

*If you wanna listen to her theme while reading-*  
[Black Heart](#)

*It never rained here. The sun had never shied away like this before.*

Everyone in Pandora stood in awe as thin wet droplets came cascading down from the heavens above, soft at first before drenching their fur. Well...almost everyone...From the valley below, a familiar face stared up into the sky with a knowing expression. It was time.

Anima's tower was packed with those trying to escape the ever growing storm on the outside, many of them frantically making sure their loved ones were accounted for. The chatter amongst everyone grew quiet when Anima finally arrived, sauntering down from his throne.

"Everyone, please. Calm."  
Everyone looked to him, they wanted answers. They were afraid something was happening.

"I do not know what this means, but let us not panic." He scanned the room before moving towards another cat-like figure. The chatter in the room once more picked up, as the ever-growing storm outside raged on.

"Hestor, this is unlike anything we've seen here. Is this Harvelle?"  
Anima would inquire with the chocolate tabby.

"I'm afraid not. This is..um..outside their ability as far as I know...You don't think...?"  
Hestor trailed off, watching as Anima's eyes slanted, trying to hide his worrying expression.

"Let us hope not, Hestor...Let us hope not."

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The last time in Pandora something strange and new happened, The Goddess of Destruction was born. Crawling to life from her mother phoenix's egg, she was an innocent addition at first. The darkness in her only grew over time. It was safe to say everyone hoped that this wasn't a similar incident.

With the winds picking up and the rain pouring heavier now, the sky darkened with an ominous haze. The booming of thunder could now be heard cascading down, followed by a thick bright light striking into the ground in the valley. And then suddenly...everything was quiet once more.

Harvey, the goddess of Nature, was the first at the scene, The valley being her home. Amidst the smoke forming around the impact site, a silhouette could be seen of a small, feline =-like creature. They struggled to stand up on their own, but once they did the smoke has dissipated. The atmosphere was as it once was, as if the rain had not just come pouring down. Everything was dry, there was no smoke...nothing. It was as if everything that had just happened was a dream.

The small creature looked towards Harvey, about a hundred feet away, before a searing pain knocked them out cold, their body falling to the ground.

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You awake to a gentle, rhythmic chiming in your ear. And as you stir you feel the soft silks around your body. You try to open your eyes and.....oh. They are open. You just cannot see anything...how odd. You swear you were seeing just fine before.

That's right.

The pink and green feline.

You saw her, just before you collapsed.

Or maybe it was all some vivid dream.

You move a bit too much, alerting the one watching over you.

"Finally awake huh?" a soft voice spoke, the soft melodic noise from before stopping.

"Where am I?"

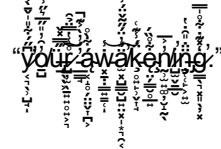
"Pandora, you had quite a nasty entrance, little one. Do you remember anything?"

"...No...Maybe. Another cat."

"Harvey. She's the one who found you. Lucky too. If you didn't land where you did, who knows if someone would have found you in time."

"In time for what?"

"Your awakening."



You snap awake, for real this time, in a similar situation. Soft silks..melodic tune. It all seems familiar. Like you had been here before.

"Someone's finally awake." A different voice than the one you remember...remembered?

"Is this Pandora?" You ask, seeing if your memory is not failing you.

"The one and only. "

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*"She's just like Fortune, she can't see."*

*"I hear she's blind. There's no way she's a god."*

*"She'll never be able to see what she's doing"*

*"What a freak, just like Fortune."*

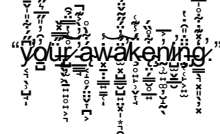
You hear people muttering around you as you are escorted into a large room, before being put forth in front of Anima himself.

“How did you get here?”

He did not waste time, and got straight to the point.

“I...I do not know. I do not remember.”

“Why are you here?”



“What?” You asked, snapping out of your trance, and looking up to where you assumed this Anima person was.

“Why. Are. you. Here.”

“I....awakening?” You responded, unsure of yourself.

“What was that?”

“My...awakening?” You respond again, a little more confident.

You hear murmurs begin to pick up again around you...just how many people are in this room with you?

“Impossible.” Anima stated, matter-of-factly.

“There has been no need for a replacement, and it is not as if Pandora herself brought you here.”

He moved closer towards her, examining her.

“Is this some sort of joke?”

“No...?...No!” You look a little angry, frustrated that you aren’t being believed.

You were brought here, against your will and now you are being questioned.

“Pandora does not just create gods. If that’s even what you are.”

“I do not know what I am doing here. But I have told you all I know.”

“Everyone leave. I wish to speak to them alone.”

Everyone in the room went quiet, bowed and obeyed Anima, leaving the two of them alone.

Once that was done Anima began telling you all about Pandora and the First world. The gods and Goddesses that were born here in this world, tasked with things to help the mortals down in the mortal realm below.

He explained that this wasn’t something that has happened in at least 600 years, the last one being when the Goddess of destruction was created. However, unlike this, Pandora had not had a hand in creating her.

You are told that you must be here for a reason, and to find out what that reason was you must begin training.

{Big time skip because I'm still filling in small details of the whole conversation/days leading up to Anima discovering Araceli's power so dkfjgdfsg}

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***I don't need to see to create a masterpiece, I can just feel it. In my heart, where it truly matters.***

The sky was your canvas, your imagination, the brush. You danced atop the clouds, your wings fluttering gently in the breeze as you nurtured the sunrise. Beautiful colors mixed together, nothing like anyone with sight could have created. For she did not need to see her masterpiece, she just needed to feel it.

Her name was Araceli, Goddess of the Sky, and her duty was all about beauty. Every single sunrise and Sunset from the moment she was born had been from her. The mortals had never seen a sight so magnificent that Araceli gained a following faster than any other God/Goddess had ever. She loved creating things the Mortals loved. Stuff they created songs about, things they would sit up with loved ones and watch.

And when Araceli got tired of painting the skies she would collapse on her clouded kingdom, just floating above the Valley, and relax. Harvey would look up from the valley from time to time to see if Araceli was there. If she was she would play her a song, letting her know that there was someone down below who was thinking about her.

Araceli loved her job, but she was also deeply sad about never truly being able to see the things she made. Everyone else loved them, would rave about them...and she would never know why.

"If it makes you feel any better, Ara, No one ever praises me for my work"

"That's because you created things like poison ivy, and weeds, Harvey. Mortals hate weeds."

"Weeds deserve to live just as much as any other old flower."

"Sigh. I just. I want to see all the colors. I want to see the softest of the clouds I sleep on."

"What happened to 'I don't need to see to make something prettier than yours' " Harvey would tease her, mocking her words that she's told Harvey countless times before.

"I guess I put up a good front, huh."

Her and Harvey got together a lot over the few years that Araceli had been here, mostly her going down to the valley to keep the other company. She was kind of sad to hear hardly anyone visited her.

"People have gotten busy, And I scare them, I know." Harvey would say softly, tending to her personal garden.

"Well you don't scare me. I've met weeds who are more threatening than you."

"Yeah, yeah. Don't you have some rainbow to make or something." Harvey was grateful that Araceli could not see her blush.

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"Wanna watch the sunset with me?"

"I hope you know that's like me asking if you want to watch this flower grow with me..."

"Is that a no?" Araceli would playfully bump her tail into Harvey's, before turning towards the steps leading up to the tower.

"You know I don't leave the valley, Ara..."

"Just this once? Please?"

"I can't...what if Harvelle wants to take control? I have to be here in case that happens."

"It'll be just a few minutes, nothing's gonna happen. I promise."

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Araceli and Harvey lay atop her clouded kingdom, just above the valley, watching the sky together. The sun was setting slowly, the orange and purple hues dancing together against the bright red orb.

"I still cannot believe you made that. It's gorgeous."

"Oh what? You're the only one allowed to make something beautiful in nature?"

"Just take the compliment, Ara. Not everything has to be a competition."

"Says you." she responds, in a teasing manner.

They sat up there just quiet for a while after that, Harvey just watching the sun disappear below the horizon while Araceli sat in silence, her thoughts and mind racing.

It was moments like this when one should have been relaxed and calm, but not her.

Ever since she arrived in Pandora, Harvey had been on her mind. Being the first person she saw before going blind, she held a curious thought in her mind. She wonders if it was a coincidence that she was dropped there, or if it was for a reason. Harvey had become a good friend in the time she had been here. She felt like the two of them had a lot in common, and both were equally lonely.....neither of them receiving very many visitors. She guesses they were both sort of freaks....in their own ways.

And Araceli knew all about Harvey. How she was the first one after Anima that was born of Pandora. Being plucked directly from the great tree and given life. Everyone talked about how she was also born from Pandora's grasp, but unlike Harvey, even if she was she doesn't remember. It's not like she would ever get an answer from Pandora anyways.

“Hey ara?”

“Yeah?”

“Thank you.”

“For taking you up here?”

“For everything. For being my friend for...For not being afraid of whats inside of me.”

“Don’t thank me for that kind of a thing.”

“Then what should I thank you for?”

“Just thank me for this sunset. I made it for you anyways.”

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