

Cheap Life...of a fake haven  
By C.Daws.

The intro...

My name is Paleo. I am the leading commander of a secret army of believers, the Liämeh Rebels. We believe that Liämeh is not an evil assassin; but rather a servant of the greater beings. There are those who think the opposite, and lead a war against him or her. They do not understand though! Liämeh is needed as balance between the two worlds, and if he or she is removed, or killed, the balance will be lost...and we could all die. We have to stop them from ever doing so...and that is why we exist.

A little about myself?--I'm 18...young to be a commander, I know. I spend my life living in the shadows, and yes, I am forced to kill anyone who may know our secrets. Luckily I haven't had to do that yet. I don't live out in the woods like the rumours say -- I live in an organization building, in a small town. No, the org doesn't resemble the rebels in any way, only twelve percent of the org are rebels. The org itself controls almost everything about the town; the market, entertainment, and residential buildings. We don't control commercial, industrial, or environmental buildings -- although we have a few precious metal mines in the area.

The following is the story of my life up until now...I hope you like.

At a very young age;  
Possibly one or two...

My mother places me under a tree, wrapped in my favourite blanket. She rubs my left cheek with her hand. I grab her thumb with my little fingers, and look up at my mom. She smiles, but tears slide from her eyes. I didn't know why she was so sad, but then she spoke to me with her dry throat.

"Paleo, my sweet Paleo. Mommy's going to leave you for a while...and I don't know when I'll be coming back for you. Just remember that your mom loves you very much, and will always be in your heart...as you are in mine."

She takes a few more moments of staring at me, and then leaves me, just as she said she would. I struggled from my blanket to run after her, but didn't manage to escape. I cried. I cried for hours until it became dark and I had to more tears to get rid of. I fell asleep as soon as I could no longer see the tree above my head.

That night I dreamt of sitting on a beach with my mom. I had my back turned to the water and was staring at her as I built a little sand castle. I tilt my head down to continue the castle, but when I look up I could not see my mom! I look to my left and then right, but can't see her anywhere, so I turn to the ocean. She was there with her back turned to me, walking away out to sea...walking on the water. I run and start swimming towards her, but can't seem to catch up. My head goes under the water for a second, and when it comes back up, she's gone. I once again look all around, but no sign of her, or land. No land anywhere to swim to, so I soon fall under the water, slowly descending into darkness. When I run out of air in my lungs, I close my eyes and suck in some...air. It would appear the water was all gone, only I was surrounded by burning trees. I look up and can see the water surface, but I wasn't drowning...just surrounded by fire.

I wake up in a cold sweat. Hey, I'm not dead! Well now I find myself in a room in a crib, with the light shining on me from a window just above me, on the other side of the room. I start to cry in hopes that my mom will come to my rescue. I cried a lot when I was young. Alas, she doesn't come to me, instead, the door opens and an unfamiliar woman walks in.

"Hey there little one--how are you doing today?"

The sound of sadness released from my throat stops, and my eyes look at this mysterious stranger. She picks me up from my, *the*, crib -- and places me in her arms. I felt comfort, but wasn't content just yet...I wanted the warmth from my mom, and her alone. The stranger carries me to another room, and then another. She places me down on her lap as she sits down on a chair near a table. From the table she grabs and gives me a bottle of milk.

I don't know why I trusted this stranger, but there was something about her that made me feel at home...where ever that may be. She gave me comfort, and even happiness. I was content, I was happy, I was glad to be here -- with her.

Years later;  
On my 8th 'birthday'...

Over the years I've learnt a lot about my new mother. She works in town as a tailor, with not a huge income of currency, but decent. She has a son, about five years older than me...who looks after me while she's gone. Her name is Beth, and his name is Norrgh.

In my spare time, I usually play hide and seek with my brother. By which I mean I spy on him when he goes outside to feed the animals we own; four pigs, two cows, and about twenty chickens. I guess we own sort of a farm. Oh right, we also own a cat named Chisa; my best friend. Well my only friend, but oh well.

Beth comes home one day a little more deprived than usual. She searched the house for me, and eventually found me outside with my kitty.

"Telia..." She didn't yet know my original name, "...how was your day?" I pick up my kitty who was circling my feet. "Chisa chased me all day!" She smiles and holds my hand. "Come with me Telia."

I'm directed into the living room where two people were waiting on the couch. My mom sits down on the chair and I stood beside her, still holding her hand.

The male stranger greets me; "Telia, hi!"

He goes to shake my hand, but I just looked at it in curiosity. I don't know what they were doing here...but they didn't look like they came here with good intentions. He pulls his hand back, being a little insulted.

The girl beside him continues where he left off; "I'm Carice, and this is Rob. Do you know why we are here?"

I shake my head.

"We're here because your mom wants to set you up with a job outside of the house."  
It was odd. They were asking an eight-year-old about a job. I ask, "A job? What job?"  
My mom turns to me and asks, "How would you like to work for an organization?"  
"Sure!"

The two smile and laugh while my mom rubs my back. It was a good kind of laugh though, not evil in any way.

The man says, "Well, we have to get going. We work on a tight shift."  
My mom nods and agrees, "I understand."

She hugs me and the girl stranger holds my hand. It was a bit uncomfortable, but I went along with her. My mom walked beside me as we went to the door. When we arrive, she reassured me to see her ever day. I didn't realize I would be leaving home for good! But hey, I know we're kind of running on low income, so I gotta do whatever, to help us out.

They put me in the back of a car and drive off. Yeah, this is pretty scary for me. The entire way there, they didn't say anything, and neither did I. We arrive, only a few minutes later...it is a small town like I said earlier, and even smaller now.

The car door opens, and I'm greeted by three others -- the youngest was a good ten years older than me. Well they all go to shake my hand, but honestly this is all a bit weird for me, so I had to look the other way.

One of them says, "Telia, hi! Follow me please."

He starts to walk towards the building door, but I don't move. He turns around confused. The, Carice I believe was her name, holds my hand again. I follow her to the building, indirectly following the other. We enter the building and immediately make a right turn...down the hall...and into another room. Actually the others didn't enter that room; they showed me the door and wished me luck.

Well this was it -- the interview! I think.

The man on the desk talks to me. "Hello...Telia is it? Sit down, please."

Yup, this was the interview.

"Telia...how are you?"  
I hesitate but answer, "Fine."  
"Good! Good."

He pauses and flips through some papers.

"Telia, ah yes, here you are."

...marks down a few things with a pencil or pen.

"May I ask you a few questions?"

I nod. "Ok." I said it in a way that it sounded like 'oh-kie', which was a little embarrassing.

He asks me the first question, "Can you define *black* for me?"  
I ask, "Black?—the colour?"

He nods. I think for a moment...what, or better yet, *how* should I define black? Well, I give my best answer.

"Black—the colour of darkness, shadows, nothingness, evil and the unknown."

Oh shit...I just realized my interviewer was black. Well that's it, no job for me. He doesn't seem to show a strong reaction to my definition however.

And, he asks the second question, "Can you define *white* for me?"

First black, now white...these are some odd questions.  
"White; the colour of light, ghosts, nothingness, and the opposite of black."  
He nods... "I see..."

...marks down a few more things on paper.

"Telia - what games do you like to play?"

Without hesitation I blurt out, "Hide and seek!"

He likes my answer, and actually smiles from it. The next question was shocking though, and frightening to say the least...

"I want you to really think about this next question...really think about it. I hear you have a brother. If your brother had to do something really bad, like steal food from a farm, so he could feed your family...what would you do?"

Just like he asked, I really thought about that question. It was incredibly unusual, and hard to crack the answer for...for in the end I think I said the right thing.

"I would help him."

He smiles. "Thank-you, Telia. If it's alright with you, we'd like to hire you. You will sleep here in the organization building. We will wake you up if you aren't already awake at eight in the morning."

He goes to shake my hand, well, how could I resist...I shake his hand with a smile on my face.

"What will I be doing?"

He asks, "Excuse me?"

"What will I be doing?"

"Oh. Nothing too complicated. You'll be playing most of the day."

This all sounded a little unbelievable to me, but it's worth a shot. Anyway, it was late for me. When I walk out the office door, the employer, my boss, tells the girl, Carice, to show me my room. It was on the complete other side of the building, but it was nice! Not very big, but great potential. She waves goodbye and walks down the hall, leaving my in the room. It was my own personal room! Back at home I had to share my room, but...this isn't home. Good night.

The next day;

Time for work!

Well, as expected, I was greeted at eight -- but could barely sleep at that time. My clothes get dirty though, I had no new clothes to put on. So I was lying in bed under my warm covers. The guy who greeted me apologized.

"Oh! I'm sorry; you have a whole new wardrobe in your closet. I'll wait outside."

The door closes. I get up and walk to my closet that I haven't yet checked. I open it, and wow -- a huge selection. They looked all grown up though, like business type. Well half were business type, the others were camouflaged. I put on camouflage and absolutely loved it!

My hands close the closet and my feet lead me to the, my bedroom door. I open it and once again greeted by my morning greeter! She smiles, hell we both smiled -- and lead me down the hall and out a door to the outside. It looked like the back yard of this place. Amazing, it was huge, and full of trees, bushes, high grass...

Efficiently enough, I was greeted by yet another stranger at the door. My original greeter, the girl, patted my back lightly and went back inside. My new greeter, a guy, shook my hand and introduced himself.

"Hi there! I'm Corrid, and you must be Telia."

I nod.

"I know...this must be all frightening for you. So let's make this quick... What I want you to do is use this entire property and play your favourite game, hide and seek. There is one catch though. All around here are snipers, armed with paint ball rifles. If they see you, they will shoot you."

What the hell? Now this is just weird.

"One more thing. There will be two people with guns that walk around the yard looking for you. So avoid them. Today, you will have to hide from them for only one hour. Good luck!"

He turns around and sits down on a chair behind a desk, outside by the wall. I stand there confused for a moment, but then a paint ball comes screaming towards me and hits me on my right arm. It hurt!

I yell, "Ow!"

The guy behind the desk turns towards me. "Oh, sorry Telia, I should have told you to start hiding."

I look at him with a glare in my eyes. He doesn't seem to be effected by it though.

He shouts, "Go!"

Well, I guess I have to start hiding. I take off to a bush, still holding and rubbing my aching arm. This was the longest day in my life that I can remember. I feared for my life out there...but as promised, one hour later they called for my name, along with two others, and I came with three paint ball stains on my shirt.

The two others who were called for had no paint on their clothes. They were both about one or two years older than me. One of them, the boy, smiles and nods at me. I thought he was laughing at my pain, but then he came over and introduced himself.

"Hi. I'm Leil."

I ask, "Leil?"

"Yeah Leil. I'm here doing the same training as you are. Been doing it for a year now."

I ask, "Why are they making us do this?"

"Ok, listen to this. All we have to do is play this easy little game of theirs every day for a year and one week. As you can see I'm wearing a red shirt...and they expect me to hide with this. This is my last week, the week that they choose my clothing. Anyway, they pay me to spy on people."

"You're a spy?"

He nods. "Yes...and so are you. At least, in a year you will be. And it's great!"

"But, why do they have children spy on others?"

He shrugs. "I don't know, maybe it's because we can hide better."

"How much do they pay you?"

He laughs. "I make more than my dad...and he's a farmer."

Well he gives me a one handed hug and takes off to the door, and then turns around.

"Hey! I bet you don't know the building yet. Want me to show you it?"

I think about it for a while, but to be honest, I'm in too much pain. "Sorry, but, not today. I'm just going to go to my room."

"Alright, see you tomorrow!"

I ask, "Why didn't I see you earlier today, when the game started?"

"Oh...well after each month of training, you have to start ten minutes earlier. So, I'm already hiding in the field two hours before you."

I nod and he takes off. I walk; or rather almost limp to my room. I know I said I didn't get shot in the leg, but one of the pellets landed on the bottom right of my chest, which kind of effected my walking. I was greeted by my mom as soon as I walked into my room.

"Telia!"  
"Hi, mom."  
"How was your first day?"

Well my first day was horrible. I hurt all over, and am completely stressed out from all those fake bullets flying every few minutes at a random target, usually near me. I could not tell her this though, we needed the money...

"It was ok."  
Her smile fades. "You hated it, did you?"  
"...yeah. Well, look!" I showed her the marks of paint on my suit. She looks at them with awe. "What did they do to you?"  
"Well. They had me hide in bushes and trees to avoid paint ball fire." She panics like only a mother could. "I'll talk to them about this. I do not want them hurting my baby."

I wasn't her baby. I knew it, she knew it. In fact after her saying that, there was kind of an awkward pause of silence.

"It's ok, mom. We need this, and it isn't all that bad."  
She grabs my hands. "You phone me, the minute you want to come home, understood?"  
"Yes, I will, mom."

She starts to 'bob' my hands up and down...I never quite understood what the significance of that was, or how it meant anything. Her arms circled me with her right hand grasping the back of my head, and her left on my left shoulder...what I call her trademark hug. It lasted almost twenty seconds...she really must be afraid for me, or proud -- either one. She lets go, but balances her hands on my shoulders.

"I have to go now, my daughter. Be safe, ok?"  
"Yes, mom."

She kind of shakes my shoulders, but lightly, not trying to cause any damage to me. Then, as quickly as she arrived, she was gone. Oh god...I take off my shirt and look at the newly unwelcome bruises. That boy I met earlier swings around the door, literally.

He covers his eyes, "Oh, sorry!"  
I quickly put my shirt back on and almost scream at him, "What are you doing?!"  
Still covering his eyes, he answers, "The door was open! I just wanted to say hi."  
"Well go!"

He almost giggles while leaving from my room. I grew up in my house with no real contact with the outside world other than my mom, brother, and cat. I kind of miss them already, even my mom who left just moments ago. So, it was weird having someone other than your family shows a like for you. I shout, "Hey wait!"

He comes back to my room and looks at me curious to see what I had to say.

I ask, "Do you want to show me around?"

He smiles, obviously enjoying my company, even though we haven't really talked yet. He doesn't answer, but waves his hand as a 'follow me' gesture. So naturally I follow him, down the hall. At the end of the hall we come to a large room, almost like a games room. There were some tables to my left with

a few games like puzzles and checkers on them. To my right, was a long wall continuing from the hallway, it was covered with windows that showed the yard where I had to hide from paint balls. The far left corner was a bar, just right of that was a door to a kitchen, and just right of that was a door to a dining room.

He names the room, "This is the entertainment room."  
He notices me looking at the bar. "Don't worry, they limit alcohol consumption. There has never been a drunk here. They even sell non-alcoholics."

We walk around the room. There are about five others here, all of them looking at the new face. I feel awkward and want to go back to my room.

"I...think I'll head back to my room."  
He asks, confused, "But don't you want to see the rest?"  
"Maybe tomorrow."  
"Ok, well, good night."

It wasn't even close to night, but he had a point. Anyway, I head back to my room for the day. There was a television on there, so I wasn't that bored.

Well there aren't very many more significant events after today. Day after day I keep on my training, and get slightly better each day. I talk to Leil almost daily, he's actually interesting. Like he said earlier, his dad is a farmer, and his mom left them at a young age -- two years before he joined this training.

Seven years later;  
Time is like a river...

Time is like a river, sometimes the current moves fast, sometimes slow. Sometimes you hit rapids, sometimes whirlpools...to be honest; I don't know where I'm going with this. The point was the last seven years have been really calm at points and scary at others.

I still hang around with Leil; no longer have to do any training... (I am now a successful assassin). I'm not allowed to tell anyone that, not even others inside of the org...But hey, this is different.

"...so he said, with his hand drenched in his own blood, 'death is just an awakening of your immortal self'."

That was a quote from Asihah, a philosopher killed by a sniper. It was said by the preacher up front -- I'm in the 'chapel' of the organization. By law they have to teach at least three types of religion. From ten to eleven they teach Christianity, eleven to twelve they teach Buddhism, twelve to one it's Hinduism, and one to two it's Tesian. I attend all lessons almost every day...a big fan of religion. People think it's crazy or weird to support more than one religion, but I don't see why not. When death comes, I want to be prepared.

"Thank-you for attending today's lesson everyone. May peace be with you all."

Well that was it for today. Another enlightening lesson of how I better change my ways to avoid punishment in the after-life. I hate the reincarnation thing, which kind of teaches us there is no hell, and you can do whatever you want in life.

Leil asks, "Hey Telia, want to get a drink?"

It's been a while since I last had a drink, and could really go for one, but have an assignment tonight.

"Sorry Leil, tomorrow I can."  
"Ok, I'll see you then."

I take off to my room to get ready...even though it's not for another six hours. Oh, I forgot to mention...living here is like a game. I.E. on top of your pay check (that is pretty decent), you get 'points' for ever completed assignment, or anything you do to help the organization. You use your points to buy things like clothing, televisions, game system, and so on. I've accomplished 84 for seven years, 264 for 88 completed assignments (they guarantee one a month), and lately they've been giving me an average of two a month. I also won 31 one lucky day in an archery contest. A total of 379, I think. I have this business suit that cost me 84...it's beautiful! People say I dress too much like a guy, but who cares about them? It's my style -- not my fault they have no taste.

Anyway, I've been rambling on about useless info too much. Today I have a special assignment, like I already said. Apparently there is a law suit against our org for conspiracy, and I have to steal the papers which prove it. I'll arm myself with a standard leaf knife and silent loon pistol, (the knife cost 35, and the pistol cost 51). They work great, but I've never had to use them, never had to kill anyone which is a huge relief for me since I don't want to. 'Can't wait until that moment where I make my first kill to scar me for life.

I got a weird phone call this morning -- some psychopath called and said he was going to kidnap me. The day before, he said he was going to get revenge for his dead sister. I didn't kill anyone though...Apparently he *knew* it was me.

I put on some black clothes to suit the time in day of my assignment, (this particular suit cost 25), and head to the games room. Right then and there I was greeted, (I've become quite popular since I arrived).

"Telia! How was church?"

That was said by Meise -- the atheist.

I answer, "It was informative as always."  
She smiles and nods. "Want a game of chess?"  
"Sure, I have a few hours."

I sit down on opposite of the table, and make the first move. She was incredible at chess -- only eleven years of age, and the best at chess in this org. I'd rather not go through all the moves that were made...bottom line being after about forty moves, she puts me in chess mate. At the end, she had at least ten more pieces than me. I got her queen though, hah, with luck though I'm sure.

"Well, good game Meise."  
He asks, "You have to go?"  
"Yeah, I have something to do."  
"Ok, cool, I'll see you tomorrow. I have to get an early rest today."

My hand waves her goodbye as I walk from the games room, down the hall and into the president's office. He was currently doing some papers, as always...probably legal issues. He signals me with his hand to sit down, and we do the usual procedure. He gives me his business card, I sign it along with the current date and give it back. He quickly checks over it and nods. We shake hands, and I walk off.

The front door is automatic, so I don't have to push it open, isn't that great?! It's not even dark out yet, although the sun *is* going down. Hey! Let me tell you a poem I wrote...

'The sun is going down,  
Although the light will stay lit.  
Corrupt systems will keep us warm,  
In a calming form.  
So shine, our mistakes, shine,  
Only knowledge will be our crime,  
And with time,  
Let it shine.  
The colour of evil will grow from the grass,  
So let it be our only class.  
With bleeding thumbs,  
You're so dumb,  
Let it shine.'

Don't laugh but it took me weeks to create that. Anyway, through the magic of writing about your history, I am now inside the house looking for the evidence. To be honest, the evidence is a blood-stained pair of glasses, which should be in a plastic bag. I'm wearing gloves of course, and am stumbling through a bunch of drawers. It just hit me...this is crazy. I should be in school or, doing anything normal. Not on covert operations doing illegal things. Well...I think I'm going to head back, without the evidence... Oh, they're going to be mad...so what?! Let them be mad! They shouldn't be doing this to children!

I leave the building...but as *unexpected* as it was, they sent someone to check up on me.

He shouts from my far left, "Telia."

I turn to him, surprised by the presence. He walks towards me. I quickly look around me to check for anyone else, but no, he's alone...well...except for me.

He asks, "Where's the evidence?"  
"Well, I...couldn't find it."  
"Well then you should go back in and find it, right?"  
I ask, "What is it of your business?"

He smiles and walks away into the darkness. I love saying that...'into the darkness'. Well crap, now as soon as I arrive, they'll question me. Sigh...I'm in deep now.

Well..Soon enough I'm outside the org building. The magic door opens as I walk in, and guess what -- no one was there waiting for me. But there were a bunch of people that I overheard from the games room, they were talking about some missing person.

I walk to the games room and see three guys sitting around a table talking with some drinks in their hands.

I stand beside them and ask, "Some one's missing?"  
They turn and the one on the very right answers, "Meise...she's been kidnapped."  
"What? Why would someone kidnap a young girl?"  
Another answers, "Who knows, maybe a friend." He laughs.  
"What the hell is so funny? You find this funny?"

That sure did break his smile quickly, and thank god for it. To think, the day kidnapping becomes funny. I leave them to my room and lay down on the bed. I wait for the phone call from my boss to yell at me for my 'betrayal'. He's always talking about betrayal.

The phone rings. I take a few breaths, and let it ring a few times, but eventually answer it.

"Hello?"

I can hear breathing on the other side. They're directly breathing into the phone to annoy me.

"Who is this?"

A deep voice answers, "...hello, Telia."

"...who is this?"

I honestly don't know this person, but he laughs on the other line in a kind of evil way -- like I should know him or something.

"I think the innocence in a young girl is sexy." He kisses the phone.

I ask, "What?"

"I have Meise here. Do you want to say hello?"

"Let me talk to her, pervert."

Soon enough I hear the frightened breathing of Meise.

I try to comfort her. "Meise, where are you?"

She whimpers, like anyone her age wouldn't. "Please, Telia. Give him what he wants."

I ask, "What does he want?"

I can't hear her anymore, the guy come back on the phone. "I want you to

return the evidence to us."

"I didn't take the evidence!"

He laughs. "Don't play dumb, Telia. We saw you in there...we know it was you. Take the evidence, and place it back where it was within two hours. Or, I'll rape the beauty from your friend."

"No please don't! I'll get you the evidence, but don't hurt her!"

He hangs up. I get up and leave my room in heading to the president.

Quickly, I barge into his office, catching him smoking a cigar in a non smoking building, but anyway...

He asks, "Telia...what the hell is this?"

"Who did you send to help me?!"

He coughs. "What are you talking about?"

"Cut the crap! Who did you send?"

"Alright, Telia, look...I didn't send anyone."

I can feel the rage inside of me build. "Listen. If I don't get that evidence back, my friend dies...my friend and your youngest marketer."

Those made him think... He starts to rub his forehead with his hand.

"Telia, I'm sorry for your friend. But we didn't send anyone...you didn't get the evidence?"

"No...I couldn't do it. But now someone took it, and they're blaming me for it."

He asks, "Well why couldn't you take the evidence? We pay you for it, quite a substantial amount if I may add..."

We look at each other for a moment, and he soon adds, "...well then I'm sorry Telia, but I can't help you."

This is bullshit! All these years...

I shout, "Are you joking me?! All these years of service and you can't help save my friend?"

"...sorry."

"You ass! I don't believe this!"

He grunts his evil, stubborn, stupid little voice. "Watch it! You're forgetting yourself."

"Then arrest me, but I won't let my friend die."

I run out of the office all the while thinking of how I can do anything to

help her -- making sure to spit on the office door as I leave.

When I arrive in my room, I pack my knife and pistol. Before I leave, I check my phone, and true enough, it had the number of the last caller. On my computer I check the number, and find its address. Let's kill the fucker. All the way there I'm thinking of what to do with him, he scarred the life of my friend, and he will pay for it. He will pray to whatever god he worships for his...ah yes, that's what I will make him do.

I ran the entire way from my room to this, his house. The light was still on inside, I don't know if I should read that as a good or bad sign. Whatever the sign, I look through the window. I thought I could get a glimpse if anyone was home, but no, couldn't see anything. I slide the window open and cut the bug screen with my knife. I'll make sure to make good use of this nice little knife...handy, even.

Carefully and quietly I make my way through the window. I slowly make my way around the house, being careful not to ruin my surprise. Around the first corner, in the living room, I could see Meise in a chair with a tight string around her wrists behind the chair. She looks at me in tears, but gets my impression, and doesn't make a word slip out. She wants to see this guy as dead as I do I'm sure.

Soon enough, he comes walking out of a room. I quickly move behind the corner to stay hidden -- where I would also sneak around the kitchen to the other side of the room.

I could hear him talking. "Why the hell won't she put the evidence back? Doesn't she care for you? I thought you said you were her friend! God, you useless piece of shit, I should kill you right now."

I'm right behind him now...At least, a few feet away still hiding behind the corner. He doesn't know I'm here...he has no clue...but screw this sneaking crap.

Step by step I make my way from the corner, and with one swift wrist movement, my knife finds its way into his left thigh. He screams out as I twist the knife inside of him. I yank the knife out, and stab his right thigh. Once again twisting it, and yanking it from him. I walk to my friend, Meise, and cut the rope from her wrists.

The injured freak cries out to me, "How did you find me?"  
"You used your home phone? That's so amateur."

Meise put her arms around me so tight I thought I was going to break something. I hug her back though, not letting my guard down from our prey. She eventually lets go. I turn around with an evil smile on my face, I want this to last. Hah, there is so much fear in his eyes.

He comments, "You're even more sexy then your friend."

I ditched the smile. His smile just looked so nice, I didn't want him to lose it... So, I take my knife sliced his lower lip vertically down. It was nice to see all that blood come from such a great person. So I decide to do the same to his upper lip, but he tried to defend himself from it, so I grab his hand that he tried to hit me with, and cut off his index finger -- and then the lip...can't forget the lip. That felt kind of good.

Meise places her hand on my shoulder. "Telia, you got your revenge, now let's go, before the cops come."

I tried to listen to her, but it was like I was in some sort of trance...I could barely hear her sweet words. Her sweet words...they could have saved me...they could have saved me. But instead, I decided to take his arm, place my knife on it, press down as hard as I could while it was horizontal...and

drag it down away from his hand. It didn't work as well as I thought it would. I tried again, well actually I tried a different method -- sawing down into his skin by half an inch, and then dragging it down his arm. It was incredibly hard, so much force required, but I did it, and got much pleasure from it. His screams of pain, seeing all that blood pour to the ground, on my hand, down my arm. This is the only kind of revenge...

Time to cut the crap though. Time to end this...this, sick-o! I completely forgot Meise was behind me...she was screaming herself, but not from pain, she just couldn't handle seeing someone like this. I still can't believe I could handle it. What happened next is a little hazy, but I could recall striking my knife across his neck...and as soon as he fell to the ground, so did I. I...passed out, from...shock? Well something, I ended up in a nice little jail cell the very next day.

In the jail cell,  
With an offer of more...

"Telia! Telia wake up!"

My eyes open and close a few times to help my awakening. I feel a hand on my shoulder, Meise's hand. I turn around and there she is.

She smiles. "Hi."  
I ask, "Why are we here?"  
"Honestly, you don't remember?"

Honestly, I can't remember. A complete amnesia past the point where I was looking at the window with a knife in my hand, about to enter the house. Don't worry, I remember what happens sometime in the next few hours...so it's not complete amnesia.

"No, what?.. Oh, hey! You're safe!"

She smiles and shakes her head. She always was the cheerful type. Not too long into our stunning and informative conversation, there was a strange sound coming from the other side of the door. (The jail cell was alone in a room, like a temporary containment cell.) The sounds were like...whistling and cracking at the same time, and it was quiet, but loud enough to be heard from the other side of the door. All of a sudden it stopped completely...and was shortly followed by a blinding light that glimmered through the door window. That which was followed by the door opening, and as soon as the door swung open, the light disappeared, and an angel walked in. At least she was something other than human, perfectly beautiful...no wings...but perfect.

She walks to the cell door and smiles. "...Paleo."

She was looking directly at me but I did not answer, I didn't know she...she must be mistaking me for someone else.

"Paleo, your father is disappointed to see you in jail...but proud of what you did."  
I grab the bars. "You know my dad?"  
"Yes...and some day you will see him. Along with your mother."  
I ask, "Who are you?"  
"I am Semm -- the second Amiya."  
"Amiya?"

Some guy laughs in the background and says some insulting things, but she pays no attention to him. She raises her left hand and opens it, revealing a beautiful flower.

Meise asks me, "Telia, do you know this person?"

The Amiya snaps at her. "She is not Telia! She is Paleo -- daughter of Cros, ruler of the punishing afterlife of mortals like you!" She comes closer to the bars and whispers, "...you shouldn't refuse the offer...the guy behind it gets awful mad when people refuse."

She ignores her and hands me the flower.

"Please, take it. Swallow it, and you'll be a whole new person." She comes closer to the bars and whispers, "...you shouldn't refuse the offer...the guy behind it gets awful mad when people refuse."

I raise my hand under my chin then look back at the Amiya.

She comments, "Do not chew, just swallow. If you mess it up, I can always make you another one."

She almost laughs, well, giggles. This all sounds a little dumb or crazy to me, but I do it anyway. I place the flower on my tongue, and slide it down my throat on my first try. The Amiya smiles and reaches her right hand out to me. I look at it confused that nothing was happening, so I take her hand. There was a sudden rush of electricity that spread throughout my entire body. I couldn't see, I couldn't hear, I couldn't smell anything -- and I fell to the ground on my knees...but I would not stop falling, I went right through the ground into a blinding light. The farther I fell, the less blinding the light became.

Soon enough my fall took me to a field of corn. My decent deteriorated in speed greatly in the last few seconds before I gently landed in the field. My body felt different; I had a horrible headache, my wrists burnt, and my vision was all off. It was like I could see perfectly, but when I closed my left eye...everything seemed to be a whole lot darker -- and when I close my right, it all became too bright. I look down at my feet in the dirt...my left foot seemed exceptionally dirty, more so than my right. It seemed odd at first, but when I took a closer inspection -- I saw my left hand, and left arm...which were all dark. My entire left side was dark, and my right, my right was bright.

A gust of wind blew around my naked body and revealed my hair which swung past my eyes. My hair was thick and orange...much different then my usual style.

I begin to walk around the field -- pushing the corn, corn stems, corn branches and leaves from my face. They would sometimes snap back and hit me on the side, my leg, or arm. There were scratches that soon appeared where they hit...well...except on my left, or if there were I couldn't see them. I soon become impatient. I have no clue where I should be heading or where this field ends.

A voice echoes from a far distance, "Help!"

It was shouted from in front of me...and possibly a little to my left. I run forward, dodging and absorbing hits from this freaking corn. The screams for help still echo from ahead, but never seem to get any closer. The call of distress was repeated five times with about thirty seconds in-between each cry. Then, it came from behind. The screams for help which were once far in front were now far behind me...the same distance. I shout, "Where are you?!"

There was no answer, just a continuing cry for help.

"Help me!"

Again I run towards the calls, and again after six, it was once again behind me. I'm not sure what's going on here, but this fucking corn isn't helping!

"Please! I need help!"

I can't take this anymore...each time I go running, I just end up going in the wrong direction, and keep getting hit by corn. My unprotected body is scratched and bruised all over...this is getting annoying. I decide to take my anger out on the corn -- what a better target to do so with. I grab a stem and tear it from the ground and start hitting some more corn with it. I spin my body and throw the corn weapon in a random direction.

I scream at the corn, "Just die already!"  
But the cries for help continue, "Help!"

My wrists started to get cold...freezing. I started to panic and swing them up and down like I was trying to disconnect my hand from my arm, but it doesn't work. So I try creating some friction on my wrists by rubbing them quickly together. They chilled even colder...until I could no longer feel them...yet I could still feel my hands. I try rubbing them some more...but the chill started to spread. Quickly my hands were frozen and arms were freezing. My hands lose feeling, and then my arms...it was only a matter of time before my chest, my neck, my body would turn to ice, and then nothing.

The cry again, "Help me, please!"

My chest and neck were soon chilled, and before my neck, head, brain and thought would go -- I release my rage. I scream as loud as I could and soon felt my entire body turn from ice to fire -- started with my feet, and ending my hands. Then my feet became chilled again, then legs, all the way up to my wrists until I felt the worst pain from heat in my hands. My hands burst into black flames. The flames soon spilled from my hands like liquid, like lava...but it was just air and flames, not even smoke. The flames kept spilling and soon surrounded me...and kept spreading. Within seconds I was surrounded by fire, and within minutes, a massive area of corn was burst crisp to the ground still smoking. The field was still burning in the background, my hands were no longer spreading fire, and I was cool all over. And that was it.

There was a body standing but a few meters in front of me, completely uncovered as well. He, she, it had no distinguished parts though, in fact, it was like it didn't need to be covered. I will call him as a male though -- as it would be insulting to be referred to as an 'it'.

Without moving towards or away from him, I ask, "Who are you?"

He does not answer, but he does not look away...he doesn't even move. I begin to walk towards him, and the closer I get, the more painful my wounds become. By the time I was directly in front of him, feeling his breath on my neck, I felt like I was going to die. But I stood strong, and did not give in to the pain. I reached out and touched him on the shoulder.

The entire world changed. He drops below the ground as I fly above into the clouds. I continue to ascend, quickly increasing speed as if I were falling backwards. My vision continues to fade until I can no longer see. I am gently pushed into and through the 'ceiling'. My vision returns as I find myself back in my original body, lying forward on the hard concrete ground. I feel really abnormal while my body tingles trying to recover itself. I turn over onto my back and bump into Meise's knees while doing so. She was sitting right beside me the whole time.

She comments, "You're back."

A few days later,  
It grows stronger...

I will tell you what happened. Apparently there was no one left in that

building where I was kept with Meise and a few others...but we were locked up, so needed to escape somehow. It took hours of half-ass attempts, and then another hour and thought-out attempts, but none of them worked. I was soon scared and annoyed, mostly annoyed with being in there. A lot of people started to freak out, and I just wanted to shut them up, but I knew I had to get out of there...Meise wasn't safe yet, and so I had to do something. My body soon did that cold-hot thing, and I ended up melting the bars that held us there with a black fire I created below them. We walked out...we were free again.

They followed me and Meise though. They attacked us, and one of them has a knife. Long fight short, I stole the knife, they died, one run away, and my left arm was horribly cut. I went to the hospital, they patched it up but asked me if I was ever in a fire. My left arm...my left body was slightly darker the usual. Of course I was used to this feeling, and knew where it would end up, so I just ignored it hoping for the best.

I could not go back to the org, after what I did, what I said, what they said and did. We left the hospital, (Meise was with me the whole time...she really cared for me). And now this is the present time. Well no, technically it's still pre-tense, but this is after where I said 'A few days later,' so here we are...

There were no smiles...the whole time Meise couldn't talk to me, and I couldn't talk to her. There was something that changed me. As far as she knows, there was no explanation to the fire from my hands, or my fading left side. She may be scared of me...which I found really sad. After Leil, she was the last person I would want to fear me.

Finally she asks, "Let's go home?"  
I kind of laugh. "I have no home anymore...the org would no longer want me. I yelled at the boss, insulted him, and didn't complete my assignment."  
"They can't just abandon you...you were always their favourite, since the day you came."

I thought that too, until I heard those words...well I don't remember what he said, but it was a complete shock. They didn't even want to save Meise. I choose not to tell her that though, since she has it good there, even if there are secrets behind her back from her boss.

"I am sorry Meise...but I can't return."  
She looks down and nods, displeased. "Ok, I understand..."

She goes to hug me, and I hug her back. Her arms squeeze around me like this will be the last she'll see me. It goes a little more than that though...she raises her chin and licks the bottom of my right ear. My eyes open quickly and I push her away, a little harder than intended. She backs up a little surprised.

I ask, "What are you doing?!"  
She replied, "I'm...I'm sorry, I got, I didn't know."

She turns around and started to walk away, holding her forehead with both hands.

"Meise!"  
She stops but doesn't turn.

"Meise I'm sorry."  
I could hear the faint words of, "It was my fault..." She continues to walk away. I hope I will At least see her again...she's still a great friend.

Well I guess you could call this; the start of my new life.

I spent the night against a wall in an alley. For your information it was

horrible...but it gave me time to think about what that vision was supposed to mean, the one I had while in that jail cell. What could it mean? I have an assumption...but it's not that great of one. In fact, never mind, it barely even makes sense. What a waste of time thinking it...but it was something to think of.

Well anyway, it was nine in the morning...one hour before the religion lessons start in the org. I may hate that org, but I still won't lose my faith in knowledge. The town was so ugly, and I never noticed it before. I guess I never left the org property until night. And now that I see it with the day's sun, I regret living here. The market food looked all rotten, the buildings were made of pure unpainted wood -- which was full of rust...even the streets were in no condition to drive on.

Twenty paces from the org door. Come to think of it, there was a side door made specifically for entrance into the church. I enter that way, which worked fine...and I did it at such a perfect time that no one was staring at me. Actually it was twenty-five minutes until it started. I wanted to stay and wait, but no one was even in the room -- except for the preacher who's always cleaning the place. I sit for seven minutes thinking if I should greet him or not, and tell him about what is happening to me. I was greeted by some girl who called herself an Amiya, and I've heard about them in Tesian before. Perhaps he knows something about it.

Well whatever. I get up from the bench fourth row, and walk to the back of the room to the preacher, near sixth row. He sees me coming and stops perfecting the candles...turns towards me.

"Telia, I saw you walk in here...a little early for you."  
He notices my smile. I ask, "Can we talk?"

He nods and asks me to follow him into a separate room, one where others can't peep in on our conversation. He opens the door for me and sits down behind a desk...I don't sit...and I guess I better start.

"I had this dream, or, vision..."

He was writing things down on a paper in front of me. It was like forums though, of a different nature.

I resume, "I fell through the floor, and lost all vision."

He keeps writing, or filling out forms.

I ask, "Hey! Are you listening?"

That catches his attention. He stops doing whatever, and faces me.

"Sorry, just have some things to fill out."  
I shake my head but continue. "Before I fell, I was greeted by someone who called them self an Amiya...Semm I believe was her name."  
He asks, "What did she tell you?"  
"...she gave me a flower, and told me to swallow it to change my life."  
He nods, but it doesn't look like he believed me. "I see."  
"Alright, you don't believe me..."  
He panics, trying to save his reputation. "No, no, no, it's not that."  
I nod. "Alright...well then look at this."

I roll up my right sleeve, and then my left sleeve, and place my arms together on the desk in front of him. He looks at it, still not convinced. What I didn't know, was that the palms of my hands seem to get really hot whenever I'm mad. I feel a burn on my palms, which were placed face-down on the desk. I lift my palms and look at them...they didn't look any different though. The preacher however, pushed himself back from the desk, almost falling back on his chair. I move my hands and look at the two burn holes on the desk.

"Telia! Telia, how did you do that?"

I push my sleeves back down and just shrug. "It was how I burnt the corn field to find the he-she, it was how I melted the jail cell bars to escape...it was ever since the Amiya visited me."

"That's...that's amazing. But the Amiya...Amiya's don't give gifts, they are unable to...unless I read something wrong."

I think for a second. "Well...I remember her saying something like, 'the guy in charge doesn't like it when they refuse'."

He nods. "The guy in charge, did she say perhaps Sastramy, or, Traelos?"  
"No, she didn't."

He gets up from the chair and walks around the room, excited at what I had to say. Pacing a few dozen times.

He asks me, "Telia, what do you mean, he-she?"

"It was a person, about the same age as me. He, well it, had no sexual parts. We were completely naked in a field of corn that my hands set fire to. The closer I got to him, the more painful it was, then when I touched his shoulder, I came back to his world."

He stops pacing and looks at me, completely stunned.

I ask, "What?"

"Telia...do you know what this means?"

I shake my head.

"The burning hands, your half and half body, the Amiya...that person was Liâmeh...and you are Paleo...Liâmeh's assassin."  
I remember and comment, "Yes, the Amiya kept calling me Paleo...I'm Liâmeh's assassin?"

No nods and smiles. "Yes!"

I ask, "Who is Liâmeh?"

The door opens and my boss walks in.

He sees me. "I knew it! What are you doing back here Telia? I should arrest you for trespassing."

The preacher continues rambling. "This is incredible...Paleo...Paleo is here...Paleo knows me!"

This Paleo must be of really big significance to him. But I still don't know who she is, I know who I am, but not who Paleo is...

The boss talks...(you know, I've actually forgotten his name)... "Telia, get out."

I ask, "Get out? Why? Technically you haven't fired me yet, and I still need to collect my things...then I'll leave."

"Alright...alright. Telia, you are hereby fired. Oh, and don't bother collecting your things. You didn't pay for them, they are legally ours."

I ask, "What do you mean?--I had paid for them."

He laughs. "No! You didn't. Points are not currency, now get out."

I laugh...this is the craziest thing I've ever heard. He acts like such a child, and he's like, thirty.

"Alright fine, I'll go. But let me just say, you should act your age. Get a life, ass."

He nods, but not the good kind of nod. "Ass? You think I'm an ass? Alright."

He gives Benr and nod and points at me... Obviously they have something worked out. Benr gently takes my arm and walks to my room, which was quite a walk...through the games room, with everyone looking at me. He opened my room

door and signals me in. He waits outside.

"There are standard clothes in the back of your closet. You'll need to change into them, as you don't own the clothes you're wearing right now. I am sorry for this...but there's no other job for me."

He closes the door, and I can hear him walk away. I should just keep these clothes on and leave, but now that I know they belong to *him*, I think I'll change...so I do. The 'standard clothes' were horrible...nothing but a tight shirt and pants...I grew a bit since the beginning of the year when they update things.

When I open the door, I see the preacher patiently standing to my left.

He approaches me and whispers, "Ten at night, Passa Forest. Please, you have to come...you are a goddess to us."

He walks away back to his lessons I presume. There was no one to walk me out...so I just leave. Well...I have almost a dozen hours to wait. Wish me luck!

Later that day,  
It took me three hours alone to find this forest...

"Telia!"

The voice terrifies me, it was said and yelled by only a few yards away. I turn around completely from shock, jumping almost two feet in the process. When I turn I see my good friend, Leil!

"Leil! Where have you been?"  
"Me? I haven't seen you for days...you were heading out to an assignment, what happened?"  
I hesitate. "Some things happened..."  
He asks, "Things? Are you ok? And why are you here?"

I have a feeling me being here should be a secret, and this place may also be kept...so I decide not to tell him.

I ask, "I come here to think, and you?"  
He asks, "Can you keep a secret?"  
I nod.  
"I'm here on assignment."  
I ask, "Who's the lucky one?"  
He laughs. "Lucky indeed...some girl named Paleo."

My heart starts to beat horribly fast. He's here to kill me. I know he couldn't if he knew it was me, but I'm afraid my appearance might change again, and he won't notice me.

I ask, "Why Paleo?"  
"She is in great danger."  
"Oh, you're here to save her?"  
"...try to...but I may die in the process."  
I ask, "Then why are you doing it?"  
"I would be glad to exchange my life for the safety of my master."  
"Why is she your master?"  
He shakes his head. "No, she isn't...but she is the chosen one, to protect my master. And so her life is of great value."  
"I've never heard you talk like this before. You're...different."

Strange. Just then, a man walks out from the forest. He approaches us but keeps his distance.

He asks, "What are you doing here?"  
Leil whispers to me, "Let me handle this."  
Then he answers, "Why...we are here for the meeting...and you?"

The man smiles, nods, and waves for us to enter the forest. He then quickly twitches back, as if a club has just hit him in the back. He falls to his knees and then lies fully on the ground. Leil looks around in surprise. I look as well. Sure enough, someone was behind us. She run towards us with her rifle pointed away from us.

She says to Leil, "Sir, they are aware of our coming."  
He answers, "Well by now they are, you killed the guard!"  
"I am sorry for that but I had to, they were going to ambush you and your friend as soon as you enter."  
"But we need to save Paleo!"

This was it. I sure hope bad things won't happen when I tell him who I am...

"Leil...what would you do if I told you I knew where Paleo is at this very moment?"

They look at me in curiosity. The other grabs for her knife, but doesn't yet pull it out for me...Leil put his hand in front of her to stop.

He asks, "You do?"

A bullet screams towards us and hit me in the left arm near my shoulder. I drop to the ground and hear two more shots. My hand grabs my wound and I look up at Leil who was as well on the ground.

"Leil! Leil are you ok?!"

He looks at me and I look into his eyes as he tries to breathe heavily. I look a little lower and see the bullet wound on his neck, directly in the middle where his wind pipe was...he can't breathe. He reaches for my hand but couldn't make it...his arm drops, his face plants into the ground, and he loses all life. To my right, the girl grabs my hand and lifts me to the ground. She pulls me as she runs towards the town. There were another two gun shots, but neither of them hit us. Blood was accumulating on her left side...just on the edge, probably not affecting any organs or arteries.

We run for a few minutes and she slams against a house door, forcing herself in and falls to the ground. A group of people rush to our aid. They first grab the girl and place her on a medical desk, another takes my shirt off and places a cloth, drenched in water, around my arm. I could feel the blood rushing from my arm. Actually I didn't think it was that bad, but it did hurt...

My doctor takes out some tools and places them on another cloth. He waits a few seconds, then takes the cloth from my arm.

He says to me, "There is a bullet inside your arm...it hit a bone and couldn't exit the other side. It also hit a vital vein. You must allow me to take it out."

"Yes, take it out."

He takes one of his tools. "This will hurt. We don't have anything to freeze your arm with...sorry."

He gives me one last look before he continues. He puts the tool in my arm and I can feel him dig his little tool around inside. The pain was unbearable...and another person had to hold down my legs so I would stop kicking. The tool finally grabs something and he pulls it out. I sigh but the pain is still burning me. He pulls out another tool and looks at me.

"We have to stop the bleeding...we have to reconnect the vein."

I nod...there is more pain to come. He digs the tool in and that was it. I pass out from the pain.

My eyes open, and I awake after quite a nice dream. I was still a little tired and turned to my side for some more comfort. It was too late though, they knew I was awake, and someone walked towards me from behind. They rub my shoulder...I was a little startled, but turned my neck and look at her. It was the same girl who rescued me, but left Leil behind.

She smiles, "The rumours were true...you have come to us."

I answer with a, "Hi."

"We thought you wouldn't be able to speak English at first...and your appearance would be a little different."

"Well...I don't know what to say."

She laughs, "I will let you rest now...for the rebellion."

"Thanks...but I'll get up now."

She helps me out of bed, almost impatiently. She walks to the other side of the room and open a closet.

"As you can see, we were waiting for you for a while."

I get up and look at the clothing. There wasn't a huge selection, but I'm not complaining about the style. They looked a bit masculine though...I look at the girl in curiosity.

She shrugs. "To be honest, everyone thought you were going to be male."

I nod and pick out a suit...which looked very similar to the camouflage at my old org' closet back when I first arrived. It was amazing who it fit me almost perfectly though...it was as if they knew exactly when they would find me. Of course that raises a question...

I ask, "How did you know who I was?"

"You have a burn mark on your wrist...the Tesian word for Paleo, or, Innocent Child."

I nod. "Oh..."

I look at my wrists, and the symbol was indeed there...interesting.

"Your eyes are also an abnormal colour...as well as your left side of your body being a little darker than your right."

I close my left eye, and then right eye...'couldn't notice any difference yet, but I believed her. She walks to the other side of me and opens a door near the closet. There was a bathroom inside.

"I'm sure you have to shower now. I will leave you alone so you may...let me just say it's such a pleasure to be speaking with you."

I smile. "Thank-you. But don't get your hopes up, I'm not completely sure who I am yet."

She smiles back and leaves the room. I step into the bathroom and put my camouflage suit on a hanger. I start the water flow for a bath, not shower...take the rest of my clothes off and step into the bath. It was relaxing, feeling the hot water slowly rise and cover my body.

Thirty-five minutes later...(I almost fell asleep in the bath). Soon enough though, pretty much when I regain focus on reality...that's a weird thing though. 'Reality'...does it end when you begin to dream? I mean, dreaming, can be just another form of reality, since it is still real in a sense...

Anyway, I get dressed in that camouflage suit, brush my teeth, distinguish my

hair...basically get ready to meet and greet. I take a breath before leaving my room..well I guess this is now my room, unless it's only temporary. My hand lifts the lock and swings the door open..not surprisingly, the same girl was there to greet me. I like her loyalty, especially for someone who may not actually be.

She shakes my hand. "I still can't believe it's you!"  
I ask, "I don't yet know your name."  
"My name is Kari...my position here is the commanding left rebel."  
"...and what do you do?"  
She answers, "I lead acts of peace."  
"Oh...and who is the commanding *right* rebel...who I assume leads acts of war?"  
She nods. "Yes, they do. His name is Laval."  
"...and who was it who killed Leil?"  
She looks down. "I am sorry, it is my fault for engaging too early. They are Liãmeħ Assassins...the opposite of Liãmeħ Rebels."  
"Liãmeħ? I saw him in my dream."  
She smiles. "Come -- I will show you around."

I follow her down the hall...it seems my room was at the very end. There were a bunch of rooms to the right and left of the hall, the first ten on each side were bedrooms. A couple of doors were open, and I looked in to see each room had two beds, a bathroom, and a few other things. It was still early in the day, so many of the members were still sleeping.

The hall came to a split. On the left was indoor training and a cafeteria. On the right were a few offices and then the exit door. We went outside...immediately there was a burning fire pit surrounded by some trees and lumber used as chairs and perhaps tables. On each side of the door that we just left, there was a guard who appeared to be wearing a sword and pistol. They look at us as we pass them, one of them looked amazed to see me, the other kind of glared.

Kari sits down near the fire. "Damn, it's cold this morning."

I sit down next to her and rub my hands...if you could imagine how cold I was. She looks at me surprised.

"Oh, shoot I'm sorry...I'll be right back."

She takes off into the building we just left and took only half a minute before she came back out, holding a coat in her arms. She sits back down and hands me the coat.

"I should have told you it was cold out."

She really didn't have to do that...I shouldn't be treated like a goddess, 'cause I'm not. Maybe she would be the only one though.

Two more rebels come over and sit down on the other side of the fire.

One of them says to Kari, "Who is the new girl?"  
She says to them, "...guess."  
One of them freaks out. "It is? It really is?."  
Kari nods.  
He continues, "Oh my god, I can't believe...the very own Liãmeħ is sitting across from me."  
Kari laughs. "No you fool, this is Paleo."  
"Oh..."

Well that was insulting...that 'oh...', which kind of made me feel insignificant.

Hours pass of conversation. A bunch of others join around the fire to join in...Some of them didn't know who Paleo was, about half were grateful for my

arrival, and the rest weren't really bothered by it. After those few hours, a ghost appeared, and rather leaned against the building, watching me. I told the crowd I'll be right back, and walked over to the ghost...she was happy to see me.

She comments, "You always seem to amaze me."

I smile as she waits for my voice, looking like she was about to break into tears from seeing me.

She continues, "I'll do whatever I can do make you happy."

I shake my head. "I can't love you."

"No, you can, just try!"

"I'm sorry...but I just can't."

She shuts her eyes as a few tears run down her face.

"Why then?! Why do you tempt me so?"

"...but I don't."

Keeping her eyes shut she reaches out and grabs my left arm as if to hug me. I let her take a last hug, as I'm sure I'll never see her again. She soon has both arms around me, squeezing the life out from me. I put my right arm behind her head to help her cry on my shoulder. A slight sting though...from inside of me. I push her away with both arms and look down. A knife was so swiftly struck into my chest...I think it may have hit my heart. Oh god! The pain was growing, unbearable at this point. I try to scream for help but I can't say anything, or even move as my knees soon force me to the ground. Meise throws herself down to continue our little hug. I could hear her soft voice though, as my vision slowly faded...

"If not in this life...then another."

Still, no one to come to my aid, no one to force my killer off from me, no one to hear my dying words. Instead, I'm punished by having to lean against her, feeling her cold breath on my neck while my fingers become numb...my feet, arms, legs and chest so that finally I can no longer feel any pain. That moment though, only lasted for a short while...because, I don't know what happens next.

...yours, Paleo.