starved, he wore little glasses and walked around on a cane, very agile and quickly. He wore a blue and white robe, a silver cape, and a mushroom shaped, blue, hat. "A, lusher ladies, I know what you seek. I watch over time, I know when your awake, asleep, I watch all everywhere always, you need not speak..." "Look you old man," Janie twitched at his rhyming, "we don't have time for your pick up lines, we don't have the time..." "Why, Janie, your looking as good as ever, and I know the changes in the time stream has caused an endeavor." Unia spoke up, "We need the..." "Mirror," Father time spoke, " you need to save the chain wearer?" "Can you lend it to us?" Unia went on. "why, for you two, why not, but when I get it back, there better not be a single cracked spot..." "Very well," they all agreed, as father time winked his eye at them. Janie and Unia sighed, but were handed a mirror, made of sand glass, fashioned by father time. They were glad to finally leave the place, but they, still, out of gratitude, waved him goodbye. Once, back in their dimension, they closed the door, gathered supplies, and rushes to the north Pole, they were going to save Charlie, and prevent them from opening the portal.