

The Pernicious Thorn

By Raven222

Submitted: November 28, 2004

Updated: November 28, 2004

I randomly wrote this story at the dentist, but I really liked it, so I'm trying to finish it.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Raven222/9181/The-Pernicious-Thorn>

Chapter 1 - Chapter I

2

1 - Chapter I

Plot: Mom dies, kid tries to tell that rose is deadly. Nobody listens, so he goes out to find it. Comes across a girl, she helps. They find it, but the girl pokes the rose, dies. Boy sees petals across the sand. Follows them, and finds the garden of roses. The rose in the very middles was the key to finding the one behind this. Pulls the rose by a petal, and the rose formed into a bud. The bud opened, and a stone was inside. Poked the stone, and a Glyphic thingy appeared. There the guy sets out on a journey and finds his dad was behind it.

The Pernicious Thorn

By: Christiana Jayne Smith

If one would come across a rose in their life, they would be sure to find there were thorns on the stem. All roses have this handy protection measure.

But humans do not. Now roses are certainly not fatal to anyone that touches the thorn... Though this excludes one rose. This rose bloomed in June, on the first week. That was not what made this rose different from it's resembling kin, nor it's appearance. Blooming a pallid ivorn, the rose was one of the majestic in it's garden. The stem was green, though at the tips of the thorns was a blood red. But it was only a miniscule dot, so you would have to study the flower in order to see it.

It was when you touched it when your life would meet it's end.

This fatal beauty spread it's seeds the fastest way possible, the wind. And the wind was very abundant in the desert. The seeds did not need much water to survive, mainly because ways to destroy the rose were limited. Another way was to latch the seeds onto one that came in contact with it, and how it would reach the ground? The victim was sure to fall. Not many knew about this dangerous rose, all except a precious few.

"Kemeni, I'm telling you, all those missing people? IT WAS THE ROSE! Don't call me crazy, but I saw it happen. The poison would spread into the pores of their skin, eating away at the tissue. Each death was different from the other, but it was all quick!" A boy who looked the age of 14 stared at the professor.

"Do not be silly, Benema, roses can not kill people. And DON'T call me Kemeni! It is Professor Kemeni! The missing people I'm sure they were killed by the enemy Dements!" He slammed his fist onto the metal table.

"You mean Denatos, Professor Kemeni?" Benema corrected.

"I DON'T CARE WHAT THEIR NAMES ARE!" the professor screamed. Muttering obscenities, he made his way to the file cabinet. The small boy glared at the elder, hands curling into fists.

"You can make up your own story, boy, but as hard as it might be to tell yourself, it's not true. Your mother was killed by the Denato people, and we can't bring her back." Kemeni turned his back to the child.

"You... LIAR!" Benema screamed loudly. Tears streaked down his cheeks, as his voice choked. "Why do YOU pretend that YOU know why my mother died? You just want to know everything, even if you DON'T! I don't CARE if you have `proof', I DO TOO! You just won't BELIEVE ME because I'm a STUPID... LITTLE... KID!" With the last three words, he banged his fist on the desk, each time harder than the previous.

The man turned around to face the boy. "Benema... Do not speak that way. You are just pained from your mothers... bereavement. My daughter shall take care of you since your father was taken hostage by the-" "I know, I know, taken hostage by the Denato..." He frowned at the floor. "But I don't believe you that he was a captive for them. SeJehct would never allowed someone to do that to him!" Benema looked at Prof. Kemeni with a morose gaze.

"I am sorry of what happened today. The only thing I can do to repay your mother is keep you in my custody. You see, your mother, Yuneta, tried to keep my wife alive. She tried all her white mage abilities, but I guess my wife's time was up... I only wish..." with that the man's voice wavered and died, as he raised a hand to wipe his tears.

"Professor, I wish that your wife lived also." He bowed, showing the end of the conversation was drawing near. "To be the son of a High Summoner is a burden, and I appreciate to have you take care of me."

