

Blake & Maggee

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Chapter 1: Dynamic Duo

Blake sits under a tree in a rural village with a switch blade in there hand. As Maggee approaches the strange figure she notices that there is blood on the ground. Out of concern she quickens her pace only to find that the blood came from the person repeatedly cutting there own throughout open. They have an absent minded look in there eye as they repeatedly bring the blade up to there neck and with a quick motion they spray the already soaked ground with a spurt of blood before the gash in there neck is quickly healed with the cycle starting anew.

Maggee Is filled with two emotions: relief, because no one is in danger, and revulsion for what she is seeing. She would normally be able to keep from vomiting, she had seen far worse helping her father care for animals as the local vet. But yesterday was her 21st birthday and now she knew what a hangover felt like.

Upon hearing someone empty there stomach Blake looked up to see Maggee on all fours, holding her hair up, and heaving her breakfast onto the ground. They opened there mouth and said, in a surprisingly smooth androgynous voice, "Ma'am are you all right? Do you need me to call someone to help you?"

Maggee composed herself quickly; as she went to stand she wobbled but only a little. She asked "Who are you? And why were you ... doing what you were doing?"

The Blake looked confused at first, but as Maggee pointed to the puddle of blood a look of understanding crossed Blake's face. "Passing the time. Not much to do around here. My name is Blake." Said Blake taking a step forward and extending a handshake to Maggee.

Maggee started to extended a hand saying "And I am Maggee." Before taking a step back and exclaiming "We all have to pass the time; but that is no reason to mutilate yourself!" At this point it was almost noon and Maggee had decided that she had had enough of today. She began walking back to her house to back to sleep and maybe wakeup in a world that made a bit more sense.

"Nice to meet you Maggee!" Blake called after her still not understanding why Maggee was acting so strangely.

Chapter 2: Maggee

Maggee made sure she walked away quickly. She had one goal, one vary simple goal: To go back to bed as soon as humanly possible.

No one stopped her from going to bed at high noon. Everyone else in the house was older than her and knew what a hangover felt like. Her father sitting at the table looked up from the Sunday paper as she walked through the room and said in his usual gravelly voice "Make sure to drink watter."

As she passed through the kitchen her mother said in a soft voice "Hope you feel better." As she left the room her brother finished taking something out of the oven and said "Good luck dumbass." While she walked up the stairs she could hear the back of his head getting slapped and she winced remembering the times her own skull had made that same noise.

She closed her bedroom door, making sure it didn't slam (her fathers pet peeve). She downed half of the glass left by her bed by someone, climbed into bed and was unconscious in record time.

Sadly dreamland made less sense than the world she had just left. Her dreams were filled with Blake sometimes they had the body of a man, sometimes that of a woman. Sometimes the setting was a bar. Sometimes it was rolling hills of green. Sometimes there was a bed with rose petals and other things good Cristian girls from Ohio were not supposed to know about. Sometimes there would be multiples of these dreams happening at the same time. And of course the cherry on top of these strange dreams was that when she woke up at around one in the morning she remembered it all.

This was unusual for Maggee who normally forgot her dreams within a few seconds after waking up, even when she tyred with all of her might. But these hangover induced collection of dreams were fresh in her mind. And they felt as vivid as if she had lived them. She remembered the strange conversation about deep sea fishing she had had with male Blake at a bar. She remembered the nice simple yellow dress that female Blake had worn while they lay peacefully on some grassy hills. And she of course remembered all of the embarrassing things done on bed with white sheets and rose petals with a male Blake AND a female Blake.

She sat on the floor of her room facing the corner rocking back and forth doing her best to forget the dreams. This behavior went on for some time until Maggee heard her stomach growl and realised her hunger.

As she left her room she made sure to make as little noise as possible. She paid a great deal of care as she went down the stairs to avoid the step 3rd from the bottom because that one always squeaked. Once in the kitchen she went about making herself a sandwich. As soon as she had eaten her fill she noticed that something was wrong.

The house was quiet. This was normal for midnight at her house. What was abnormal was the front door barely hanging off of its hinges in hall. Then as if on cue she heard the stairs creek. As she whipped around to look at what had made the noise she saw a bright white figure descend the stairs. It was 6ft tall had abnormally long arms. It also sported the head and tail of a crocodile. As Maggee scrambled as silently as she could to hide behind the kitchens half wall she neglected to notice the monsters large teeth and the blood on its clawed fingers. The huge monster sniffed the air and began approaching Maggee's hiding spot. She felt terrified, and assumed that this

was to be her end. The beast let out a deafening roar. But before she started making her final prayers a spear hurtled past her fast enough to blow her hair around pinning the strange monster to the wall at the neck. When she looked up to see who had thrown the spear she saw a shorter manlier version of Blake standing in the kitchen doorway.

Chapter 3: Blake♂/♀

Blake was a Luneborn, A race of tall androgynous immortals who could split into a male and female form. Luneborn look like tall humans until the age of 25 when they stop ageing. While split there regeneration powers are also split as is there consciousness, but they are still able to communicate with each other via telepathy.

Authors Note: Instead of saying “female Blake” or “male Blake” I will be using Blake♀ and Blake♂ respectfully. And I will be doing this for all Luneborn in the future.

Left confused by there interaction with Maggee, Blake waited for Maggee to leave. Once she was out of sight Blake looked around to make sure that they were alone. And with a simple waved of there hand the puddle of blood and the pile of vomit disappeared leaving no trace of what had transpired there.

Blake was lazy by nature but they had a job to do. Blake split into two there forms. Blake♂ then began to head to the north side of the town while Blake♀ headed to the south side of town.

Blake♂ took up a jog almost immediately, he had farther to go and wanted to get the butterfly’s out of his stomach. Once he reached the edge of the north side of town he stooped to catch his breath before taking in the town before him. The town he saw before him was ramshackle and beat up, but still chugging along. Most of the buildings were only one or two stories tall. But the clear centerpiece of the town was the church. All of the other buildings had clear ware on them, splintered boards, chipped paint, and few roofs that looked like they might cave in any day now. But the church was pristine. The white walls didn’t have a blemish on them.

While creepy It was probably unrelated to Blake♂’s mission so he ignored it for the time being and started looking for a store, any would do as he wasn’t looking to buy anything.