

# Angels` Fantasies

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*This is not a fan fic. It is a fantasy story of two girls, their angels, light, and darkness. A little sumtin i started at home, and thoght you fanarters would like it.*

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# 1 - The Beginning of the Rise and Fall

It was a hospital, the summer solstice, 11:37 in the morning. The mother was having her child...but all was not well.

Her husband was gripping his wife's hand, a little boy clutching the shirt of his father, his thumb in his mouth. Was it the mother, or the child whose fate was near?

~o~O~o~

It was the very same day and time, where in the darkest corner of the world stood the foulest and darkest of his kind. What was it? What was this that he sensed? He shifted uncomfortably. Something was wrong...

~o~O~o~

"We're losing her, we're losing her!" a panicked doctor shouted. The little boy began to cry.

"Airven...Airven, listen to me..." the woman breathed to her husband, "I knew this was coming...for this baby to be born, I must die."

"No...please, stay with me." Airven's grip tightened.

"This baby must live, Airven. She has to survive." she began to pale, "You know what to do. We discussed this before."

The baby had emerged, crying its first breaths of life.

"Lynaya can't stay with you..." the mother was growing cold, "They'll find you. At all costs, you must part with her."

~o~O~o~

Was it the prophecy? The same prediction his orb revealed to him so many years ago? The elderly man looked to his massive crystal orb. The great glass ball was set in the jaws of a stone dragon, carved into his wall.

His plan of action had to be working. He set it into motion hundreds of years ago. If it was going to fail, it would have earlier...wouldn't it?

~o~O~o~

It was less than two weeks later. A cloaked man was prowling through a dark village, heading towards a tent. It was set on a hill, overlooking the small town.

He had an odd, hump on his stomach. His arm was wrapped around it, supporting it.

The man rang the bell of the tent and slipped in.

"Well, who have we here? My services end at 9 o'clock, so what is your business here?" Narda, the resident of the tent and fortune teller, asked the cloaked man.

He let down his hood, revealing a young, expressionless face. "Aireven! Well, this is a surprise! Come in, have a seat, hon!" Narda pulled up an armchair for him and herself. Airven took the seat gratefully, clearly exhausted.

"Mind explaining the bump on your tummy, Airvy?"

Airven unzipped his cloak, revealing a slumbering baby. Curls of golden hair whispered across the child's head.

Narda gasped (as all women do when they see infants). "Who's the lucky lady?" Narda asked with a grin.

"The 'lucky lady' died at child birth."

"Oh, Airvy! I didn't mean-!" she was astonished. Airven gave her a look that said she was forgiven. "OK, now what I don't understand is why you would come to me in the dead of night with an infant."

"I want her fortune told." Airven explained, "I need to know what makes my child so important my wife had to die."

"Well, let me get out my things." When Narda was ready, she had a fire going between them. She stuck her hand inside a pouch and poured some powder into the fire. The flames turned purple almost immediately, with multicolored sparks popping and crackling. A pure white smoke wafted through the air. Narda studied the patterns of the sparks and white smoke carefully. She pulled out a book, glancing from the pages to the fire for a while. Then she froze, grew pale, and dropped the book. "Airven... I must take the child." It was more of a whisper than anything.

"For what reasons?" Airven's grip on his baby tightened.

"Airvy, the fate of all we hold dear rests on your daughter's shoulders!"

Narda said sternly, "If you don't the whole prophecy will be screwed up!"

Even though he knew this was coming, he had an angished look on his face. He handed over Lynaya and stood up from his chair. "You better take care of her."

"You doubt my abilities?"

*Kinda.*

*It a month since Airven's visit when Narda was feeding Lynaya. Two men were trudging up the hill towards the small tent. Narda was expecting them.*

*They tore down the flap that was the door and pointed their guns at her. "Hand over the baby."*

*"Goodness, must you be so reckless?" Narda didn't seem distressed at all in the slightest. "Fine have her. Her name is Lynaya, and I suggest feeding her carrots mostly, she likes those best." Narda said, shoving the infant in the man's arms.*

*The two armed men weren't exactly used to mothers handing over their children to armed strangers. "Right...uh...m-move out." Said the one holding the infant.*

*As they left, Narda was in tears. "Forgive me..." she whispered.*

*In the distance, the infant began to cry.*

## 2 - School Girl

"...so if we're looking for the area, we add the sides together," Mrs.Grawl was explaining in her drawling voice,"in this case, we are ad-"

"Um, excuse me, Mrs.Grawl," said the teacher's star student (and top nuisance) with her hand raised,"that would be the perimeter.The area is multiplying the length and the width."

"Young lady, we do not speak out in my class.Raise your hand earlier if you want to say something."

"I know you appreciate my help, there's no need to thank me." the girl smiled innocently.Her friend Kim could've sworn there was a halo over her head for a second.

Mrs.Grawl had some irritating students before, but this one was by far the biggest pest.

The bell rang and the students filed out the door."Nice one, Lyn" Kim said to her friend.

"I'm just trying to help," Said Lynaya with a mischevious smile.The school she attended, Perrie and Barton's boarding School, was pretty close to a prison.The staff members say it's an orphanage and an education center.They always claim they're doing two good causes at once.But Lynaya knew better.There was something wrong with this place.

The only escapes she had from reality were sleep, her only friend, Kim, and Mr.Oscars.

Mr.Oscars was one of the best things that ever happened to her since television.He hadn't started teaching her until three years ago, but since she was six he would give her cookies, presents for her birthday, clothes, and other treats.If ever she had a problem, she went to him.Of course, Kim recieved the same treatment.

Kim and Lynaya got in line and sat down to lunch.They never really sat next to anyone.They had always been solitary.There wasn't anyone else, anyway.All the other students were tattletales and teacher's pets.

"So, what did Mr.J want when he pulled you out of class?"Lynaya asked her friend.

"Oh he just lectured me on manners and crap like that." Kim replied.This kind of stuff ALWAYS happened to them.

After lunch was chemistry, history (Mr.Oscars's subject), and english.Then it was off to bed.

For some strange reason, Lynaya had trouble sleeping that night.She lay awake, listening to the crickets.

Then she heard a conversation between two teachers.She guessed it was between Mrs.Grawl and Mr.Stewarts."There's something about that Collen Oscars i don't trust.I think he's leaking information." It was the unmistakable drawl of Mrs.Grawl.

"I agree.Something must be done."

Information? What information does this place have other than what the students learn?, Lynaya asked herself.She continued to listen intently.

"The headmaster must know.And Collen must be disposed of," Mrs.Drawl carried on,"if it is true he is-"

"Kirsten, i don't think we can take chances on this matter.We need to plan how to do this now."

Lynaya's eyes grew wide.Did they mean...killing him?

Only one thing was sure...she wasn't going to sleep tonight.

### 3 - Time for Action

For the rest of the night and day, thoughts of what Lynaya had heard were constantly haunting her. She was coming up more and more ridiculous theories. It gnawed at her sanity until she was at the brink of madness. She had to tell someone. She tried to warn Mr. Oscars, but how would you tell someone you knew people were plotting your death? So all that came out was "Good afternoon, Mr. Oscars."

Then that night as they got ready for bed, Lynaya decided she had to tell her friend. That, or she feared she would explode from stress. "Kim, I gotta tell you something..."

Lynaya recalled what she heard the previous night. Kim had never seen her happy-go-lucky friend so serious. It scared her. "Are you saying they're going to...kill...him?"

Lynaya nodded, "I couldn't be more certain," there was a new determined look in her eyes, "But I want to know why. And I'm pretty sure there's only one way to find out..."

Kim lay awake, restless and nervous. Her success in their plan was vital. The whole plan would be reduced to dust if she failed. She started at 12:55 at night. About an hour from now.

What frightened her most, however, was what they were going to find out.

## 4 - Kim`s Role

Kim was staring at the stars, watching the constellations of the night sky. Silvery light flowed around her in beams. The stars swirling around her like leaves in the fall.

Then it ended and she was awoken by a soft shake. Her eyes opened to look in the face of Lynaya. "It`s time." Lynaya whispered.

Kim jolted to full awareness. Lynaya handed her the plyers and climbed down to her bunk.

She climbed down after her and headed for the door. "Wish me luck" Kim said and headed down the hall.

After the many years of living in P&B`s, they noticed that the security gaurd of the camera room always went to the bathroom at 1:00 a.m. Always. Which was pretty retarded, since there was only one security gaurd working at night, and there was only one camera room in their building.

As she approached her destination, the gaurd stepped out of the room, turned around and locked it. "hey, what are you doing up so late?" he eyed her suspiciously.

"I was just getting a drink," Kim nodded toward the drinking fountain.

"Be quick about it."

Kim walked toward the fountain, then fell foward, bringing the gaurd down with her. Both their keys went cascading through the air and landed on the ground. "Oh, sorry!!`ll get them," Kim squeaked.

She scrambled up and studied both the keys carefully. Before she went to bed that night, she had studied her dorm key and memorized every ridge by heart. She handed the gaurd her room key. "Sorry about that."

"Clumsy kid. You`ll be in trouble if I catch you out here again."

"Understood, sir."

Kim began sipping from the fountain, and when the gaurd disappeared around the corner she took out the key to the camera room. *Sucker.*

She stuck the key in the keyhole and quietly slipped in. *Now for the fun part...* Kim thought mischevously.

She took out the plyers from her pocket and searched the room for wires. She snipped and cut the cords in half until there was only two more to go. Almost all the screens went fuzzy. Kim was about to cut the last wire, when she heard foot steps and froze. She hastily snapped the wire in half and heard the gaurd shuffle through his keys. *This is bad.* she began to panick. She looked at the window, then remebered she was on the second floor. *Really, really bad.*

The gaurd was now tryng to unlock the door with her dorm key.

Kim ran to the window, opened it, and looked desperately for any means of escape. The only option she saw was the flag pole a couple feet away. *Am I that desperate?*

The gaurd was getting frustrated outside the room. *Yes I am.*

She got up on the sill, and jumped. Kim hit her left hand on the pole, but her right hand caught the rope.

It was in her grasp for a heart beat, but she was sliding down faster than she liked. The burn was too much. She let go, then hugged the pole with both her arms. Kim slithered down the flag pole and then stood up and staggered to the wall. Her heart was pounding so hard, it almost hurt. She sunk to her knees, light headed from her feat.

*Good God...well my job is done. Now i can only hope Lynaya doesn`t get caught...*

## 5 - Discovery

Lynaya peered through the crack in her door, her gaze lifting to the security camera a few feet from her room. First it stopped moving, then the lights on it went out. Kim did it!

*Thank the Lord...* She thought to herself.

Now it was her turn. She slipped out the door and set it closed as carefully and quietly as possible. Glancing over her shoulder and in every direction, taking silent, cautious steps. Can't be too careful, right?

Just as she began to let her guard down, she heard an angry, frustrated voice grumbling about...something.

Lynaya looked around the corner to see the security guard at the door to the camera room, jamming a key into the key hole and turning vigorously, yet the door refused to yield. Then he thought ramming into it a few times would work, but astonishingly his shoulder just couldn't tear down a steel, five-inch thick door.

Fortunately, he was too busy doing that to notice Lynaya creep by inches away from him. Then she turned the corner and ran (quietly.)

She slowed to a trot, then a fast walk until she reached Mr. Oscars's office. She took a deep breath, then entered.

Not daring to turn on the light, she just turned on the dim lamp, and studied her surroundings.

Mr. Oscars's office was small, unorganized, and messy. Scenic pictures hung on the walls, and crumpled paper littered the floor.

THEN she started poking her nose in stuff that didn't concern her. Lynaya began to feel guilt rise in her gut. She felt bad, invading his privacy like this. He had always been good to her and Kim. But she couldn't turn back now. They were too far to the truth.

She looked through his books, read the papers on the ground, she even went through his file cabinet. Not a single clue.

Then something on his desk caught her eye. He had left his cell phone here. She then decided to snoop through his desk.

It wasn't until she opened the last drawer did she find his journal. The information she sought might only be in here. Lynaya had no choice.

She opened the small book and began to read:

*Dear Journal,*

*It's my second day on the job. Not yet have I seen what I'm looking for, but there are many promising students here. It may take time to narrow the one down.*

*The one? What??* Lynaya thought to herself. Did he originally come here...for her? Her in particular? She had to read on-

There was a ring. His cell phone! Lynaya scrambled under his desk, heart pounding, waiting for the ringing to cease.

When it did, whoever called him left a message. An interesting message:

"Hey, Oscars. This would be Jared...just checking for updates...how the kid's doing. You know, the usual. Just gimme a call back. Bye."

Lynaya`s eyes were stretched as wide as possible. *Huh?* Was all she could think right now. More questions. *What the hell just happen?* It hit her then, *Oh, my God...Mrs. Grawl was RIGHT...Mr. Oscars is leaking information...about me. I`m the reason his life is in danger.*

She read a few more pages of his journal a little farther into it. There was stuff about how he had met her and Kim, how he had found what he came here for. How he got orders to stay and watch her. Reports about her health...almost like he was stalking her.

Something in her boiled at this point, and she shoved the jornal back where she found it. Somehow, she was angry. She was raging in her head.

She was about to storm out the door, then rembered she had to be as quiet as death.

After a while of safe sneaking around, directly ahead of her was two teachers deep in conversation. Lynaya turned around too quickly to find out who they were. She chose the closest door to her, which was Mr. Bankson`s office. Who, unfortunately, was still present in his office. "What are you doing up this late?" he asked impatiently.

Lynaya`s head whirled around to face him. "I-I...couldn`t-I couldn`t sleep" she choked out the words.

"What do you want ME to do about it?!"

"Uh-I...wanted you...t-to read me a...bed time story...?"

He stared at her in utter disbelief. "Go to bed!"

"Going!" came her squeak.

When she closed the door, thankfully, the two teachers were alking away in the oppisite direction. *Oh my GOD, that was close.*

Nothing interrupted her on her way back. She slipped in her dorm room. Kim was there, trying to sleep. "Kim..."

"Lyn, that you?"

"Yeah...and boy, did i make a discovery."



## 6 - Questions From Answers

Kim stared at her friend in the pitch darkness. Lynaya had just finished telling what she had found in Mr. Oscars's office. "Is that...is that all true, Lyn?" Kim asked, frightened for an answer.

"It might not be true, but it's what I found and heard in there."

Lynaya wanted more answers. She wasn't satisfied with more questions. And there was only one way she could think of to get the answers. "We're gonna have to confront Mr. Oscars. Warn him, and just demand he tell us the truth." Lynaya was a bit frustrated that he had concealed this kind of secret for so long.

"When should we do that?" Kim asked.

"I think we should ask him after class hours, you know. When everyone starts to get ready for bed." There was a long pause. "Kim...I don't think we're safe here. I mean it. There's something terribly wrong with this place."

"Do you mean...do think this place was made for finding you? And me?"

Lynaya's eyes grew wide, "Oh, my God, I never thought of that." It then hit both of them, at the same time.

"This place was made for finding and killing us."

o~O~o

It was after Mrs. Everson's class, when Kim and Lynaya looked for Mr. Oscars. It took a while, but they found him in his office.

"Good evening, girls. What brings you to my office?" He asked. Mr. Oscars had red-orange hair, he was a bit round, and had a mustache. He wasn't very good looking, but at least he wasn't really old.

"Um..." Lynaya and Kim glanced at each other, "we have to tell you something."

Lynaya retold what she heard that night when the two teachers had that nice conversation about him. "Well, I knew they'd catch me some day, but I hoped it would be close to when you graduated." Then she recalled her adventure when she snooped around his office. "I guess that's what I get for not telling you sooner." He studied their faces. "Let me guess. You want answers don't you? It also looks like you won't take no for an answer, either."

The two girls nodded impatiently.

"Very well, then...centuries ago, a prophecy was made that a light would rise rebel against the slowly rising darkness. To be more specific, a girl would be born to destroy the source of the darkness. No one knows for sure what the source is exactly. There are rumors that he's an ancient sorcerer, and others say it's an organization. On top of that, we don't even know what they're planning to do with their power. We just know that it means certain doom for mankind. Hell, probably the rest of the universe, too. I'm with an organization that's intent on ensuring that you succeed. You see, the source of darkness, once it knew of the prophecy, began to build orphanages like this one. They go around houses, kidnapping children, killing the innocent on occasion, and bringing them to places like this to see if they found the child of the prophecy." He looked directly at Lynaya, "I strongly believe it's you. I also believe that everyone you come in contact with will play a big part in the prophecy. By that, I mean you, Kim."

"Me?" Kim said, pointing to herself.

"Yes. Now, girls, we must come up with a good plan of escape..."

## 7 - The Bear, The Power, And The Escape

This was the original plan.

Mr. Oscars was going to write his "I-quit-teachin`-here-`cause-I-kinda-wanna-live" note and leave it in the teacher`s lounge. Meanwhile, Lynaya and Kim would commence packing necessary items for their trip. Then, later that night, they would all hop in the get-away van, Mr. Oscars driving and the girls cocealed in trunk with the rest of the luggage. Safety first!

After that, they`d drive around aimlessly until Mr. O remebered where his organization`s headquarters is ("It`s better to get you girls out now rather than waithing for me to remeber!")

But that`s not how it went down. At all. In the slightest.

It was a sunny afternoon and the pair were heading to biology from gym class. Since gym was outside, they were passing the front gate of the wired fence that surrounded the campus. When you really think about it, the place looks like a prison camp.

Anyway, so Kim and Lynaya were talking about how much of a jerk this one guy was, or how unfair some of the rules were...something like that, when a very peculiar scene unfolded, very peculiar indeed. They were passing the front gate when...well, a giant grizzly bear came charging towards the fence roaring like a distressed child eating broccoli. Didn`t i tell you it was peculiar?

Gaurds poured out from the buildings, armed with guns (not tranquilizers, *guns*), radars, nets, and other fancy-shmancy nature-friendly weaponry. The armed men pelted to the bear and shot nets and bullets in the beast`s direction (most missing from lack of training.)

Something in Lynaya`s gut just bursted at that moment. Cold fear and red-hot energy raced throughout her body, her fists clenched, her eyes narrowed, and her face was set with concern and rage. "Stop! Let him go!"

It was usless, the gaurds either couldn`t hear or didn`t care. At this point, all fear and cocern was replaced with boiling, seething outrage.

"LEAVE-HIM-ALONE!!!"

Now she had their attention. All heads whipped in her direction, giving the wild animal enough time to knock some of the gaurds off balance. Lynaya charged in, socked the nearest man in the tummy, swept her foot under his legs, causing him to crash to the ground, and smashed her foot in his face. A similar reaction occured with Kim , and she sprinted in to join her friend.

And then, they snapped. A force within them, a force that was always there but never truly felt, took over. Reinforcements were streaminng from the campus, and on their way Lynaya simply held her palm in front of them and they all flipped over to land on their backs, unconcious. Kim, who was surrounded, formed a ball of pure energy in her hand and mashed it in the ground, creating a wave that semt her enemies flying in all directions.

You could say that the 7-foot-tall bear was forgotten by now. As more desperate reinfocements ran in, Lynaya took one of their guns and shot into the oncoming crowd.

Almost as soon as it began, the anger and the powers began to wear off and Lynaya and Kim felt the urge to run. So they ran. They raced into the unknown, into the the dark, uncertain forest. Away from their former lives, away from the place they were raised, away from their deaths.

However, one brave soul of the gaurds, one of the few who still had a gun or was still standing, aimed his last projectile at the fleeing figures while he was running, but tripped. His bullet was misguided, but not off completely.

Lynaya soon noticed that Kim`s footsteps subsided and she heard a scream. She turned around to see

Kim gripping her ankle with bloody hands. Lynaya ran back and without a word hoisted her friend on her back and carried her piggy-back style.

She continued to run, thinking her first sane and ordered thoughts. *God help me.*

## 8 - Her Guardian

Lynaya was still in the forest, still running, Kim still on her back, now unconscious. It's been like this for the last thirty minutes, but she stopped actually running, like, fifteen minutes ago.

*Did I kill someone back there?* she asked herself. She didn't doubt it.

The trees were growing denser as she plunged into the wooded depths. It was taking longer to evade the trunks.

She thought over many things during her escape. Things she didn't notice before, things she forgot, and things she was leaving behind.

Among the things she didn't notice before was that her education - along with all the other children's education there - was a joke. The things they learned in fifth grade actual schools probably taught in fourth or third. Her shoulders sagged at the thought. That whole friggin' place was a good laugh. The entire point was capture her.

*But, wait... I'm gone now. I left - they failed. What will happen now? What will that place do?*

Another thing she didn't notice; Ms. Grawl had a mustache. Eww.

Among the things she forgot was memories about this girl that went there. She was a few years above Lynaya, with long honey-blonde hair, and she always wore this yellow headband. The teachers couldn't stand her; she always smiled mischievously around them like she knew something she knew she shouldn't know. But that girl vanished last year. They say she was "adopted". But Lynaya knew better; what happened to that girl is what happened to all the other kids that got "adopted" - what almost happened to her.

And the things she was leaving behind ... everything. She was leaving everything behind. She was leaving behind food, shelter, water, band-aids, soft beds, TVs, that nice nurse-her whole life. But she was also running from her death. The people who practically raised her just tried to kill her. Except for Mr. Oscars-MR. OSCARS!!! She had completely forgotten about him! Lynaya stopped dead and wheeled around to face the opposite direction. Would he get away? Would they kill him?

She forced herself to turn around and continue, face soaked in tears. She could only hope now.

Lynaya tried not to think about the scene that took place forty-five minutes ago. If anything else like that happened, she was just going to accept it without question. This couldn't possibly be a dream, and if it was a hallucination she would know by now.

After an hour had passed Kim felt like lead, and it was dark. Thinking that it probably wouldn't make a difference where she slept, Lynaya just collapsed on the spot and slept.

o~O~o

When Lynaya woke, she had the *worst* case of Monday morning on the planet. She checked Kim's wound, regretting that she couldn't find a better bandage. The wound was on the verge of infection-she could tell by the smell.

She wandered around for a few minutes until she found a small stream and, not caring if it was clean (hey, it's clear, right?) took a drink and washed her face.

She came back to Kim and tried to hoist her back on her back, but it was like Kim magically gained fifty pounds over night. It took Lynaya four tries, and even then she was walking at an excruciatingly slow pace.

An hour passed and Lynaya noticed a change in the atmosphere. The air felt oddly thicker, more moss

and vines hung from the trees, more light showed through the forest's canopy, and Lynaya felt more secure for some reason.

She continued more briskly, wondering what had caused the change.

When she reached the clearing, she brushed away some fern leaves and her breath caught in her throat, her eyes widened.

There, in the center of the clearing, lying injured and defenseless, garbed in torn white garments, was a girl-with wings.

*An...a-an angel!*

Lynaya hesitated, then rushed to the angel's side, wondering frantically of what to do.

The angel shifted until she faced Lynaya, still lying on the ground, and opened her startling sea-green eyes half way.

"Lynaya...I am Naomi," the angel breathed weakly, "your guardian angel."

## 9 - Class is in Session

Lynaya sat there and stared. She couldn't use the illusion or dreaming excuse; it was all too real. But how could it be? Angels! Wild bears! Prophecies! Nothing made sense any more. And let's not forget the whole saving-the-planet-from-an-eternity-of-darkness-and-death part. And her situation! Stuck in a middle of a remote forest with an unconscious girl, an *angel*, and not far from people who want to kill her.

The pressure was too much-she was only thirteen! Lynaya felt her face heat up and hot tears streaked down her face. She doubled over on the ground in a ball, clutching her head and making moaning/screaming noises. What was she going to do? Had she gone insane? Everyone was expecting so much of her, she could only do so much. And what happened to Mr. Osc-?!

She clapped her hand over her cheek where Naomi slapped her. "Lyn-look at me," Naomi commanded. Lynaya looked up, and was locked in Naomi's stern stare. She seemed to look down in her soul, knowing her feelings and thoughts, and she grabbed Lynaya's arm. "Chill."

Lynaya stared blankly at the girl before her. "*Chill*?! How am i supposed to-"

Naomi slapped her again. "I could slap you all day if I have to. Believe it or not, your not as bad off as you think."

"What do you mean?"

"You could be dead, but you're not, now are you?"

"... I think I'd rather be."

"That's the spirit. Now help me up, please."

Lynaya took Naomi's arm and led her to a nearby tree to lean on. Naomi started inspecting her wounds and came to rest on a mammoth gash on the back of her left leg. It covered all the way from her thigh to near her ankles. You could almost see some white. She tried to bend her leg, but it made a disturbing noise when she did. "Yeap... that's broken," she murmured.

Naomi laid her hand on the wound and closed her eyes, beads of sweat forming on her brow. Lynaya watched with stunned silence as the muscle tissue and skin sewed back together. It was like she never got the wound in the first place. She bent her knee and was pleased to hear no ghastly sounds coming from it.

"How'd you do that?!" Lynaya gasped.

Naomi smiled, "Magic."

"Magic?"

"Magic."

"*Magic*."

"M-A-G-I-C."

"How do you expect me to believe that?"

"Got a better explanation?"

"... no."

"Well, there you go. Now, let's wake up Sleeping Beauty."

Naomi went over to Kim, who was resting under a tree unconscious, and closed her eyes again. A second later, gallons of water that was stored in it's leaves fell from the tree's branches and all over Kim. She shot up immediately and sputtered. "What the-?!" She wiped the water from her eyes and looked up.

"Well, look who woke up!" Naomi chided, "We all have a good nap?"

"Who the hell are you?!"

"I am Lynaya's guardian angel, Naomi."

"What are you-oh..." Kim said, just now noticing the wings and halo, "Have I been smoking something lately?"

"Cute, but no. You are sane-and sober."

Kim shot Lynaya a quizzical look and Lynaya shrugged in response.

"Now it's time you kids learned about the wonderful world of magic,"

"Are you kidd-?"

"Shut up and pay attention. I can assure you this will save you're life in the near future.

"So it goes like this," She continued, "around the... fall of the roman empire, I think, this girl named Lioria discovered magic. She found that there is this intangible compartment in you're being where you're magic is stored. It's called a lior, and it can vary in size depending on you're heritage. As for you," she turned to Lynaya, "yours is the size of a small apartment building."

"What?!"

"You have to understand that liors have different properties that can only be felt mentally. In all other senses, it's completely intangible."

"What about me?"

"I'm actually impressed with the size of yours. It isn't much smaller than Lynaya`s.

"Anyway," she continued, "Lioria found that a magician must first unlock their lior before they can really use it."

"How do you unlock it?" Lynaya asked.

"It's like a sentimental journey. It takes about a week at most, but that's if the lior is really small-you guys shouldn't take over an hour."

"But, I don't remember doing anything like that," Kim protested, "but we still used magic, right?"

"See, here's where I cheated." Naomi confessed "In order for you guys to not die, I had to kinda'... unlock them for you."

"So... we can use magic now?"

"Uh, no. You're gonna have to do it on your own; that was only temporary.

"Anyway, so Lioria had a sister named Bianca and Bianca was always jealous of her sister. So when she spies on Lioria and sees her practicing magic, she finds an opportunity. She tells the whole village that Lioria was a witch and everyone sided with her-even Lioria`s husband. And that's why Lioria couldn't fight back. She was the greatest magician of all time, but she let them burn her. She had a broken heart, and she couldn't just run away with her kids, her husband hated her now. So... yeah. Later on, Bianca some how unlocked her own lior, and became the second greatest magician of all time. Of course, she used her powers for her own gain."

Naomi yawned. "So, now you know. Class dismissed."

## 10 - Magic Has Arrived

Kim rolled over on her spot, clutching her side where she was kicked. At first she thought she would wake up in her bunk, back at P&B's, but then she heard Naomi's angelic voice: "Get up, will you? We don't have all day, and we gotta lotta work ta do!"

Lynaya was up as well, rubbing her side where she was also "gently nudged".

"Naomi, what is it? It's, like, five in the morning," Lynaya groaned.

Naomi looked bewildered. "Didn't I make this clear in my speech yesterday? We're unlocking your liors, but first we gotta move before they find us."

"Who's 'they'?" Kim asked.

"I'll explain later, let's just move."

They didn't have anything to pack, so they just trudged off through the woods. Kim and Lynaya were staring at Naomi suspiciously, uncertain thoughts crossing their mind. Lynaya turned back in the direction of her former life one last time. and made a vow. Someday, she would go back there and free those innocent kids from prison. Or God help her, she would never live down her guilt.

When they made good distance, Naomi glancing nervously at sky constantly, they stopped.

"Okay guys," Naomi said, turning around to face them, "there's something I probably should have told you earlier. For one, Kim, you did have a guardian angel coming with me."

"Did?" Kim asked cautiously.

"Yeah, her name was Alaire. You see, we were on our way when we got ambushed by a horde of sky demons -"

"*Sky demons?*"

"Yes, sky demons. Anyway, they don't usually kill their victims, but they did capture her. Sky demons always keep a hostage if they can, I guess 'cause they know they can attract more prey that way."

"I just want to know where *demons* came into play here," Lynaya asked.

"I'll explain later!" Naomi almost squeaked, "Just sit down and do as I say."

"But if there was a horde, then -"

"I said sit down!"

Kim and Lynaya sat down.

"Ok, sit in Indian style... that's it... 'k, now close your eyes -don't say *anything*- and relax. Alright, I'm going to ask you to do something that may seem challenging. I want you to clear your mind so that not the slightest thought or image crosses your head. Not a single thinking function or thought process. Absolutely void of all intelligence. Now just stay like that... hold it... hold it...."

Lynaya woke up (*I don't remember falling asleep....*) to see a stone ceiling. Torches were lit along the walls. She stood up and took one, cautiously walking down the hall. Everything was stone, but she didn't hear dripping, so it might not be a dungeon. In fact, she didn't even feel imprisoned. There were several doors as she went, but she opened those, they were like memories now...

In fact, as she kept going, the more and more familiar the whole place seemed. Until she finally came across one she hadn't seen before. Unlike the others, which were wood, it was made of stone. There were intricate carvings all over it, and a faint glowing came from under the crack. There was also a large brass knocker on it, a little dusty, but otherwise, it had never been touched.

Lynaya knocked. The knocker made loud, metallic sounds that rang and hung for several seconds. She was about to turn around, feeling foolish for thinking someone would even be inside, but then she heard



footsteps behind the massive door. And someone opened the door.

Lynaya stared in stunned silence, for she was looking at an exact copy of herself. The person that answered was another Lynaya, the same platinum blonde hair, the same strange, amber-gold eyes. But this Lynaya was slightly different, taller, more beautiful than the real Lynaya.

Lynaya #2 smiled when she saw who knocked, and said "I have been waiting for you."

The real Lynaya tried to come in, but her clone didn't move. She gave a sad, knowing smile. "I cannot let you in yet, though I can give you the key," she said, handing Lynaya an old-fashioned silver key. "Good day, and do come again."

Then the second Lynaya closed the door, and Lynaya stood there holding the key to her inner power.

## 11 - When Demons Attack

It took some time for Lynaya to recover, but when she opened her eyes... everything was dark. It couldn't just be night; there were no stars or moon that she could see. She was certain they were in a confined area. Then she realized that someone was panting.

"Naomi?"

"Lynaya? Oh, thank God, thank God..."

"What's happening? Why is everything black?"

"Well, I guess you could say we have a little... situation on our hands. I put up a shield to protect us-"

The ground shook violently, and a muffled explosion was heard from outside of the shield.

"Naomi, what's out there?!"

"Oh, nothing, just a few sky demons who found us about twenty minutes ago!"

"Why didn't you wake me up?!"

"I couldn't. There are severe consequences when you interrupt someone in that sort of mental stage-"

Another explosion. Kim began to stir now. "What was that noise? I'm trying to sleep..." Kim mumbled, half awake.

There was another one, and this time, small chunks of the shield faded. A rather large one appeared near Kim's head, and a red/yellow eye peered through. When she noticed, she screamed and was fully alert.

"What the hell?!"

Lynaya filled her in on the details while Naomi was trying to repair as much damage to the shield as possible. Until, of course, another explosion caused even larger chunks to disappear. Naomi swore.

"Okay, guys," Naomi said, fumbling for something in her bag, "I have something we can use as last resort. It's a stone," she said, now holding a small, decorated rock, "that can teleport you anywhere within a five-hundred mile radius. You just throw it on the ground and it teleports the nearest five people. But unless we hold hands, we'll all be scattered. I will trust it with you, Lynaya," she said, handing the rock to her.

Yet another explosion.

"Now, I'm going to take the shield down on the count of three..."

There was another pair of eyes peeking through the holes...

"One..."

Two simultaneous explosions.

"Two..."

The shield was cracking now.

"Three!"

The shield completely disappeared, and they were virtually blinded by the sudden light. Then they realized they were both vulnerable and surrounded. I will tell you right now; sky demons could easily win first prize at an international Ugliest Dog competition. They looked a little like gargoyles, with really long ears, knife-like fangs, and razor sharp claws. Their bat-like wings had a span of about fourteen feet and they were roughly the size of a sports car. Lynaya began to doubt if this Alaire that Naomi talked about could possibly have survived. But, then again, she began to doubt a lot of things by now...

The demon closest to them opened its jaws wide and a dark purple ball began to form. "Whatever you do, do not get hit!" Naomi screamed.

Lynaya scrambled to her feet and leapt to the side, dodging the bomb by a hair. How are we going to

stand a chance? Naomi is the only one who knows how to fight or use magic! Our only hope is the stone!

Another one was hurtling towards Naomi, who was still too weak to fly. She quickly put up a force field, but was blown back by the impact. "Guys!" Lynaya called gathering them so she could use the stone. They came as one of the demons was forming another shadow bomb.

They were in a circle now, holding hands, Lynaya clenching the stone in her fist, when Kim screamed "Look out!" This time, Lynaya wasn't so lucky. The ball nailed her in her calf, and there was such a cold and burning pain stinging her leg and racing through her veins, the likes of which she had never felt before. Kim let go of Naomi to try and help. Thought was fogged; she broke away from Naomi's and Kim's hands, and the stone flew from her hand and into the middle of their circle. Before they could even scream, a sucking feeling swept them away from the nightmares they were facing and away from each other.

As she was propelled through the air, she squeezed her eyes shut and braced herself for anything that might come next.

## 12 - Elliot

The first thing Lynaya felt when consciousness returned was wet, and the first thing she smelled was mud. So where do you think she landed? Correct, a puddle of mud! The only thing she didn't feel was her left leg, which was the one that got hit by a shadow bomb. She was very afraid to look at it, fearing that it might not even be there. But when she did, fortunately or unfortunately, it remained. However, it was pale as clean diapers.

Feeling did return, though, when she tried to walk, and let's just say that Lynaya had never felt such excruciating pain in one body part in her entire existence. So walking was out of the question, as much as she hated sitting in that infernal puddle of muck. There was nothing to make the time pass by but to gaze at the clouds, painfully aware that sky demons were still flying around thirsting for blood, and she couldn't even hide.

Birds were looping freely in the endless sky, bound only to their own desires. She envied them. *They* weren't forced to save the world from unspeakable evil and darkness. *They* weren't tethered to a giant rock of self-pity and doubt. Just flying and eating pleurably, being so adorable, it hurt to look at them. Lynaya thought of everything else that was cute and defenseless. Everything else that needed her, needed her help. Well, everything needed her help, apparently. A new determination swelled in her chest and throat. This world was worth saving. Life may have treated her like worm droppings so far, but she couldn't give up on them.

Her attention turned back to the sky. She shed a tear for Mr. Oscars, feeling terrible that she had forgotten him. He never got away... right? Her and Kim left without him, and P&B was planning to.... She couldn't think about it anymore. Hours passed, and she grew so bored she gave a small group of birds names. There was Dennis, Lawrence, Josephine, Howie, and Karen. Watching them was like watching a soap opera. Josephine was with Dennis, but, since Lynaya was only guessing their genders, Dennis seemed to have acquired gay urges with Howie. And Karen was just a skank, appearing to be with Lawrence and Howie at the same time. Suddenly, there was an intruder, a huge red-tailed hawk soaring into glorious view, claiming the entire "screen shot". Lawrence, Howie, Karen, Dennis, and Josephine scattered from view. There goes my entertainment, Lynaya thought disdainfully. She wondered if her leg was any better, and tried to stand again. It was better - I mean, at least she wasn't *too* prone to vomiting from agony this time, and she didn't scream quite as loudly as before. All birds and rodents, and what sounded like a deer, scampered away from her shout, leaving her rather alone.

Silence... and then footsteps, leaves rustling, and twigs snapping. Someone or something was coming her way, and she was absolutely defenseless... aside from a stick she picked off the ground. A great fern in front of her rustled; she had a death grip on her stick. Someone stepped out, and without waiting to see what they looked like or who they were she swept their feet right from under them with her stick (it was good sized), but before she could beat them mercilessly with it, they tugged the "staff" from her hands and chucked it out of sight. The person stood up, brushing off the dirt on their pants. "The hell was that for?" the boy asked irritably. On closer inspection, she saw she did not know this guy, and that he was... attractive. Very, very attractive. His blonde hair was just messy enough so that it didn't look bad, and his blue eyes were like crested waves.

"How am I supposed to know if you want to kill me or not?" Lynaya retorted.

"Well, would it have hurt to look and see who it is first?"

"Look, pal, I just got ambushed by demons and I am in no position to take risks."

“Demons?” he asked, suddenly intrigued, “So you’re a demon slayer?”

“No... they just attacked me out of the blue. I think I know someone who *is* a demon slayer, though. Why do you ask?” she said, thinking back to Naomi.

The boy looked a little disheartened, “Nothing... me and my friends are just having a little problem... in our, um... backyard. Yeah, that’s it.”

Lynaya is now very suspicious of this new comer, however hot he may be.

An awkward silence passes.

“Um... is there a reason you’re sitting in a mud puddle?”

“Would you like to be stuck in a pool of filth?”

“Not really.”

“Well, neither do I so help me up.”

He takes her hand and puts her arm around his shoulder, allowing her to lean on him as she tries with all her will power not to blush.

“By the way, my name’s Elliot,” he adds as they trudge through the forest.

“Isn’t that a girl’s name?”

“Oh, shove it!” he says, though he’s grinning despite himself.

“Mine’s Lynaya,”

There is a pause here. Lynaya starts to wander where Kim and Naomi are.

“So, uh... where are we going?” Lynaya asks.

“Me and my friends’ place.”

“How did you find me anyway?”

“You didn’t happen to see a hawk flyin’, did you?”

“Yes, actually.”

“Well, he’s mine. He heard you scream and came to tell me.”

“How did he, er, tell you that I screamed?”

“He can talk,” Elliot said, like that cleared everything up.

“Oh...kay...”

They walked for a while without saying anything. Lynaya was wondering what his friends might be like, and how much she should trust them. If only she could contact them somehow.

Suddenly, Elliot stopped. “We’re here,” he said.

Lynaya looked around, but only saw vegetation. Until, of course, she got the bright idea of looking up...

Someone grabbed her from behind, quickly tying her hands behind her back and blindfolded her.