INFINITE DEVASTATION (2011)

Chapter 1

“The assignment is due next week, class.” The teacher announced. The bell began ringing just as she finished her statement. The students scrambled out of their seats and poured into the hallways. “Taylor!” exclaimed the teacher.

“Yes Ms. Ingram?” I replied.

She gave me a firm look, “Don’t let this assignment be like the rest. All you have to do is write a story, of any kind, you got it?”

“Yeah”

“Good, now go to class, and please, don’t be late.”

I turn and walk out of the door. Immediately I notice no students in the halls. Normally it would be chaotic in the halls between classes. I turn to look around, the glass doors are broken, a warm wind is in the air outside is bright and sunny. The dark blue tile floor looks really scuffed. Most of the lockers are open, some are still locked. I was just now realizing the lights were off. Hearing the sound of foot steps from behind I run quickly toward them. All I see is the silhouette of a thin figure with long hair, slightly shorter than me. Then I realized that I’m in the spotlight of the skylights above me. I take a few steps back to keep from being easily seen. Now in the shadows I see that her skin is fairly pale in color. She continues towards me; she has obviously spotted me. My heart starts ponding. Am I seeing things? Am I dreaming? I blink and just like suddenly she’s gone. I step back into the light to make sure she wasn’t behind me without me knowing it. I make a slight glance to my right and the to my left. I gasp loudly, because she was standing right next to me. She has long silky bright red hair held up with a white ribbon, wearing a dress with purple flowers.

Her pale skin is extremely smooth looking.

“Shh, don’t be afraid,” she whispers. “I have an offer to make.”

I was about to scream, but she put a finger up to my lips to silence me. I notice a fresh cut on her palm, blood dripping on the floor. She doesn’t even seem to know it is cur. “you’re bleeding.” I mutter. She looks at her palm and with the other hand she unties the ribbon. Handing it to me she starts wrapping it urging me to hold it in place

After it is ties off the says, “thank you” with a gentle smile, her voice is soft and smooth. Without realizing I look at my hand. It is covered in her blood. The cut must have been deeper than I thought. In disgust I wipe it on my jeans.

“You’re a part of it now, by getting my blood on you.”

“What are you even talking about?”

“I’m cursed to live in this surreal world, you on the other hand can move between worlds now, we are bound by blood.”

“I think you’re crazy.”

“Look at your palm.”

I look at my palm for a few moments, then back at her. “Okay let’s say you story is true, what then?

“You will have to help me get back into the real world.”

“How?” I asked puzzled

“I’m not sure.”

Frustrated I sit up against the wall and start to cry.

“There is no need to cry” she says putting her hand on my shoulder. She looks toward the dark, then back at me. My face is in my knees and my arms are crossed over them.

“Here.” she says laying something down beside me. “Hold onto this and call for me if you need to talk, my name is Lela.”

I hear the bell ring and I look up, she’s gone. I look around just as the last few students go into their classrooms. Everything is the way it should be. I look to my side to see what was lain beside me. It is a copper chain necklace with a clear glass ring (so it seemed) looped on it. I pick them up and put them in my pocket. Then I look at my hand to see if it is really stained or not. There is still a faint stain but I’m sure it will come off. Puzzled about the whole situation of what happened I head to class, so much for not being late.

Chapter 2

I get up and go to my locker to exchange books, Ms. Ingram spots me on the way there.

“Taylor! What did I tell you? What class are you going to right now?”

“I’m teacher air this hour.”

“Good, I want you to go to my room and get started on that story.”

In a mumble, “Yes ma’am”

I go to her room and sit closest to her desk. I take out a paper and a pencil and start writing down the ‘vision’ I just had.

About an hour later I have written everything down that I can recall.

When I’m finished, I show her. “Now I want you to do this every day until we turn them in, understand?”

I reluctantly nod my head.

“Good now go to class.”

The last class of the day, Algebra. I hear my name being called again, “Taylor, guess what!” it said.

I turn to see my friend, Pony, “What’s up?”

“Nutin much” holding up an Algebra test that she had clearly passed, I remember helping her study for if a few nights ago. “Awesome.” I say with a smile and thumbs up.

“Thank you for helping me study.” She says.

“No problem, I’m always happy to help a good friend.”

Ms. Ingram walks out of her classroom. “Taylor, get to class.” She scolds.

“I have to go, talk to you after school.” I tell Pony before I turn to9 leave. Sometimes I wish my locker wasn’t right next to her classroom. The bell rings just as I enter the classroom. I immediately see the substitute teacher; I don’t like him. He’s always telling us to be quiet, even when we’re not talking. I start walking over to my desk

”If you weren’t in your seat when the bell rang, you’re late.”

That means I haven’t been on time to any classes all day.

“I’m going to pass out test papers, when you hear you name, come up here and ger you paper, silently.” He tells up. “Alex, Anna, Ben, David…”

The four of them get up as quietly as possible and receive their papers from him and sit back down. I reach into my pocket and take out the chain and ring to better examine them. The copper chain appears to be a necklace but nothing more than that, but the ring is a bit stranger it looks shattered on the inside but perfectly smooth on the outside. I hold it up to the light to see how it refracts. Many refracted rainbows are reflecting through ius. I stare at it in awe for a few moments.

“Tammy, Taylor…”

I come out of my daze and stumble to the front, he gave me a look, then hands me my paper. I take a quick glance at it. It’s a 97, “sweetness.” I mutter. Back at my seat I realize he was still giving me a look of distaste. I ignore it by going back to the ring and chain. I cautiously but the chain around my neck and fasten the latch. Nothing. But the ring I’m still a bit uneasy about.

“Victor” he finishes.