

Through The Woods

by Kimberly F.

*"Dare!" Kaitlyn Marnier,
giggled-whispered twirling her long
white-blonde hair around a pale translucent*

skin, the flashlight Cherrisse was holding made Kait's skin look a blue only described as fairy blue. Kait was fifteen, a sophomore in high school; her green eyes were eerie, pale yet intense. She had pointy ears that she had a habit of pulling on when unsure. "Go into the woods, stay there for two hours. Fifty bucks says your chicken," Payton said waving the money in Kait's face.

Fifty feet into the woods she heard a

noise, what sounded like an animal's deep, guttural growl.

She ran. Being on the track team, cheer squad, and dance team had made her fast.

Gnarled twigs whipped at her face tearing at her, stumps and tree roots tripping her, still she ran. Soon she came to a clearing, at the other end stood what looked like a horse. No, it has a horn. Horses don't have... No! It can't be! A unicorn, silvery

white mane and tail paired with the muscles
apparent under its silvered flanks. She heard
music, then, the world went black.

“This one is deep, gonna need stitches.
Should we give her an anesthetic?” a sweet
voice, no, a purr, said. Kaitlyn’s eyes
opened slowly. Before her stood a tall
woman that looked alot like herself. The
only exception was her blue eyes.

"Where am I?" Kait said breathily.

*"Oh, you're awake! I am, your, err
mother...? Karly, Queen Karly. Now
darlin' you go ahead and get your beauty
rest, you've been through quite an ordeal."*

She woke several hours later,

*"Katarina, you need to tell her what
happened, she needs to know she has a
right." a voice said.*

"Mother no, you always DID like her

better. Just because I hired an assassin...”

*“When she wakes up you will tell her.
Do you understand me?”*

*Late in the night a figure entered Kait's
room, shrouded in darkness (and a black
gown) she snuck towards Kaitlyn,
inserting a short, Handelless knife into her
side.*

*Her body lay still and lifeless before
her. Once again I do not belong, she*

thought.