

# Rioki's Avatar fanfic

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*A teenaged girl finds a boy who had saved her as a child. She thinks he's cute, then finds out that his father was one of the firebenders that killed her mom and ruined her home. Does her opinion change?*

Provided by Fanart Central.

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|  |          |
|--|----------|
| <b>Chapter 1 - The Beginning of the Memories</b>     | <b>2</b> |
| <b>Chapter 2 - Flames of Hatred, Tears of Sorrow</b> | <b>3</b> |

# 1 - The Beginning of the Memories

## Part one: The Beginning of the Memories

It was late autumn, and the markets and farms were closing up for the winter. Rioki no longer had a steady source of income because she was a farmhand, and she was losing weight fast. She was used to starving, but if she got any thinner she would become even sicker. She missed her home, and her mother who could heal her, but she couldn't go back. No amount of rebuilding would restore the life she lost. Rioki sighed nostalgically, and curled up tighter in her ragged shawl. She had tried to help with odd jobs all over the bustling town, but nobody needed any help. Rioki was out of options for room and board, and she had no money. She wrapped as warm as she could, then sat up rigidly.

~Flashback~ A shrill whimper was heard as a small girl tumbled over the sharp cliff. But she didn't fall to her death. A strong male hand reached out and caught her, then helped her up to the top. The girl lay there on the rock for a moment to catch her breath, then looked up.

"Who are you?" She asked, but before the boy could answer, a painful cry echoed out over the rocks, harshly mocked by the gulls floating above the bay. Rioki caught her breath. "Mother!"

## 2 - Flames of Hatred, Tears of Sorrow

Part Two: Flames of hatred, Tears of sorrow

"Are you okay?"

"What?" Rioki replied faintly.

"Ugh, you don't look so well!" The speaker's delicate features loomed into Rioki's field of vision.

"I don't feel so well either," Rioki murmured.

"Come, I'll take you to my house." The girl helped Rioki limp into a large house nearby. She led Rioki to a small, comfortable, otherwise known as cozy, unused guest room, where the latter promptly collapsed on the bed. "I'll go get Lineas. She can help," the girl who had brought her ran off. Rioki coughed raggedly, then remembered her dream. ~Flashback~ "Mother!" The tiny girl raced back down the hill without thanking her rescuer, and stopped before a gigantic bonfire. Her home was burning! "Mother!" Rioki cried out again, thinking she was too late.

"Rioki.....Is that you child?" The faint reply came from somewhere behind Rioki's flaming cottage. She hurried to the garden, and found her mother all covered with scars and burns by the rosebush that had been her favorite. "Rose plants are versatile. That means they have a wide variety of uses." Rioki could almost hear her mother's teaching voice echoing through the rubble.

"Rioki.....this.....was Fire soldiers.....they attacked the village, then came here. Darling, go to Auntie Kyana in Ashorra city. She'll take good care of you." Her mother drew in one final labored, ash-ridden breath, then all went dark for the woman who had been Addiera the Healer of Nations. Rioki's last sorrowful whimper rang out as she lifted her matriarch's cold lifeless hand, but it was too late.

"Oh no! What have they done!" Rioki turned to see the boy who had saved her. He grabbed her hand and half-led, half-dragged the girl away from her mother's side. He brought her to a clearing not far from the fire, yet still at a safe distance. The boy looked distressed and angry, then surprised as Rioki threw herself at him and began weeping relentlessly. He put his arms around her and stroked her damp braid. "That's horrible. I'm so sorry for you," he spoke softly into her hair.

Rioki took her head off his chest and said pitifully but kindly, "Don't be. It wasn't your fault." She gulped and tried to smile through her tears, but the salty drops spilling down her face told the real story.

"Do you have family somewhere that could take you in?" The boy questioned her. "What is your name?"

"My name is.....Rioki," Rioki spoke clearly for the first time, and he smiled slightly at the sound of her voice.

"Rioki. That's a beautiful name."

"Thank you," she looked away. "My.....mother named me that. She says it means 'flower of hope' in the language ancient benders used."

"Really? I'm a ben---" A whistle pierced the crackling and hissing of the leaping fiery sparks. "Oh no. That's my father. I must leave now!"

"Wait!" Rioki clung to him. "Don't leave me! Please."

Her savior --twice now-- sighed and bent down. "Where did you say you were going?"

"I didn't," She replied, with some of her old spirit. "And I have relatives in Ashorra city."

"Ashorra!? That's quite a distance from these parts. Well, I'll try to meet you there as soon as I can. But I really have to go now!" The whistle once again came sharply to their ears. The boy untangled himself from her supple arms, then ran off. Well, thought Rioki, Now I am truly alone.