

Forgotten Days By Judy L.

Thirteen years ago, I was orphaned.

Thirteen years ago, I lost everyone I knew.

Thirteen years ago, my childhood was demolished.

Thirteen years ago, I- AGH!

I was so distracted by my thoughts and my assignment in this city, I ran into someone, knocking both of us off of our feet. A yelp escaped the lips of the person I ran into, unmistakably a female around my age. Picking myself up, I began to analyze my situation. She didn't seem suspicious... at least for the moment.

So, why was I so self-conscious? Well, the world is constructed of impure and somewhat pure people- nobody is perfect. Those impure people are created of 'bad' Yin energy, everyone else is a reincarnation of Yang energy. You know, with Yin and Yang? In other words, we've been in a war with each other for eight thousand years.

At that time, the greatest purity on earth had prophesied that two would put an end to this war. She didn't specify anything about them except the fact that they are to be in this era, but we managed to survive this far. We've evolved to make ourselves so strong, we have a group called the Eight Guardians- the eight strongest purities who have pretty insane powers. I'm one of them.

I could sense something strange from this girl, as she also held eyes as crimson as blood. I could feel an immense amount of power surging from her, causing me to grow self-conscious. She was definitely the person I was searching for, and I found her on a silver platter, in my wretched hometown. She was the purpose as to why I was alive.

I guess you should hear more about my history to understand.

I was only five when the tragedy struck, but the memories were scorched permanently in my mind and around my neck. It was so important, I still wear this scarf thirteen years later. Nothing was out of the ordinary that day-- the sun was shining, the birds were twittering, and the breeze was calm.

However, when the impure arrived, the wind instantly sharpened, piercing my skin. My father took me into his arms, rushing me inside of the house. I shrieked as one of those psychotic men came sprinting towards us, banging his body against the door as my mother shut the door and fiddled with the locks.

"GET HIM TO SAFETY!" She cried to my father as the glass shattered, laughter and screams ringing in my ears once the transparent matter was reduced to smithereens. Everything began to run in slow motion from that point forward.

My father seemed to have protested, but I couldn't tell due to all of the chaos. My small and chubby fingers gripped his shoulder as wet tears streamed down my cheeks. I was probably just shaken up by the noise due to my inability to understand, but if I were just a little older, I would have cried the cruelest tears of sadness.

A hand shot from outside, gripping my mother. I shut my eyes, unable to process anything happening around me. She screamed until her throat grew raw as my father turned away, salty drops of fluid forming around his eyes.

When I opened my eyes again, my father was swinging a closet door open. Within the clothes, he set my frail frame down, wrapping the soft piece of cloth around my neck.

“Stay here and stay quiet.” His deep voice was frantic as I reached out for his arms.

But what else could I do? I was a child who could understand anything but everything, I didn't know that he was trying to protect me from those horrid people. “When are you coming back? Where's momma?”

“Daddy's coming back soon. Stay here.” He shut the door, leaving me to curl up into a ball and stare at the door. He didn't even answer my last question.

I silently cried until I just couldn't cry anymore. I was deep inside of the house, yet I could still hear the cries and the cackles of everyone around me.

Maybe an hour into this endeavour, I could hear someone approaching my little corner in the closet. “I can smell one... The Yin half of the two...” The voice was raspy and sounded like a thousand snakes in one spot. It terrified me, causing me to push back into the corner as much as I could.

The being opened the door, therefore locating me among the clothes. “There you are...” His simper burned into my mind as he reached out towards me with his abnormally long arms.

I closed my eyes, awaiting my death.

It never came.

I could hear more voices, this time, they were the voices of ordinary people. Their words were slurred, but when my eyes fluttered open again, I could see a group of people. The impurity was nowhere to be seen. “Shh, he's nervous.”

“But sir... Isn't he the-”

“Yes, this child has a pure heart, but he's made completely of Yin energy... Most of all... He's the first of the prophesied two.”

My thoughts were flooded back into reality once the younger female began to speak. “Why are you here? It’s dangerous inside!” Her voice was high-pitched with youth, but it would be soothing in the right occasion.

“I can ask you the same thing,” I replied in my normal icy tone. This caused her to raise her eyebrow at how bold I was as to not listening to her.

“Alright then, if that’s how you roll. Who are you?”

Inhaling, I didn’t dare to stray my eyes away from her stern gaze. Ugh, I didn’t know what was coming my way now. “My name is Hideaki, the fourth strongest of the Eight Guardians...” I forced myself to choke my final words out. “And now your partner.”

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