

Not titled

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summary inside.

**need a title! suggestions please!*

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Chapter 1 - Prolouge

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1 - Prolouge

Summary: In 1945 there was a terrible bombing attack, resulting a terrible car attack. A young girl inside one of the cars dissapeared. Years later into the 21st century, a young girl who looks the age of 17 suddenly just appears in front of 8-year old Kurk's house with her strange pet, claiming that she doesn't remember her past at all. now Kurk has to help her adjust to this new life and help her remember her old life.

Claimer: I own everyone in this story! Muhahaha!

The feudal era (1400's - mid 1600's) , also known as the warring states, was a denomic and evil time. There was no such thing as cars, computers, or super markets. People had to live on skill.

Anyway, not all of the demons and half demons (also half human) were evil. But everyone believed that. So, a message was sent out to the whole world. It was:

KILL ALL DEMONS

Which is how it went. Demons and half demons were killed, good and bad. Except some. Some of the demons were able to hide themselves into looking like humans. They survived. Unfortunatley, when stuff started to get a bit more modern, the demons all had to go through the diffuculty of going through the changes of these centuries. They somehow managed without going crazy and transforming back into their normal forms. They made it through world war 1. But when world war 2 came, there was barely any survivors.

England, 1945

A family of four was driving their way through the country of England, going through a way that everyone thought was safe from landmines. A lot of other people were driving near them (including the good soilders). The family, though, was a family of cat-like half demons in disguise. They were some of the only remaining people that were born in the Feudal era.

Dark, grey clouds hovered over them gloomly, reflecting this time of war. The four family members were scared to death. Among them was a father, a mother, a boy who looked like he was five, and a girl who looked like she was three. They were evacutated from their home when German soilders invaded their town. Now there was no where to go.

"Mom," the boy said in a shakey, soft voice. "Are we going to be ok?"

The woman looked back at her son with a forced smile. "I'm sure we'll be ok, right hon?" She looked at her husband. He had a dismal look on his face and he didn't say anything. The young girl sat silent,

tears threatening to come down her face.

"We will be ok," the girl murmured, barely over a whisper. But she spoke too soon. Right after she said that, a large boom was heard. The car started shaking. Their dad immediately slammed the brakes. They all looked out the windows in horror. Cars that were still going were blowing up on the spot. Their dad panicked and hit the pedals, making him go further up. The car also exploded.

The soldiers quickly rushed out of their cars, running over to the other cars. All the cars had exploded. Everyone was dead. The soldiers cried over this tragedy, until one called out,

"Hey, look at this car!"

They all rushed over to the one the guy was pointing at. It was the one the family of four was in.

"There's only three here!" one of the soldiers exclaimed. "There's the father, the mother, and the little boy. Where's the little girl?"

They decided to ignore it. The soldiers walked off back into the opposite direction, leaving the bodies behind. They didn't notice the two figures that were standing in the distance.

Alberta, Canada, 2006

Beep...beep...beep....

"5 more minutes," a voice beneath a lump of sheets grunted sleepily. The alarmclock wouldn't listen to it though. The sheets came straight off, revealing 8-year old, Kurk. He sighed, wanting just a few more minutes of sleep. The boy's hand slammed over the alarm clock, making it shut up instantly. Kurk got up, rubbing his messy brown hair and blinking the sleep out of his green eyes. He walked off towards the stairs, tripping over his younger sister's toy. Down went Kurk.

"Aw man," he grumbled as slammed down onto the floor at the bottom stair. "My luck's rotten today. As always." He sighed and got up, trying to ignore the pain stinging right through his back. Kurk entered the kitchen to find his 1 year old sister, Jane, and his mother. As he went to sit down, the phone rang. His mother answered it.

"Hello?" she said. "Oh, yep, here he is." She handed it to Kurk. "It's for you."

Kurk took it. "Hey Rachel."

"Hey Kurk," came a female's voice from the other end of the line. Rachel was Kurk's best friend ever since kindergarten. She was the toughest girl in every grade she ever was in. Rachel was also 8 years old, but she acts like a teenager. Her wardrobe consisted of skulls, punkish boots, and more skulls. Kurk had even once asked her if she was actually 8 years old, which she didn't really take as a positive question for some reason. Rachel could get mad really easily.

"Hey, we have a science test today," Kurk said.

"WHAT!?" Rachel cried. "Why does nobody ever tell me this?"

"Well, Rach, we had written it down in our agenda's since...about two weeks ago," Kurk replied.

"Oh."

The boy smiled. His friend never was really on task, but she was great. Even though everyone made fun of them for being best friends (since Kurk is the smart boy and Rachel is the punk girl).

"Well, I got to go get ready now. See you at the bus stop," Rachel finally said. "Bye."

"Bye," Kurk said, hanging up. He rushed upstairs, brushed his teeth, combed his hair, and got changed. When he got back downstairs his mother and sister was getting ready to leave.

"Bye, honey," his mom said, kissing his forehead. She picked up Jane and went out the door, walking towards their car. Kurk mozied on towards the T.V. He turned it on and watched it for about 14 minutes. That's when it happened.

BANG!

Kurk's head whipped up. "What the heck?" He ran to the front door and looked outside. There he saw the most peculiar thing.

There, on the lawn, was a young woman and a small wierd creature. The girl looked about 17-years old, with long reddish black hair that went down past her shins. She was wearing a blue and purple shurt, a aqua skirt with a daimond belt and a skull belt, brown shoes, black and white long gloves, and black and white zig-zagged stockings. She had megenta eye shadow on and there was two scars on her face- on on her forehead and one on her left cheeck. But the wierdest thing about this girl was the two golden cat ears sprouting out of her head (each with on hoop earing, two bead earrings, and striped bows), a long golden tail with yellow at the tip, and multi-colored mini wings. She looked around, blinking in confusion with purple eyes.

Then the creature beside her was probaly the wierdest creature Kurk had ever seen. It had long ears and tiny angel-like wings. It had dark and light green fur. It's back feet looked like bird's feet and it's tail looked like a lion's tail! Red eyes glared over and Kurk. The creature growled menencaley. When it did the girl looked up at the 8-year old.

"Wh-who are you?" Kurk managed to sputter out. "And what are you doing on my lawn?"

"Do you know where I am?" the girl asked in a soft voice. Kurk frowned. As the girl talked a fog appeared around.

"You're in Alberta, Canada," he replied. "Don't you know that?"

The girl looked down. "No. I don't remember anything. All I remember is my name."

"What is it?" Kurk asked. He mentally slapped himself, forgetting his manners. "I mean, you can tell me if you want to."

"It's Kioko," the girl answered. Kurk gave her a confused look. Then he smiled.

"Oh, I get it!" he cried, making Kioko more confused. "You're a Japanese tourist right? And you're a cosplayer too, right?"

"Japan?" Kioko murmured. "What's a Japan?"

The 8-year old smiled. "Trying to play dumb, eh? These ears aren't real." He grabbed her cat ears, making her yelp in pain. Kurk quickly let go when the creature growled at him again.

"I'm sorry," Kurk apologized. Kioko nodded, rubbing her sore ear.

"So, do you remember anything?"

Kioko looked up at him, dimly. "No. I'm afraid not, sorry. Can you please help me?"

Kurk looked down at her, pity taking over. He smiled and nodded. The girl also smiled and got up. Kurk led her into the house with the creature following after. None of them noticed two figures walking off as the mist faded.

I honestly don't remember how I got the idea for this story. I hope you like it. Please don't flame me, I tried my best.

But most of all, pretty please comment.