

Test story

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Submitted: August 13, 2005
Updated: September 18, 2005

Testing out some possible story lines.

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http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Black_Breeze/19057/Test-story

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1 - Prologue, Part One

Balance

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Chapter One: Prologue, Part One

“Aura?”

The tall woman sitting beside the sleeping child shook her shoulder lightly as the girl stirred and awoken, if only for a moment. She pried open her heavy, melancholy eyes as she stared into the face of her mistress, her face pale. A few wisps of her raven stranded hair flew across her face as the window before her slid open, revealing the speeding, dry streets of Cairo. Her mistress smiled at her kindly.

“We’re almost there, child, it’s time to awaken,” the elegant woman murmured, her same, long, ebony gold hair tied neatly in a bun, her spectacles gleaming in the sunlight. Aura shook her head as bushels of her short hair slapped across her face, holding tightly onto her mistress’s arm and staring reassuringly to the two Irish bands attached to it, calm once more.

The woman sighed as the child sailed willingly back to sleep. Their chauffeur peered in his back window and saw the saddening sigh.

“She isn’t speaking, Ms. Enari?” the man asked, making a turn as the luxurious car swiveled smoothly into another street.

“You know that she’s mute now, Shiyu-san,” Ms. Enari murmured, touching Aura’s face softly. “I’m afraid that she won’t be speaking for a very long while.”

Shiyu was silent as his eyes concentrated on the road. “But what of you, Maeve-san? How are you--”

“I’ll be just fine, Shiyu-san. I have dealt with greater tragedies before. Besides,” Ms. Enari spoke softly, her emerald eyes growing deep in thought, “I gave him... A promise. And as you know, Shiyu-san... I keep all of my promises.”

The man smiled wryly into the rearview mirror. “That I know, Maeve-san.” He then sighed and stared out his window as the car stopped. “But... I worry of Aura-kun. And what exactly... Did you promise the master?”

Maeve gazed into Aura’s face before replying, “I promised him what he wished for. I promised him that she will see happiness... Even if that happiness may lie in a place where I do not wish to stay.” Her eyes strayed to her window as she saw that they had reached the port, seeing the several house boats scattered across the Nile’s sparkling surface. With a beating heart her hand enveloped the strange pendent around her neck, though her face remained calm. Shiyu stared at the woman with a silent

exterior.

“Take care of yourself Maeve-san,” he murmured, giving a slight bow to her. She smiled and nodded at him, opening the car door as she lifted the sleeping child into her arms like a loving mother, and stepped out to the dust filled streets of Egypt, staring at the dingy boat which was supposed to occupy her child, for who knows how long. She didn’t notice the car transport itself out, and did not try to either.

Maeve sighed and hugged Aura warmly. “I don’t care about myself anymore darling,” she murmured, “just so long as you are happy...”

The woman, holding her two suitcases in one hand, carrying the sleeping child in the other, approached the boat in long strides, her head arched high.

After knocking on the hard wooden door, Maeve peered down towards a small, but obviously confident young boy. His dusty brown hair and small stature did not match the ferocity in his bright golden eyes, staring at the woman with mistrust and modesty. The boy glared at the woman childishly.

“Who are you?” He asked, with a tinge of rudeness in his voice.

Maeve smiled warmly at him, and, to anyone who was in the presence of this event, could see that the young boy grew calmer as the smile grew. Also, to anyone who knew Maeve personally, she had a strange habit of having any child grow of liking to her. Once again carrying Aura in one arm, she first adjusted her glasses and took out her hand, murmuring, “My name is Maeve Enari. Am I speaking to the man of the household?”

The boy’s face held a stingy, yet not at all rude, look, replying, “No. I’m Sadiki. Just Sadiki.” He lifted his hand shook hers.

“You are not the man of the household, Sadiki? Surely you jest. You seem ready to protect any resident of this boat like a proud man,” she said, shaking happily. “And what a fine handshake! Are you sure you are not mistaken...?”

Sadiki’s face immediately turned to a dark crimson, still blushing hard as an old man clasped his shoulder and stared curiously at the woman and child.

“Ah Maeve,” the old man chirped, laughing happily, “so glad you could make it!”

“Hello Yazid,” Maeve said warmly, shaking hands with the grandfather as he took her suitcases. “I see that you have some new members of your family.” Once again she smiled at Sadiki, causing a similar reaction to him as before.

Yazid laughed. “Ah yes, I remember the days when ‘twas only Adio and I... But, jus’ like he wished for on his 13th birthday--it was only a few days before, if mind serves me right--our family grew. You should see the other children of my family now.” He patted Sadiki’s head with a fatherly touch. “And I see that

the child is doing well... Dear, I heard about what happen... Cruel, cruel world, strange how life can be... Do you care to come in? Come, come, set the child down on the chair, we have much to speak of..."

The old man ushered Maeve in as he closed the door behind her. As the woman turned and set the child down, Yazid asked, "Sadiki, do you mind staying with the girl for awhile? The boys won't be back until later..."

Sadiki nodded frigidly as Yazid and Maeve walked out of the comfy room, laughter leaving its footsteps behind them.

Turning towards Aura, he stared with the same look at her as he did to Maeve. "Who is she?" he muttered, pouting as he took a blanket from a nearby chest and draped it over the girl. As she continued to sleep silently, Sadiki flopped down on the floor and glared at Aura, as if he was pressing her to awaken.

It worked, seemingly, when he saw Aura open her eyes wearily, showing the brilliance of her own grassy colored eyes. She wasn't at all startled when she saw him; she just accepted his presence. Although it was not the same with Sadiki.

"Who are you?" he sneered. Aura said nothing as she wrapped her blanket around her closer. Sadiki sighed in annoyance. "Fine. I'll start. I'm Sadiki, nine years old. You?"

Aura cringed deeper into the folds of her blanket as she held up seven fingers in response.

"Seven, eh? Thought so," Sadiki said smugly, feeling more superior to her because of the age difference. When she didn't say anything else, he lifted an eyebrow and continued, "Why are you so quiet? Scared, are you?"

Aura, although her gestures seemed fear based, still peered curiously to Sadiki, her cheeks showing a few shades of red.

Sadiki frowned at her. "You're weird," he said, arching his head higher to look through the small window above him. "Oooh! Adio's here! I hope he brought some dates." The boy smacked his lips and raced out the door, leaving Aura alone.

The girl blinked, not sure what just happened. Then, with a small shutter and fluttering of the eyes, she fell to sleep once more, quiet.

To be continued...

What Sadiki meant by 'dates' wasn't actually dates. He meant this certain food in Egypt. These characters were originally fan fiction characters, but later on I found that they were developed enough to star in their own story. All the names here are real names, the Egyptian, the Irish, the Japanese... And I'm going to try to keep true to the nature of the different cultures that will appear in this story later on.

Hope you enjoyed the chapter. Comments and opinions welcome. :D

2 - Prologue, Part Two

Balance

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Chapter Two: Prologue, Part Two

Sadiki stared in slight awe and anticipation as he saw the other household resident, Adio, chop up the dates as a huge stainless steel pot began to boil under the resonating heat. Quietly, as his older friend turned his back to pour the chopped food in, Sadiki reached in the basket of fruits and vegetables to pluck a single date, his face twisted in concentration of making absolutely no sound.

Adio slapped Sadiki's hand away as the nine year old howled in pain. Adio grinned boyishly and waggled his finger like a dog's tail, saying, "No no, Sadiki, you'd be having none o' that. These things aren't for free, ya know..." He rubbed the boy's hair like he was making a peace treaty with him, quickly going back to work on preparing dinner.

His eyes peered sourly at his failure, folding his arms into a crisscross position as he waited for the strangely strong Adio. When the thirteen year old finally turned back to him, rubbing his hands, Sadiki asked, "Do you know who that woman was?"

Adio widened his gray eyes in friendly surprise. "Maybe," he answered playfully, taking care to fish out a small nibet of food from his small ponytail of black hair, rubbing the rest of his bald head as if in remorse for the occupants of the skull who were long since gone. But, as Sadiki knew too well, Adio was anything but remorseful. He grinned at Sadiki smugly.

"Why do you want to know?" At that point Sadiki looked at the wooden table, picking out a sliver of the wood.

"Just because," he mumbled, fingering the splinter. Adio smirked once more.

Taking a jug of goat milk and drinking in mouthfuls, Adio said suggestively, "Ms. Enari sure is nice, ain't she?"

Sadiki's face turned bright red. And, much to Sadiki's relief, the youngest of the boat's residents dashed into the room, her short black hair flying behind her. The four year old outstretched her arms as if moving a steering wheel, pressing her lips together to make a bright 'vroom' sound.

Adio pounced in front of her way and lunged for the girl. She giggled in high pitched laughter as she darted the other way, Sadiki hearing the jingle of keys from around her wrist, while Adio capturing the small girl in the same moment.

"Whada' doin' out here, now?" Adio growled happily, stomping to the other room and collapsing the

child onto the couch. From the impact the girl flew in the air for two seconds, then flopped back down on the couch, arching her head back in laughter, holding her ribs from spilling out. “Stole Yazid’s keys again, did ya Raziya?” he continued, taking the keys from her wrist.

“I wanna drive!” she cried, holding onto the keys with her two tiny fists, nothing compared to the massive hand around it now. Sadiki leaned against the door and noticed that the strange girl he spoke to before was still sleeping.

“Those aren’t car keys, Raziya,” Adio said calmly, taking the keys gently out of her hands and back to his pocket. “These are Yazid’s keys to the boat, remember? If you lose them again, he may get a little mad...” At that point Adio made his thumb slide across his neck in a killing sort of motion, the little girl gasping in played fright.

“You’re such a wuss to little kids,” Sadiki snorted, crossing his arms in a superior pose.

Adio took Raziya’s cheeks and wiggled them softly. “You’d be too if you actually noticed how cute they are,” he grinned. But for once Adio took his mind off of the current conversation and stared at the other girl, staring at him frighteningly. He blinked, crouched down, and continued, “Well, whose the little lass here? What’s your name, eh?”

The girl slid even further into the depths of her blanket.

“Don’t try, Adio,” Sadiki said in an annoyed voice, as Raziya plopped herself right in front of the girl, “she hasn’t said a word to me since she got here. She’s just scared.” Sadiki blew a raspberry at the girl as her green eyes peered curiously frightened look out of her blanket.

Adio ruffled the boy’s hair as he looked closer. “Now now, Sadiki, don’t be mean. She’s a guest, right?” He smiled kindly. “What’s your name?” Sadiki rolled his eyes at the gesture and walked back into the kitchen.

The girl stared blankly at him. As she tried to say her name to the slightly intimidating boy, she found that, once again, her words stopped at her throat. She trembled and gulped them down, feeling as insecure as before. And for some strange reason, her eyes started to well up.

“Aww! Girl has booboo?” Raziya asked worryingly, patting the top of the blanket. That only made her sink lower into the dark.

Adio smiled wryly and took Raziya in his arms, giving her a full seat of his arms. “Lets go, Razi; I think she wants to be alone.” With that said, Adio took full strides to the other direction, speaking to Raziya in a voice as sweet as caramel.

A sniffle appeared from out of the bundle, as movement in the cloth showed the girl switching to the other side. She was scared. She didn’t want to be here, with all these strangers. Her hands started to wrap the blanket closer to her, squeezing her eyes as tight as she can, trying to think about home. It wasn’t as hot in London either, and the people seemed a lot nicer and everything was familiar...

Remembering Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz, she tried to go back to London by wishing with every fiber in

her body. The only problem was that she couldn't tap her heels together, so that means she would never go home like that, right? Her eyes started to tear up again, until she felt a forceful nudge coming from her back.

She ignored the first nudge, until she felt the second, third, and fourth. At the fourth she turned her head and peeked out of the blanket, to see the same boy she met before.

Sadiki, his face a bit red, asked, "You like dates?" He held out a fistful of dark, round balls.

The little girl blinked. She remembered dates. Her mother used to tell her that when she was a little girl, she loved to eat them as a snack. She remembered how her mother would bring back a bag of dates every time she came back from her visit. She nodded slowly.

"You want some then?" Sadiki asked. He didn't wait for an answer, as he nudged the blanket off of her face and forced it into her mouth. Surprised, the girl chewed slowly, delighting herself at the wonderful, memorable tastes that flown through her throat. She gulped down the rest of the date as Sadiki plopped down to the floor against the couch. He looked up at her as she propped herself on her elbow. "Aren't you hot in there? Foreigners can't stand the heat..."

She nodded as she reached her hand out for another, with Sadiki regrettably handed over. As she chewed half of her second date, Sadiki asked, "So, are you going to tell me your name or what?" As she popped the second half of the date to her mouth, she parted her lips, and was surprised that the words weren't stuck at her throat as usual.

"Aura," she whispered, smiling shyly, "Aura Shields."

Sadiki wrinkled his nose at the words. "Aura Shields?" At that moment Ms. Enari and Yazid stepped into the room, chatting about her trip to Japan. Ms. Enari looked up and released herself from the conversation when Sadiki said the child's name; she didn't remember telling him who she was. "That's a weird name."

Aura smiled happily, her face flushed. "I like it." Ms. Enari widened her eyes at the sound of her voice. "Umm... Can I have another date?"

Sadiki snorted. "If you can get past Adio." The boy jumped up to his feet and walked towards the kitchen. He turned his head to look at her. "Well? You coming?"

Aura blushed once more. "Umm... Yeah!" She tossed away her blanket and scrambled to the boy, grasping his hand as he stomped past Ms. Enari and Yazid with a small "hello" to them and a red face. The moment the two children went through the door, Aura flashed a happy grin to her mistress.

Ms. Enari stared in awe at the sight as Yazid chuckled. "Lovely girl, she is," he murmured, turning toward Ms. Enari. "Now, she's mute, you say?"

The woman looked down and laughed. "She was," she replied, "but I believe that isn't the case anymore."

“Really? I wonder why...” Yazid said with a twinkle in his eyes, walking merrily into the kitchen as he heard roars and giggles erupting in the air.

The woman smiled, and laughed once more. “It’s a good day,” she said.

End of Prologue...

For some reason I didn’t really add much of Ms. Enari in there (heck, I didn’t even name most of the characters yet), but I decided to keep that off until the actual story begins. This prologue is kind of leading off of the original idea I have (considering there’s a whole history involving Ms. Enari and a certain someone), but I want to try and combine the ideas I have now. There’s a few hint in here to what’s Aura’s nationality, and I know this was kind of quick, but I wanted to get the story fast.

Thanks for reading.