

Before the poison of men there were three pure beings, they were the last of the gods that stayed on Earth. The first being was named Eleanor; she is what we called an older sibling keeping the other beings at bay. The second, Barack, he was cruel and unusual who always fought with the third, Sangster.

A great feud was fought killing Barack and Sangster, but the death of the second being wasn't taken easily. He left a curse to avenge his death; this curse would unleash hordes of evil at the end of the twenty million years. The eldest must find five heroes that inherit courage, faith, affection, loyalty, and selflessness. Those heroes must get the item of their opposite trait to end the curse that destined to destroy the world.

The eldest knew this could never been done since they all had to be from the same family and not once in the beings knowledge has this ever been done. She knew time was ticking away closing in on the death of the world and itself.

“And so it was told that the being never rested, never stopped to find the family who posses these children. It put up rewards for people who posses these talents, but every year there would always be fakes only for the reward and not the sake of the people. The being grew tired and weary; he grew a big temple from the Earth and he watched over this land waiting till the day of this Earth ended.” The bell rings marking the end of eighth period and the boring day. “Class, read pg. 322 in your English books then write a short summary about it, due Monday.”

We all groan at the assignment she gave us over the weekend.

I pick up my books shoving them into my bag and ran out the room to find my friend Marcus. Of course, I find him flirting with the ninth grade girls again.

“When are you going to stop messing with them, you know you don't have a shot at one of them.” I tell him in a sarcastic voice.

“Oh shut up, least I'm not like you, staring at Carey all the time; she has a boyfriend you know.” Marcus tells me while mimicking at the way I look at her.

I shove him in the lockers and make my way towards the doors before he could do any unnecessary harm. The cold winter wind sweeps across my face making me shiver. The loud conversations of people indicate the end of the day. I find my step-mother's car, a shiny sleek black Volvo parked in a parking spot. She opens the window yelling out, “Come on honey, got dad waiting at home for dinner”

I step into the car smelling the aroma of hot pizza, pepperoni, dancing around my nose.

“So, how was your day?” she asks me. She was in her smooth black working pants and top, she wore her brown hair, which was different than mine since mine was blonde, into a loop like design. Her lips were full red and the phone piece by her ear.

“Fine I guess, it wasn’t very interesting, more talking then yesterday.” I say reaching in for the pizza. She slaps my hand before I could get my hands on one.

The rest of the ride was quiet, besides her talking to her client, but it was quiet. We drove down our road; our land was behind the mountain so we receive a lot of rain making the rest of the ride sad and cold. The fog on the other hand danced up the trees, oak and birch, and around our car.

We pull up to a house that looked almost angelic since it was the only place out here that got the main focus of sunlight giving it a holy glow. The first floor had flowers blooming around the boundary; the windows shimmered like diamonds with red velvet curtains. The door was probably the best exterior feature about our house being a double door with a foggy crystal-like window.

The second floor was the same with a window foggy window over the door and the sight of the crystal chandelier shimmering from the light telling us that someone was home.

I open my door once the car stopped and I stretched while smelling the air. The moist moss-like smell gave me the feeling of home relieving my stress and refreshing my energy.

“Are you just going to stand there or help me with this door?” my mom asks me with exhaustion.

I dash towards the door turning the golden knob into my home. The chandelier shimmered even more once we entered and brightened the house. There were two sets of stairs on both left and right; the velvet rug runs on both stairs with golden trimmings. The door in the middle is the entry towards the dining hall and on the left is the ornate bathroom. On the right is the marble kitchen.

Maids with black and white trimmed clothes scurry towards my mom and I, they take off our jackets and gestures us at the newly lit dining room. Another takes the pizza to place it in the kitchen.

We both walk into the dining room and find my sister and father already prepped. My sister with her plump round face and brown curls just like mom and wore a pink dress with light

pink bow in her hair. On her left dad, with darkened eyes shows that he is working on one of his crazy inventions again and charred-like hair hiding his silver glasses.

Our family was probably the most weirdest and richest. My mother, the world's best Lawyer winning almost all her cases with ease. My father, a top notch inventor and government scientist kind of on the crazy side but that's what makes him special. Last of all my sister, she has a talent of her own, uniquely she has ways with people always charming them in and always gets anything she wants to help people.

We sit down and the maids bring out what was supposed to be the pizza, dressed in a green décor and a mini salad and soup at its side. The soup's aroma danced around the room giving off warmth and setting our stomachs at a rumble. The salad, as green and fresh looking as can be topped off with Spanish croutons, French shredded cheese, and boiled quail eggs.

After grace, we dig in to the food. The pizza was half gone before I could take a piece, its taste left the most heavenly bread taste to my mouth. The pepperoni was transformed with a thicker cut and had a mild peppery taste with a sweet meat combining with it.

This was all interrupted by the sound of the front bell. The maids scurry towards the door letting a man of an extremely old age, probably in his seventies because of his arched back, wrinkly face with dark baggy eyes and his dusty English jacket.

With his appearance both my mother and father stood up, they knew what was going on and my sister and I didn't. They gestured at us to go to our rooms while they talked about something.

I ran to the nearest vent to hear their conversation and noticed it was about me.

"Good day Mr. and Mrs. Evermore," the old man says in a parch voice.

*Evermore? Who?* I thought.

"The time has come, that boy of yours is the key to a curse of this old world." He continues.

"How do you know about us, only a handful of people know about us after we adopted we changed names, you aren't making any sense our boy is not a key of any sort," my mom says in a defensive tone.

"Along time ago..." he continues on about me almost like the story and how I was the one of the five traits to save Earth from an ancient curse. He continues that I was one of the five

that were separated after the death of my true mom. We were separated at birth and never saw each other.

At the sound of that I burst into tears; this wasn't my true family, I had other siblings. Questions rambled through my head making my head pound. Pulses of memories long forgotten flash before my eyes.

The memory of my siblings being torn away from me, my mother with her beautiful golden hair shimmered in the moon light. Her last dying breath and her disappearing smile vanishing along with the light in her eyes.

How long have they kept this from me? They knew I would know sooner, but why. Sorrow washes over me like a thick blanket and darkness engulfs me making me fall motionless.

I am woken by vigorous shaking that rumbles every part of my body. I find myself in another room, older then that man that visited. There were others with me, same size, color hair. *Could they be? No.*

I got off the cold hard floor and quietly tipped toed over the other bodies. They were motionless and knocked out. Probably were taken here for the same thing, but you can't jump to conclusions. The same man that woke me wakes the others in the same manners, as I take a closer look this man is past old age and into a sort of mummy skinned person. His hair is gone with sagging eyes almost closed at a distance. His hands strong but very much shriveled up like dried grapes. He is covered in a scruffy dark brown robe with a worn out rope tied around his waist.

The others wake up experiencing the same emotion in their face of uncertainty and disorder. None of them spoke as we were lead out of the stone room into a columned hall that stretched into a bright garden.

The middle stood an antique marble fountain with carvings of what resembling of a human. It was very precise since I could see every little detail ranging from tiny flowers to wisps of clouds. In the middle of the fountain stood a smaller version of the fountain and three more to fallow with different designs.

The grass was so green that it looked like no one touched it for years. On either side laid a rock like patterns giving the atmosphere a calm and therapeutic feeling.

We follow the man out into an opening with a single marble bench with a man enjoying aromatic tea. It tickled my ears closing all my other senses and I haven't noticed I ran into the others. The man on the bench laughs angel-like and gestures to the old man to leave.

The man stands up and introduces himself or should I say her.

"I am Eleanor, I am sorry for this short notice and shock of truth but you are summoned here to save the world and everyone in it." She says in an angelic voice, "I have searched far and wide to find you five; you are the Earth's and my saviors. You are the key to end this curse," she points to me and says courage, then to the boy next to me saying faith. Then the girl: affection, then the next girl, loyalty and the last boy selflessness.

The girl of affection starts crying and the girl next to her starts to comfort her. The room's mood changed from shock to sadness to joy in mere seconds as Eleanor hummed a few words. We began to talk and laugh about our lives and our past. What we remember kept us together alive.

The brawny golden haired boy with a fatigued face and worn out clothes indicated that he lived a poor life but was still faithful. His name was James; I felt bad for him for he had daily whippings at his old house, they would only feed them supper and work him and others to death. But James had faith that someday he would be free of this life and be destined to be more important.

The girl of affection had a sort of darker yellow and shy face which showed that she was a loving and caring person. Her eyes were all swelled up due to her crying earlier and her voice was cracking, but, she managed to say her name; Sarah.

The next girl who was loyal dyed her hair; it was brown with some gold strands. She had a welcoming smile but it also had some hidden things in it that she wouldn't tell. She talked about her other parents and how they were nice. Somewhere in there I heard her say her name was Lori.

I let James take over while I try to find the other boy. I found him on the same bench Eleanor was sitting in and was feeding animals of all sorts. As I walked in I managed to startle a few starting a chain with the others.

"Well hello?" he says in a warm voice.

I hesitated a second to study him. He wore a bright jacket that was covered in food that he was feeding. His hair was in a crazy-like state with tips of brown. His smile was very inviting like you want to be his friend automatically.

“My name is Jonathan, but you can call me Jace,” he says warmly.

“Alec, my name is Alec,” I reply.

“Nice to meet you Alec, but, I don’t think we could start a conversation out her. It seems that we are being called,” he says kindly as he points to the others going in the temple-like place.

We both stand and walk toward the entrance. It was an awkward moment when you want to talk but you don’t have enough time.

We make it with the others into a greatly lighted room filled with a large table. The contents on it steamed with a wavy aroma. My mouth watered as I saw and smelled a lightly browned swine with a golden cover, its smell tingled in my nose; a honey like smell dashed with a lemony bite with a sensation that drives you wild. Just as good as the pig, the other foods were deliciously good too. There were potatoes, lamb racks, honey buns, bowls of brightly colored fruits and an assortment of meats and cheeses on round silver plates.

Eleanor walks from behind us warmly smiling at our bedazzled eyes. She gestures towards the table telling us to enjoy ourselves. The first to go was James; he took platefuls of food and found the steps by a column comfortable. We follow him filling our plates and finding a comfy spot on our own.

The pig was just as good as it smelled; it was like butter in my mouth melting in every inch of my tongue. The warm skin crunched at every bite I took, leaving a lemon honey taste in my mouth, it didn’t dry out my mouth like other meats did, and this was juicy and succulent.

After two or three more plates Eleanor told us to follow her into a room. It was dimmer than the others with an emerald silk futon. Sarah sat on one with curiosity and we followed her. Some tried to get comfortable while some were falling down clumsily.

An old man walks in with steaming tea of an aroma of minty honeysuckle, he hands us each a cup. I take a sip but burn my mouth in which it leaves a minty aftertaste.

Eleanor walks in with a book with worn out leather cover; it looked like it had a leaf-like cover before it was fixed. The dust scatters as she opens the book leaving a glitter like appearance in her hair. She began to read the text with a chiming sadness.

“So it was told that the great being Barack, had always been envied his brother Sangster. He was the most talented in the family, he would win all the glory and fame for the family and Barack would just disgrace his parents. His hatred grew to ruthlessness and abhorrence towards his brother. Their eldest sister was tricked and fell into a great slumber, what she didn’t know was that she was the only one that held a great war at bay.

Barack took advantage of her sister’s disappearance and waged war towards his brother. It took decades before the war has cease and the world was almost completely submerged in water. A great storm took out the army and left Barack and Sangster to a battle of death. They caused great mountains to climb, and exploding which destroyed many cities. Victory was to Sangster but died after being poisoned done by his brother.

The eldest woke from her slumber only to find the world in chaos; she mended everything but got nothing in return only the vengeful curse from her brother Barack. ‘Sister, you have left us to die; now we are nothing. Due to your lack of your love and care we have died, so tis’ you that must suffer as much as we have. ‘Finem saeculi erit in tenebris et in cinere.’”

She starts to sob at the words not finishing the story.

“Sorry little one, in simple, Barack has put a curse on the land and that will be fulfilled soon, with your help you can find the ancient items of your opposite trait to end this and live a life with peace just like I did. ‘I don’t want to hold you were you stand, but if you do choose a different path may you remember that this isn’t your burden to hold. Live your life for as long as you can before this land is soon dispersed into flames with everything in it.’”

She stands and lays the book on the mat where she sat. She gracefully leaves the room telling one of the old men to guide us back into another room to sleep.

We slip in the straw beds and the room grows quiet. I know that I would do anything to save this world and my siblings. I start to think about possible outcomes and how this will end and what will happen if we chose wrong.

I sit up and look around and found everyone asleep. I took the advantage and walk out to the garden, the warm air is enough to not freeze to death. The fountain is also warm with the glittering golden angelic fishes. I stroke one of them and it feels like the smoothest fabric. They swim from my finger and I stand up and walk towards the bench.

I sit on it and found myself in peace; with a starry night out and a lit moon. The place has a sort of calm feeling, making me drowsy. I lay on my back and see flutters of bats in the sky.

I stare into the moon one last time trying to fight the droopiness of my eyes shutting the outside world. Again a thin blanket washes over me, its heavy weight presses down on my eyelids forcing them to close.

Dreams start to explode in my head; the scenic garden is one of them and lulls me deeper into sleep. Then my view of the future enters my head, my brothers and sisters covered in black fire scorching their skin into blackness. Their screams escape from their mouths and ripple the image, a fog shaped like them blaming me for their deaths. They blame me for their losses, pain and suffering. I am suddenly chained and the fog attacks me and forces itself through me.

The image is ripped even more leaving only a smoky outline of them. I speak and it disappears into an endless void of dark.

TO BE CONTINUED...