

Quentin Llamas
Michelle Donahue

Fiction Writing

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Dark Secrets in the Underground

“Hold still please. The treatment is nearly finished.”

In a room for one person, a light blue ball of light is the only source of illumination. On the shelves are lined up flowers prepared in an orderly fashioned. In the opposite corner of the room from the entrance is a bed with sheets as bright as the sun. On the table next to it lays a day’s worth of food that was only half eaten. Bottles of concoction, a bowl of water, and soap are placed close to the bed. An 18-year-old boy with glasses perched upon his face, giving his undivided attention to the one occupying the bed, a girl with a scar streaking down her face. Cleaning the wound, light magic, and applying medicine on the wound. This has been a normal process for six whole months. Even Myson working his best on the wound, the damage done would likely leave a scar on her daintily face.

Despite showing no reaction in her facial features, the girl responds. “....Ok.” was all she could muster in her soft voice.

1 year ago

In the underground, a white mage by the name of Myson, prepares to head up in the surface to participate in a number of assignments. Taking his knapsack of tomes and rations, a cloak to conceal his identity, and his silver dagger that shines in the darkness, he prepares to face yet another week of work for his society. Just as he is ready to walk out of the front door.

“Tanya, I’m heading out now. Do you need anything from me?”

Running at a light pace from the kitchen is a girl donning a simple white dress. In her hands holds a piece of bread with a spread of jelly. She holds it out towards her older brother with a look of anticipation.

“Myson wait.” The girl, whose name is Tanya, stands there thinking about what to say before continues to speak. “I made this for you. The jelly has apricot, your favorite.” The girl says in a meek tone.

Myson wasn’t hungry at the moment, but it would be rude not to accept something that is intended for him. Myson takes a bite out of the toast, only to be caught off guard by the taste of the fruit.

“Are you aware that this is made of peaches?”

“Wh-what!?” squeaks Tanya. Tanya was hoping to be praised by her only sibling, only to find herself being criticized for her accident. Criticism wasn’t something she could handle well, especially when it was from someone as talented as her brother. “I’m so sorry. Let me go back and then I’ll...” But before she could finish her statement and run off, Myson calls out to her to halt her escape.

“It’s fine. Peach is a fine flavor as well. My only intent was to make you more aware of everything around you. I didn’t mean to make you feel bad.” When it comes to expressing himself, Myson never hesitate to call out on other people’s mistakes, especially ones made by his allies during their experiments.

Tanya stands there holding her hands and looking at the ground as though feels the need to let something out. She's never confident about her own opinions. Normally it's just Tanya, her stoic brother, and their mother in their home. "Is there something you need to tell me? I don't want you to keep your thoughts to yourself if you don't want to."

She doesn't have that many friends around her own age. She does see them on occasion, but they would usually be pulled aside by their parents for something that she knows nothing about. For her entire life, she has heard stories about what is up on the surface. "The bright sun that feels great on our skin," "animals roaming through luscious forests," and more. Though she has also hears stories about the inhabitants above, the people that have stolen their actual home, or so Tanya has been told. Half of the time when she is being told these stories, Myson would move in between the conversation and give a stern look at the speaker before he takes Tanya's hand and walks off. She can't say for sure if these people on the surface are really bad or not. She's never been up there, but her brother goes up there on occasion to work on these "experiments." *"If anyone knows anything about what goes on in the surface, Myson must know."*

"Umm... I was just thinking. I've been down here forever and I've heard bad things about the surface world. Is it really as bad as everyone is making it out to be?"

Not missing a beat, Myson replies back. "You needn't worry about what everyone is saying. They're exaggerating. Up there, the people are no different to us and the rest of our people. They're just, less advanced."

"Yes, but it's just--"

“Tanya, listen.” Myson lowers himself to Tanya’s level. Myson is about six years older than Tanya. He is nearly twice as tall as her. Her big brother always has a serious look on his face, treating everyone he comes across with respect. It’s only natural to think that if you are patient with everyone, they will at least listen to you. “I appreciate that you want to more about the world, but I’m afraid that you are a little too young to worry about such things. We are trying to work with them in order to create a world where everyone can live together under the sun. The road to that dream is just...complicated.” Myson

“Oh, ok. I believe in you. You’ve always been so nice to me and mother. I hope everyone else out there realizes how caring you are.” Tanya says with an innocent smile.

Her intention was to make her big brother feel proud about how he helps everyone, but Myson looks away for a full second as though he remembered something troubling. The smile disappears from Tanya’s face, worrying that she has offended him in some way.

Realizing that they stood in silence for too long, Myson speaks up. “So, can I finish my toast, or would you still rather bring me apricot?”

Suddenly realizing how long they were standing there, Tanya remembers the toast that was still in her hands. “Eeep! Y-yes yes, take it! It’s yours!” Tanya extends the toast back to her brother immediately, or to be more precise, at his face.

Later in the week, Myson returned from the surface from his assignments. Finally returning to his home, he looked forward to enjoying his break. He would expect Tanya to greet him if she wasn’t sleeping for the night. Instead, he finds their mother standing outside the front door. Black hair shining with what little light there was. She wore a black tunic to shield herself from the cold. Despite that, she extended both of her hands to her exhausted son who deserves

love for his efforts towards a good future. “My dear sweet boy, it’s been so long since you were here. Dear Tanya grew restless without you and it was the cutest thing I have ever seen. Shall I go wake her up right now?” She moves forward to give her son a huge embrace, only for him to duck under her tackle, not wanting to engage in childish affection.

Achlys is her name. She is part of an attack force that goes up to the surface in order to engage in more face-to-face situations with the surface dwellers. “Hello mother. Let Tanya sleep. She needs to maintain a healthy sleeping schedule. Besides, she’ll see me tomorrow morning. Has anything happened while I was away?”

“How rude, don’t you care about what I feel? You don’t even try to say bye to me before you disappear for an entire week.”

It’s not my fault that you decide to be out of the house just as I’m about to leave for the surface. I think you can at least put in the effort to understand important matters that I NEED to attend to.”