

# Land of 4

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*is story is about a girl who is sucked into a whole new world and finds out the everything she already knows is a lie. Or just doesn't belong their.*

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**Chapter 1 - the begening**

**2**

# 1 - the begening

bsp; I walk into the locker bay and smell the scent of old bubblegum and BO. No one had been assigned lockers yet. I am so busy looking around for my friends from last year that I walk into a blue t-shirt. I am backing up, apologizing all my worth (It is never right to start off the year running into someone and not apologizing.) when I see this really cute boy. His deep brown hair is just long enough to not count as a buzz cut. He has a beautiful face and a well built body. His folder falls to the ground and I grab it. I hand it to him and say sorry again. He avoids my eyes. Of course, I thought my first crush and a nice one at that. I already have some one to blabber about to my friends. He says "whatever" and walks away before I look at his eyes. I continue on my way thinking about him and I trudged through the halls forgetting about my previous task of searching the large brick school for my friends. All of the sudden I hear screaming and I am hit by a wall. I fell down, my strength of course being nothing compared to a wall. Wait, I think, this isn't a wall it's Rachel. I'm screaming and she's screaming and the librarians screaming for us to quiet down. Poor sixth graders, they never knew about the greatness reuniting with your friends and they run screaming out of the building. Ten minuets later Rachel and I are all caught up on summer. Rachel went to a soccer camp and I went to an art camp. I met three possibly cute boys but they were only going for a week or two. Rachel found this really cute guy she likes and guess what?? He is only as far away as the high school. We compare schedules but when I reach for mine it says it belongs to Bryan Best. I must have gotten it when he ran into me.

Our schedules say... Me

Rachel

Bryan	Art two	Math	Art
twoEnglish	History	EnglishMath	
Sewing	Math	Lunch	
Lunch	lunch History	English	
HistoryGeography	Geography		
GeographyScience	Physical Education 3		
ScienceDrama	Science	Drama "Hey" Says Rachel so fast	

she could give some world class auctioneers some competition. "I bet this Bryan guy is a stalker. I wonder if he is a cute stalker. You will have to show me him out in geography. And maybe we can be a threesome for the monthly geography projects. But maybe Bryans a girl but she's out to kill you because last week your mom might have run over her darling cat, snow puff. And she will leave you lying in a dark ally." The bell rings cutting off her endless jabber. We hug once more and start off to our classes.

I walk into art two and smell the poisonous smell of acrylics. Ahhh... Home sweet home. I look around the room for the teacher. I don't see her the first time looking around the room but the second time I saw two feet in gray capris from behind an easel. Behind me people are streaming in and I decided to take the task upon myself to tell her it was time for class. She must be really interested in her picture so I went and walked around the easel and I see a burst of color and ten or so children holding hands in a ring, smoke twirling from the center, poppies raining from the sky, a ring of light above the children holding hands. I look at the painter and see a woman who could be no more then four foot nine. Her hair is in shoulder length gray ringlets tied back in a green scarf. Her blouse is a deep dark forest green splashed with lighter lime green. I tap her on the shoulder and she looks at me with eyes filled with timeless for-evergreen. Her face is covered in wrinkles to give her a grandmomish look and when she spoke to me her voice was musical. "Yes" "Excuse me, but class is about to begin." I say as politely as I could. 'Oh, sorry, but when I get into a painting I can never stop." She says

tinkering a laugh at the end. I nod, relieved that our teacher at least knows something about art. Some people claim that they know art, but really they can maybe draw a simple doodle. Oh well I guess that art is in the eye of the beholder. Last year the art teacher was from Saudi Arabia and all we did was draw pictures of camels. Boring. Behind the teacher I notice a mirror. In it my reflection shines back. My strong face smiles back with the light smile I always have on. I deepen it and see strain. This last summer has been hard. Most of my family had been killed, no murdered, while I was at camp. I now live with my grandmother who has the same type of magic of the art teacher. I have green eyes that go blue at the edges and eyebrows like wings. My skin is tan from summer and my hair is a really dark brown, hitting the small of my back. I have died the tips teal at the end of art camp after I got it cut for school. I am five foot five and I am average in most every thing. Everything except art. At art I can let myself go and not be some self suspected person that people want me to be. The teach took my arm and pulled me over to a desk I had missed earlier and asked me my name. "My name is Sammy, and you are?" "My name is Mrs. Cerebella." She turns around and faces the class. "Welcome to art class. Go to the back and grab a pencil and a paper. Then sit where you please. Oh yes," She added "May I please have Bryan up at the front." I saw the boy who I ran into walk up eyes trained on the ground. When he walked over he looked up and shook hands with the art teacher. He looked into her eyes then smiled making his face all the hotter. HE was to die for. "Hello! Long time no see. Where have you been Luis." She smiled sweetly and said "Oh you know, hear and there and yet never anywhere. Oh yes at school I am Mrs. Cerebella." "Okay Mrs. Cerebella, what do you want with us?" Bryan asked. He looked at me slightly confused and when he looked in my eyes I saw golden yellow shining out from his face. Every thing in me seemed to shrivel away and all hope at him being my crush any more shriveled along with everything else. He angled his eyebrows and did his best to look menacing. It didn't work to well. Anyways I glared back. I crossed my arms and struck my mean pose. I had to practice it over summer because people see me and think I will take advantage of her. I was absolutely menacing. He and I glared for what seemed like forever when I was suddenly surrounded by a whirlwind of sand. I couldn't see and was surrounded by memories of a life I never lived. The girl the memories had black short hair, strips of purple laced through her hair. Her eyes are mostly black but there is a strip of purple in between the two black strips. She was strong, smart, pretty, athletic, perfect, every thing that I wasn't. I was let go from the trance like state after what seemed like days and found myself looking in Bryan's eyes. I fell back in surprise and looked up to see Bryan was surprised to. When I looked over to the Art teacher she just looked plain pleased. Good for her. I got up and stared at my clothing. I am wearing a light blue embroidered cotton shirt and jeans with a fish net scarf threaded with seashells around my waist. It was my favorite outfit. The art teacher said, "I want you two to be my assistants. You two sit over there and you will be doing something different then the rest of the class. On the desk you will find some books. I want you to read them and make something in them a work of art. Off you go." I trudged to the back of the room where she had pointed and sat down grabbing the first book I saw. It was old and leather. It smelled of the sea and if I wasn't as pissed off as I was I would treasure every moment in the same room as this book. I plopped into the chair and leaned it up against the back wall, my feet on the table. I dug my nose into the book and stared at the front page a picture of a person changing into a fish. The picture seemed to move, the water splashing against the being. I reached my hand for the forehead of the creature, moving slowly because the air seemed to get thicker as I moved closer. The closer I got the more I desired to touch the picture. The room faded away and all that was left was the picture and my hand. Suddenly a hand quick as lightning clenched onto my hand, stopping it. I glared at the person who had grabbed my hand. It was Bryan. I continued to glare at him and he said "Be careful when playing with stuff that should not be played with. Also, what is your name?" His face was so quizzical and that I nearly laughed. But I was too angry, so be it. "My name is Sammy." I grunt as

nicely as some one could grunt. "How old are you?" I am confused. Name is acceptable but age? What's next what I had for dinner six weeks ago? If I have had any boyfriends? Have I ever been kissed? Well two can play at that game. "I'm thirteen. How old are you?" I asked sugar plumb fairy nice. He looks me squarely in the eye and says "I'm fifteen. Have you ever lived any where else in you life?" "No I haven't, have you?" I ask wondering what he was getting at. "Yes I have." I am about to ask where but he holds up his hand and says "Don't ask. How do you like Ms. Cerebella?" "She knows art but how do you know Ms. Cerebella? I ask. He just smiles and acts all smug. Grrrrrrr..... I reach out for the book a slight head ache brewing. I feel Bryan watching me but I just stare at the cover thinking about the girl I had seen. I went threw the memories and tried to find backgrounds to give me clues about where she was from. I start with a memory of her jumping across roof tops, running some sort of race. The roofs are clay, like the ones you read about in India. But her cloths were modern. She wore shorts and a halter. I saw quite a few times crying in the shade of a tree. Her whole body shuke when she cried and I felt for her. I had wanted to hug my arms around her. On the book I started moving swirls around the cover of the book. I was lost in thoughts so I didn't notice the book growing warm, then icy. I didn't smell the salty sea breeze and I didn't feel the sun or rain attacking my face. My thoughts began to shift to the art teacher and how she could be related to Bryan. Old time friend proboly, but where could they meet? One idea is this place that I saw the girl. I started thinking about the picture that the art teacher was painting. The face of the children blazed in my head. I feel like I know everyone of the kids from somewhere. I thought of brian and how he might fit in to this and was getting really confused when I got a call. "Hello?" I say hesitantly worried about what the person might say. "Time to kill." The dark voice said I must have done something weird because Bryan was looking at me like I might be crazy. I was worried because the last time I got that call it was when someone in my family was going to die. I have already lost my mom (My dad is coming home tonight.) my two brothers and one sister. I have lost most of my cousins and a few aunts. Who ever were dieing this time will be very important and I know it. He was not getting past me. I ran out of art class not caring about the world around me. Had I would have seen Bryan chasing me and everything with water exploding crating a giant blob that engulfed me. I went even faster then and I breathed the water. I was so worried about my grandmother or my father that I just kept running. After what seemed like forever but was probably only five minutes I was at my house. As I arrived I saw the whole thing catch light and this figure tipped his hat at my as I watched my hove burn away. I grew angrier and angrier at the monster that had just vanished. The water surrounding me suddenly split and flew to separate places of the house. I stared shaking and saw something blow up. My dad's car, it had to be my dad's car. My grandma dose not owns a car and neither do I. I just crumple; my whole body seemed to curl around the book I had been looking at earlier. I asked the book a simple question and when the book answered I cried. I had asked "who will I ever be?" and the feeling I had gotten from the book was an empty space. When I cried I just seemed to melt, my whole body felt the need for water, took it from the land around me. I didn't see Bryan walk next to me. I felt Bryan look at me and I in my extremely depressed state said that it was because he hated me. Right then I vowed that I will never trust again. Even if I have no future I would rather be save in a cave then have no future because I'm dead. I stop crying as that thought hit me and I pulled my self from the ground and walk focusing on one thing. The ocean. The ocean holds quiet and I can think. I can think about school and pain and I will tell no one about my parents or my family. My brain didn't quite include Bryan in that plan. My brain just wanted quiet and that is how I would be. I walk for what seemed like hours. Lots of things seemed to take hours now. I guess I just have problems. My life has fallen apart.Those words became the beat of my walking. I just walked and walked and walked. Step after step after step. When the ocean came in view I pinpointed my eyes on the ocean. Someone put their hand on my shoulder but I ignored it. Sand engulfed my feet. I didn't

even slow. Some water had created a river where I walked, and that river grew stronger and stronger. When it reached waist high, the water parted making white walls of water. I distantly noticed that the water was salt water. When the water reached ten feet I started to see fish out of the corners of my eyes. The hand stayed on my shoulder. My eyes stayed riveted on the ocean. Well now I was watching the end of the tunnel. I walked and walked ignoring the tightening grip on my shoulder. I just walk and walk and out of the ocean came a man. NO a fish man. I look at the hair distinctly matching my hair color. He looked strangely familiar and I was trying to place him when another person came out of the foam. Her eyes are wide and I recognize the eyes from this morning. Purple ring surrounded by black. She looks at the man next to him and she said "Locue our daughter has come. Just like the wise people have said." The fish man who I was guessing was Locue simply nodded and said "But who is that holding on to her shoulder." The female fish person went and looked at Bryan who I just noticed was still hanging on to me. I looked at him and asked as grumpy as a bear who just lost her cubs "would you mind letting go of me. HE glared at me and I tried to think of some way to make him let go. I had an idea so I said "Mr. Water would you please make him let go. My shoulder doesn't want to be one big bruise tomorrow and you know it." The water formed a string and moved like a whip and got his hand to go away. While this was going on the fish women had stepped back and looked at him from afar. I turned around and looked at him and I stared at him. He was sopping wet but he had not lost any of his hotness. I heard some jabbering in the distance but I couldn't do anything about it. I was fading. I felt the water level under my back. Seaweed rose to the surface and covered me like a cocoon. It was warm and soft. I wouldn't leave even if I had a choice. But since I then was engulfed by sleep I just stayed there. When I woke up I saw a face leering over me. I blink groggily and I recognize the face. "Hey Bryan" I say tiredly. "Where are we?" He strained and said stiffly "Well Sammy, we are in an underwater world in a world that you have never been to and you appear to be a princess. Not only that but an inheriting princess. You had better read that book." I decided to just go along with it because this must be a dream. No way was I, Sammy missus average, a princess. I could not be a princess. Princesses are nice and exceedingly kind and either know nothing and are known for their beauty or they know everything and are still known for their beauty. He must have seen the surprise in my eyes because he said slightly annoyed "Read the book." Then he stomped out of the room absolutely oozing annoyance. And cuteness, lots of cuteness. I stared at the door my mind still numb from sleep. I reached for the book that I had borrowed from the art class. When I looked in it I saw the page of the merman but he looked perfectly still this time. When I turned to the front page it said: Duties and obligations of an inheriting sea princess First duty when chosen to be the inheritor is that the princess must be sent to an alternative world and life. They are to learn to live and trust like any normal citizen in that world. When the child reaches the age agreed by the council one assain from the mazibu haunted and dreaded kelp forest is chosen to go and kill the princess's family. When that is done, and the princess is worthy of still being the inheritor they will show the family heirloom. That heirloom is to control any thing associated with water. The second duty of the princess is to prove her people that she is worthy to rule them. To do that she must complete a task decided upon by each of the villages, towns, cities of the new world she has entered. Along that journey she is expected to find love, a friend that will last forever, and perfect her powers. Only those will show her people that she is the one who is the inheriting princess. The princess must also learn the magic's of each of the kingdoms surrounding her. Once that is finished she will be obliged to have children and protect them and the kingdom from all evils. She will then repeat the process. The princess will never die and once her queen ship is over she may do what ever she wants. I flipped through the rest of the books seeing nothing, shock paralyzing my mind. I couldn't understand. In this shocked state I looked around my room. I got up and realized I was dressed in only a bra and panties. What about my cloths! I need clothing. I need it! I walk to a wall and I put my hand on it and it opened. Another surprise. It looked like a walk in closet. The walls were covered with mirrors but

one was blue with yellow swirls reaching like rays of the sun to the uppermost corners of the walls. The mirrors reflected the design all over. In the center of the room was a circle, the sides covered with cloths. I look for a few minutes and am disappointed because all I saw was dresses. The closest thing to pants was this skirt. I hate dresses because they never let me move. I love to draw or paint movement and you need movement to do that. I finally chose this light playful blue dress. It came up to slightly higher than mid-thigh and had butterfly sleeves that were three inches long. I walk out of the walk-in closet much more awake. I knew this was not a dream. I look around my green room and see that the all opposite of the walk-in closet had opened. But first I made a quick map of the room on a piece of paper I had found on my bedside table. After that I decided that I need to go to the bathroom. When I got out I went and walked down the only door I do not label. When I get to a giant hall way I am surprised by what I saw. I saw tapestries and admired the thousands of details that were embedded in them. When I saw one that had food I was pulled from the beauty of the paintings and I continued down the hall. When I ran into three people I asked them if they knew where the dining room was. They looked at me for a second before the man in the middle asked "Well who are you?" I answer as truthfully as I can "well they saw I am some princess but they must be crazy because I am no princess. So can you show me where I can get some food?" The two women standing next to the man smiled knowingly "Would you happen to be Samantha?" "Yessss.... I am Samantha." I say hesitantly. These people were starting to not look as helpful as I thought they would be. They looked like gossip munches. But instead of asking more questions they only said "Well you go to that door," They point to the door that I was headed to "And go into the door at the end of that hall. You will then reach the dining room." I nodded and said thank you. I skipped to the door happy at the thought of eating soon. I followed their instructions and entered a beautiful room. The walls were painted in bright oranges, reds and yellows making a fire like effect. The tables were filled and when I walked in the whole room became silent. People stared as I sniffed the delicious scent of food. I then went and sat next to Bryan in the middle of the room but the end of the table. He eyed me warily and said "Go away. I'm eating." I get slightly annoyed but I eye the food he has on his plate. It is mostly gone but I see what looks like has but smells like vanilla and spice. "I'm hungry and what you are eating smells good. Where do I get it?" He looked surprised that I could be hungry. He straitened up and said carefully "That bowl is where I got this food." HE points to a bowl in front of him. "That is the spoon I used to get this food." He pointed to the spoon. I rolled my eyes and decided that he thought I was an idiot. "And I used that spoon to put it on the plate in front of me." I rolled my eyes again and did as he said. When I did that I noticed that he put a giant bite of food in his mouth. I said while he couldn't talk "I'm not an idiot, you know." I ate the food and enjoyed the oozing of the rich and delectable spices that the food seemed to be made of. While I ate the food I thought of what I had read earlier. So I had magic. Cool I guess you could say. But the place I have to travel has to be giant. And did they mean only under water (I had seen that we were under water because the roof was a sky roof and I could see the unique shimmer of sun through water) or the whole area land, air, underground and water? Am I allowed to take someone? If I am who would I take? On this journey would people like me or hate me? Would I succeed... or would I fail? I look at my plate and realize that it is empty and I am no longer hungry. Okay. I look at where Bryan was sitting and see an empty chair. I look around the room and see Bryan just exit the door. I ran after him, ignoring my dress and peoples stares. My dress is short enough that running is nearly not appropriate. I didn't know why the people stared. I reached Bryan halfway down the hall way. He looked at me like I was crazy and said "Now what?" I look at him and grit out as nicely as I can "I need answers now. Why me is my main question right now." He seems to be indecisive for a minute but said "Follow me." He walks to a tapestry that has a picture of a room filled with millions of books and puts his hand on it. I do the same and I fall in, but in stead of crashing into a brick wall I land in the room described by the

picture. I turn around and see Bryan walk delicately through the wall where the tapestry must be on the other side. "get up and sit in that chair." He says like he has all of the power. I stared at his back as he walks to a book shelf and pulls out several books. I sit down in the chair he told me to sit in. After twenty minutes he came back and plopped a pile of books on the table. He says kind of nicely "You have read about the duties and obligations of a princess right?" I nod. "Well you must travel across this world" He pulls out a map. He puts it on a table and leaves it there. There used to be thousands of villages but now there are only hundreds because under your mother's rule villages have clomped and have created cities. Each city must have a vote for the task you are to complete. You may take one person with you but when you meet your friend and your true love they will be aloud to join you. Got it?" "I guess I understand. I am to travel over the world and complete the tasks each village wants me to do. One question though." "What?" Says Bryan slightly annoyed. I take a deep breath and say "Will you go with me?" He looks surprised and he softens. His whole face shows relief. "You want me to come?" "Yeah, why is that so important?" "Well... I just have my reasons." Then his voice got all lighter and he acted like a puppy. HE jumped up and grabbed five maps, a pad of paper and some pencils. He then grabbed my wrist and pulled me around to some window. He then jumps through the window and we are shrouded by the comfort of water. I take a deep breath and realize that I can breathe water. Boo Yah! Bryan is still holding my wrist and the maps. We are above a colorful town. The people are all wearing different colors that make me want to just scoop them up and put them in a color pallet. We move to above this one house and I am surprised we chose this one. It walls like a lot of the other houses just a bit smaller. But when we get closer and I see that the walls are covered with black and white waves. As I got even closer I saw that they were words covering the walls. The words must tell stories and those stories must hold secrets. I would have to tell people about those secrets when I get back. I stare at the wall as I made out the symbols. They were secretive and colorful and scary and hopeful all in one. Bryan goes and lands us on the ground right in front of the door. "Hey Jake!!" He calls "get your butt out here! You have got to meet this girl!" The guy who must be Jake came stumbling out. He had blond hair and looked exactly like a California surfer boy. When he sees Bryan he smiles "Long times no see mister disappear. You were gone for ten hours this time. How can you bear to stay away?" Bryan shakes his head and ignores Jake's question. "Well you see you know how the inheriting princess-" Jake cut off Bryan and said "Oh yeah, I've heard she has just arrived. They say she is absolutely perfect for the job. Have you met her?" "Well..." Said Bryan "You are about to meet her if you could only shut up." Jake starts jumping up and down and looks around. When he sees me I don't know what happened but suddenly he was there and poking me screeching to Bryan "Ohhh, is this her? Is it? Is it? Is it???" "Bryan rolls his eyes and says "Yes Jake, this is Princess Samantha. Or Sammy." "Oohhhh. Great. And now you will tell me that you are going to accompany Sammy on her journey and I will have to help you plot out the path with those maps that you are holding. Promise me a post card from every village and I will do it." Bryan just nods his head and walks into the house. Jake drags me inside. Someone had too much coffee this morning. Once inside he ditches me for the maps that Bryan was holding. When he looks at them he clucked happily. "Bryan you have learned I can say that. These aren't low class bottom feeder maps. Good job." "I try." Is all Bryan said. He looked at me my hands practically stuffed in my mouth as I try not to laugh. He snorted and glanced at Jake whose head was buried under maps trying to find the date these were made. "Sorry" Bryan mouthed at me. I give him thumbs up. Forty minutes later we have a path mapped out.