

A mythical being woke up as a human. April 24th, 12 AM

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*Viridian grassland stretched out beneath my feet, Flowers were swaying with the wind and trees sighing alongside the birds' trills. All the other children were laughing and screaming and playing in the distance, ignorant to the world outside our village. However, I knew what was out there; my mother had a vision of the outside, which she told to no one of, apart from me. Evil creatures called Humans have ruined the ancient forests we once lived in, to hunt us and cut us open to take the source of our magic. The elders would never let that happen to our village, which was one of the few remaining ancient wells of magic after the Dark Wars. Until one day, they came for us.*

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My eyes shot open and darkness encased me. Already, the strange smells and sensations were overwhelming my abilities, and the lack of foliage was not helping. My eyes adjusted to the dimness of the space, and I tried to get up, but was shackled down to a table made out of a strange, shiny silver material. I spied a small pot, filled with earth, and a small shoot coming from it. I twisted my wrist to point at it; as it started to grow. I pitied the thing, trapped in such a small round pot with no space to grow. Nevertheless, I needed stronger powers to get out of here. The shoot had grown into a small bush, enough to give me a little more energy. I closed my eyes and tried to shift, but nothing happened. I tried again, concentrating my thoughts on shifting to a mouse, and my body started morphing. *Phew!* I was worried it would let me down, I'd be stuck in this box shaped room forever. I screamed. Pain reverberated through my body, as I uncontrollably switched between different forms. Eventually, my body calmed down, and I was back to my original form. A section of the wall moved. My head instinctively turned in the direction of the noise. Two Humans walked in. They had white sheets over their body and strange wooden boards with white sheets attached to it. They made strange noises at each other and they started laughing. I tried to shift again, and escape these clumsy creatures, but my body was burning. They had done something to me. Another figure walked into the room. She started talking in my language.

"Please, calm down little one. You'll hurt yourself if you shift anymore. What's your name, dear?" she said.

"Where am I? What have you vile creatures done to me? How do you know druid tongue?" I yelled at her. The other two, bigger Humans started laughing and made more strange sounds to each other, and laughed again.

"It will be alright, little one, calm down." she replied, in a calm voice.

"My name is Tamsin. Please, take me back to my home." I cried, the lack of vegetation weakening my life force. She turned around to talk to the other Humans, in their strange

tongue. I felt a sharp pain in my arm, as a needle was stuck into my flesh; my body started shifting wildly again. I screamed, and I looked at the Human who had spoken in my tongue, and she looked back at me, as my eyelids closed.

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*10 years later...*

The busy city clamoured, as I woke up. I was late for my interview. I threw on my clothes, grabbed some food and ran through the door, neglecting to say goodbye to my roommate. I ran to the bus stop, breathing in the polluted air which closed in around me. It still sickened me, every time. Passersby's looked at me as I flew around corners and leaped onto the bus. I fumbled around for my pass, showed it to the driver and found a seat upstairs. In a few, quick moments, my breath had caught up. There was no one around me, the bus was quite empty. I searched my bag for the biscuits I threw in just before I left when someone sat next to me. *We hadn't passed a stop yet, had we?* I looked up at the person; its face was shrouded in a hood.

"Tamsin. It's me, Zed. I've come to rescue you." The man growled, in a low voice. He was not speaking in common tongue, yet I somehow understood him.

"What? I think you have to wrong person, my name is Charlotte, and I'm not in any danger." I trembled slightly in his presence.

"Your real name is Tamsin. I'm your brother, our village was attacked and you were taken by the Humans. I've come to take you back home." He said gently.

"How do I know you're telling the truth?" I asked. He took off his hood, and turned to face me. His face vaguely resembled something human, but there were noticeable differences. His jawline was shockingly angular, and ears slightly pointed in the fashion of an elf. His hair was a oak brown tone, the length of it being midway down his back. His eyes shone a brilliant sapphire hue, yet in a heartbeat, he was gone. I looked around, and a butterfly landed on my handbag, it's wings the same blue hue as Zed's eyes. It flew back to the seat next to me, and he was once again his original form.

"What are you?" My face plastered with confusion.

"Do you not remember our ancient heritage and race? We are druids, creatures of myth and legend, virtuoso's in the ways of nature and adepts of taming animals and masters of shapeshifting." He informed me, images of clarity crashed through my thoughts, controlling my thinking.

"You have a scar at the back of your neck. You received it during a fire that broke out. I carried you to safety." He said. His hand reached towards my neck and he touched my scar gently. *Fire*. Shocked, I shook him off me. He withdrew his hand and offered it to me. I took it, and we walked off the bus.

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I decided to remove the interview from my thoughts, as I led my brother to my house. My roommate should have left for work already, leaving us to ourselves. We talked and he explained everything to me. Slowly, fragments of my memory came back, and I realised what he was saying was buried deep within my brain, and I had finally unlocked them. We laughed and talked for hours like old friends that had missed each other; but we were more than that, we were bonded by blood and ancient magic. But my powers, they were lost.

"Would you like the return to our village people some day? We can find remedy to cure your sickness and you will gain your abilities again." He asked, as I nodded vigorously.

"Can I meet our parents?" I exclaimed excitedly, finding this whole scenario thrilling.

"We will not be able to meet with my father, because... he defended our village until the very end. However, mother should be around. I must return home now, they have missed me for days. Would you like to come with me tonight?" I had a desperate desire to go; leave behind this dirty, noisy city, and live what I should've have been living like for the last ten years, unbound and free.

He took me down a quiet street and spoke in a tongue so beautifully enchanting. I felt myself shrinking, until i was about a quarter of my original size.

"Don't worry; it's easier for me to carry you when you're smaller." He smiled, as my cloud of confusion floated away. He transformed into a magnificent hawk, and lowered his wing. I clambered on and we took flight; back to my true home.

*It's a long flight back to our new camp. We will make a few stops on the way.* He was in my head.

*We can hear each other's thoughts, if we are touching and bonded by blood.* He settled my confusion. A few hours of flying later, he dived into a nearby forest and landed gracefully in a clearing. He shifted back into his normal form, and I returned to my normal size. We scouted resources to camp for the night, and set up a small shelter to rest.

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*The rain of fire was merciless to the old crumbling stonework of the village, lost languages and spell runes carved into every brick. Large clumsy shapes were running through the dense smoke released by the kindling fires, seizing the people of the village. Many stood to fight for their village, yet a few morphed and flew off, scared by the corrupted mess our village had turned into. Both sides battled for the village, but it was clear the Humans' advanced artillery would prevail over our magic, which no one had used in such an aggressive manner for thousands of years. They took us; the remaining ones who were either dead or unconscious. They wanted to take our magic, and harness it themselves. I would rather die than let that happen. They put a needle in*

*us that contained something; something that stopped us morphing. There was no escape now.*

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“Wake up.” Zed whispered next to me. My eyes shot open. I was covered in sweat and my breath was unsteady.

“Something is coming,” he looked around, his eyes turning a golden yellow, “Stay here, and don’t move.” he said, before morphing into a wolf and stalked off. I peeked out of the shelter. A distant howl was heard and a few moments later, Zed came back, claws and teeth bloodied. He shifted back.

“A group of Human’s are coming. They are hunting. We have to go, now.” He shrunk me, to much smaller size than before, and he himself morphed into a smaller, raven bird to make it more difficult for the Humans to detect us. I scrambled to get on, and he launched into the air as soon as I was seated. Just a few minutes after we had took off, Zed started slowing down and losing altitude.

“Zed! What’s happening?” I asked anxiously.

*Travel 12 miles west, north west; that's where the village is.* The words formed in my mind. We fell, faster and faster, plummeting towards the forest below. His form shifted back to default, and I was detached from him. He raised his hands at me, and I felt myself falling slower than a feather drifting in the wind. The distance between us grew larger and larger, as did my fear. I willed for my powers to work, I could feel them, just the faintest hint, pushing against the barriers that were blocking them from being released. The sound of his body crashed to the ground, the sound ricocheting between the tall oaks, like whispers of secrets being spread. As soon as one of my feet touched the ground, I ran towards Zed. I touched his forehead gently, other hand resting two fingers along his neck, checking for a pulse. His eyes were closed; he looked peaceful. I felt nothing, and fury encased my thoughts with a burning vengeance. I screamed at the top of my lungs, a warning sign to anyone nearby that I would show them no mercy. I was to be unstoppable until I had avenged my brother.