

Darkness

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I thought of this while doing a roleplay in furry! Anyway I write at a grade 10 grade level but I'm in grade seven... comments? Questions?

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1 - The forest

Darkness. An element that tears upon one's soul. It beats the heart to a lifeless pulp. Even the bravest fear wandering into a darkened woods alone, the slightest noise causing sweat to escape the pores and drip down the skin. This one forest knew darkness well, for its long dead branches intertwined with each other to create a wall that blocked all sun. Soon a second element rose; fear. The thousands of seldom used dirt trails created an intricate maze through the forest's depths. The underbrush was nothing but lichen and some small ferns each tinted the dulllest of green and brown. Strange creatures lived within the bush; vampires, werewolves, giant serpents, you name it and it lived there.

Something else was making its way down the overgrown path. Her hair was tinted the colour of sand, yet it was caked in mud and dirt. Her slim boy was clothed in the strangest of materials formed into an emerald green cloak, also splattered with muddy water. Her legs were very thin and bony, her skin of the palest ivory. Only her cheeks held the faintest hint of colour. Her eyes were huge spheres, pools of lost emotions. These were painted emerald and appeared to glow.

'Why did I agree to do this? Stupid dragons...' She spat onto the ground irritably and glared at the feline beside her. The cat asked. His voice echoed within her head and sounded masculine as it was. His coat was of ebony with the exception of the two perfect white angel wings upon his chest. His wings were almost invisible as they blended in with his pelt. His eyes were of amber. Orbs cut from the stone and shaped perfectly so they shone out with such emotion they could almost light the path. "Nothing..." The girl mumbled.

The cat nodded enthusiastically as he spoke telepathically to Nimius and she nodded. Silence was the only noise upon the forest, broken occasionally by the frightening screech of a crow or the rustle of a rat under foot. It was impossible to tell night from day.

She sighed as the cat continued to mumble something. She was trying her best to ignore him. For Scetescaro, or Scete, was always mumbling on about what was sensible. Finally as though breaking through a wall of courage, tears began to stream down Nimius's face. They washed dirt from her pale face and made an ivory-tinted streak upon her cheek bone. "Oh Scete, I'm so afraid! Why must the damn egg be in here?" She began to sob uncontrollably and she reached up to dry her pale face with her sleeve only to smear mud across her lips. It tasted bitter and earthy and Nimius soon spat it out.

Scete sighed and continued walking in silence. For the girl's sake he wasn't flying like she should be and his wings were beginning to cramp from the absence of work. The girl gazed blankly at the cat and finally nodded her petite cranium sadly. She didn't want to be alone... alone in the darkness.

2 - The memory

Memories flooded into her head, piercing her mind and injecting the painful thoughts of her past. This wasn't the first time she had been alone, no, and she knew it certainly won't be the last. For poor Nimius was used to being alone. Her eleven-year-old self was cast from her home at the age of six and had been wandering in the forest in search of the egg ever since. The egg. Her thoughts returned to the thing they had been searching for. Rumors go its golden and is guarded by its, other though Nimius thought nothing of that. For the young girl knew well beyond her age and she had figured out the mother had died while fighting, leaving the egg alone. This egg, she knew, would hatch when it was finally warmed up.

Finally her thoughts faded and she seemed so much more aware of what was around her. The crunching of death beneath her feet, the soft screech of the wind and it pushed through the branches and the scurrying of some small creature somewhere off in the forest. Nimius had been too young and weak to fight with a sword so she was equipped with a large dagger. The handle was gold and carved within it was a cobra head, its fangs of glistening ivory. Its eyes were of rubies shaped into ovals, when they caught the light just perfectly they glowed.

Again Nimius's thoughts were torn from her skull as Scete returned. He fluttered his wings while landing and hopped merrily to the girl. Nimius gazed blankly at her spirit for a second before responding. "How far?" She waited. Thunder came from above and somehow rain and seeped through the wall of branches. The spirit thought for a moment, which seemed like forever, before his answer rang into her skull.

The walk off the path was not one Nimius wanted to repeat. It was now raining heavily and Nimius was shaking from cold. Her cloths were pressed to her skin and her back-pack was soaked and probably all the contents inside. Except her cloths which she had stored within a waterproof whale bladder, one of the only things that Nimius hadn't stolen. The mud was sticky and almost impossible to walk through let alone run and it was soaking her bare feet and encasing them in the thick dirt substance. The poor girl was also extremely tired and didn't think she could go on, making it a mile sounded like an impossible task