

## The Goodness of Evil

### CHAPTER ONE

There are many different kinds of people out there. There are the kind of people who do good things for others in a totally selfless manner, wanting nothing more than to be at service. Then, there are the manipulative ones who do good things for others, yet at an angle to get what they want.

Of course, don't be too quick to judge. You never know if someone is working at an angle. Their intentions could very well be totally pure. That's the thing about people. You never can tell.

In a small town called Ivory, off the coast of what is now Florida, a place that tastes of sea salt in the air, there lived a boy named Darenakis (duh-ren-ah-kiss). Darenakis lived there before you could see the seasons change, their vibrant colors adorning the world, and before the sound of horses being ridden down the wooden roads could reach your ears. Near Ivory, was another town called Ebony. It's malicious wickedness wafted from it, and icy coldness shivered up your spine if you dare touch any of the heartless souls there.

Ebony was the "bad" town. In a world of good against evil, Ebony and Ivory are prime examples. Ebony, full of hatred, and all things terrible, was the exact opposite of Ivory. Ivory, even its name is lovely and fresh; green grass, porch swings, and laughing children was the day to day lifestyle of Ivory.

Ebony was a dark town. The sun must know of its evil, because it doesn't shine quite as bright there. There were dark alleys, boarded up windows, and litter. In the town of Ebony there lived a girl named Merria. She was a tough girl, who didn't have a very evident heart. She did things for herself. Helping others just wasn't she enjoyed doing. Most people in Ebony's menacing town lived this way.

### CHAPTER TWO

One warm, beautiful, spring day, Darenakis decided to go outside and play. His mother warned him not to too far, and to never venture into Ebony. Darenakis only nodded.

He ran around and played for a while, but soon grew bored. None of his friends were around. He had nothing to do, whatsoever.

He stared at the Ivory city limit. There was Ebony, just a little ways away. It looked new and exciting. Darenakis was dying to check out Ebony. He was curious, just like any twelve year old boy.

“It’s so close.” He whispered to himself, longingly, “Mother would never know! No, she told me not to go to Ebony. ‘It’s a dangerous place’ she told me. But full of excitement!” He decided. Darenakis was convinced!

He glanced over his shoulder to make sure his mother wasn’t watching. She wasn’t. He quietly and quickly hurried towards Ebony. Darenakis could almost hear whispering voices calling his name, beckoning him to the forbidden city.

### CHAPTER THREE

Merria sat on the curb in front of her house. Her dark almost black hair hung in front of her face. Tears fell from her eyes. No one looked twice at her as they passed by. Why should they? They had their own lives to worry and fret about. Who should care about beautiful, weeping girl?

Merria stood up, and glanced around her street. She lived in a small, rundown apartment building. The building next door had burned up in a fire years ago, and all that remained were some weeds, bricks, and charred wood. It was a depressing sight. People passed by. They scowled, shouted, and swore. Merria wondered if the rest of the world was like this, or just Ebony.

Merria screamed. No one even turned their heads. No one cared. Merria felt trapped in this loathsome place forever. Was there any way out? Was there freedom past Ebony? No one ever told her of life outside the stony walls. Merria didn’t even know if there was anyone else in the world. She felt totally clueless.

### CHAPTER FOUR

Darenakis ran through the city limit, then stopped dead in his steps. This town was so drear. It was dark, rain clouds covered the sky. Everything seemed to be painted black. Darenakis kicked a forgotten apple core. It was not an inviting place at all.

Darenakis walked slowly and carefully down the streets, being cautious not to get in anyone’s way. He turned down a road called Hated Raven. He was puzzled by the street sign. Who named a road Hated Raven? It didn’t make sense.

Darenakis rounded a corner, and saw her. The most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She had long hair, and piercing purple eyes. From her eyes fell big, glassy tears. It looked like silvery rain cascading from the sky. He hurried over to her, thoroughly concerned.

“Are you okay?” Darenakis asked the girl.

“Why should you care? Why should anyone-“ Merria stopped mid-sentence. This boy was different. He had kindness in his eyes. He smiled gently. Merria had never seen anyone smile before. His smile was wonderful. She wanted to look kind and comforting like him. She slowly and shyly mimicked his lovely smile. It felt strange and new. But, it felt amazing. She loved the way she felt when she smiled. It was a joyful, and happy feeling.

“What is your name?” Merria murmured to the boy.

“I’m Darenakis, what’s your name?” Darenakis answered.

“Merria. You aren’t from here, are you?” She questioned.

“No, I’m from Ivory, the town near here.” He replied.

“I’ve never been outside of Ebony. Is it nice... in Ivory?” Merria wondered.

“Very nice. I love it. It’s so beautiful. You should visit.” Darenakis suggested.

“Well, I guess I could.” Merria answered uncertainly, and off they went. Darenakis lead Merria to the gate between Ebony and Ivory. They stepped through, and Merria stopped. Ivory was gorgeous. Flowers grew everywhere. Trees had wooden swings hanging from them houses were painted a crisp white. It was the prettiest place ever. The sweet smell of grass floated through Merria’s nostrils.

“This place. It’s so wonderful!” Merria gushed.

“Isn’t it?” Darenakis agreed, sighing contentedly as birds chirped. “Let’s go see Mrs. Wicker. She’s my neighbor, a kind hearted old woman. You’ll love her!” Darenakis gestured for Merria to follow him. She did, slowly, still entranced by Ivory’s magnificence.

Darenakis softly tapped on the door of the small yet airy house next to his own home. Mrs. Wicker opened the door. She had snow-colored hair, and glistening blue eyes. Her smile was warm, and inviting.

## CHAPTER FIVE

“Hello Darenakis! Who’s your friend?” Mrs. Wicker greeted them.

“This is Merria. I met her when I went to Ebony. Please don’t tell my mother that I went, though!” Darenakis begged.

“Well hello Merria, my you’re a pretty creature, aren’t you? Do come in.” Mrs. Wickers opened the door for them.

“Children, I am getting old, and cannot do the things I used to be capable of. Would you two please run a couple errands for me?” Mrs. Wickers asked.

"I don't mind. I would love to." Merria said softly.

"Me too." Added Darenakis.

"Oh, thank you! Merria, if you could run to the store and buy me some sugar please, that would be splendid. Darenakis, you can feed the chickens in the coup outside, I would be so happy!"

"Sure thing, Mrs. Wickers." Darenakis answered with a sly smile. Whenever Mrs. Wickers asked him to do a favor, she always rewarded him with a cookie.

"Alright." Merria said sincerely. She'd never helped anyone before, and truly wished to fulfill the sweet old lady's request. Mrs. Wickers handed her some money, and she walked to the nearby store, and purchased the sugar.

Darenakis took the bucket of food to the chicken coup, and fed the chickens speedily. When he was done, he rushed back to the house. Mrs. Wickers wasn't standing in her kitchen like he expected. Her living room was vacant. He hurried upstairs, calling her name.

Merria came back to Mrs. Wickers house, carefully clutching the sugar. She felt good about helping Mrs. Wickers. It was a unfamiliar feeling, but she enjoyed it immensely.

"Darenakis? Mrs. Wickers?" She called when she entered the house. It seemed empty.

"Merria! Come quick!" Darenakis shouted from upstairs. Merria could hear the sheer terror in his voice. It was same thing same thing she had felt, when she had found out her father had died, four years ago. Without a moment of hesitation, Merria raced upstairs. There, in the hallway at the top of the stairs, lay Mrs. Wickers. She lay motionless, and automatically, Merria knew something was wrong.

"What happened?" She asked, fearful of the answer.

"I'm not sure, she was like this when I came in." Darenakis replied.

"Get your mother. Now." Merria ordered. Darenakis rushed off. She bent next to the old lady, and felt her pulse. It was dim and almost unrecognizable, but it was there. Merria wetted a cloth in the basin in the womans room, and patted Mrs. Wickers forehead. She couldn't hear the womans breathing at all, so she instinctively blew air into the victim's mouth, hoping and praying. Her heart beat wildly, and all she could think was 'I must help Mrs. Wickers. I must!'

Less than a minute later, Darenakis returned with his mother and father. His mother gasped. His father lifted Mrs. Wickers, and carried her next door to the where a doctor lived. Darenakis and Merria waited outside, full of worry. An hour later, Darenakis's father came out, and told them the news.

"She's okay, thanks to Merria. If you hadn't given her air, she wouldn't have survived. You are a true hero, young lady!" He congratulated her.

Merria had never been a hero before, she'd never done a single thing for someone else. She smiled really big.

“Thank you, but, I need to be getting home.” Merria said softly.

“Well, good-bye, thank you again.” Darenakis’s father said, then reentered the doctor’s house.

“Bye Merria, it was nice meeting you, come again?” Darenakis asked hopefully.

“I promise.” She swore. Before she walked away, she leaned in, and gently kissed Darenakis’s cheek, then ran away, embarrassed.

Ebony may be a nasty town still, but there is one thing that all the hate on Earth cannot dim. True love and care for someone. A good deed is a beautiful gift, and is impossible not to shine through all darkness. No matter what bad things you do, you can always make a life better with a good deed.