

"She came in through the window."

Within the depths of the usually silent forest, a murder of ravens arose from the tree tops in a panicked frenzy of feathers and wings.

Down below on the forest floor, a ruckus was the source of the ravens' distress, where a chase was in motion.

Running swiftly through the forest was a peculiar girl. Clad in tall dark leather boots, worn jeans and a light silk and wool sweater. Her hair was cut short and her brown eyes gleamed with wild excitement.

Behind her the child could hear her persuers, and although she was panting and sweating profusly as her legs burned with adrenaline, it didn't stop her from smiling with exhilaration..

Up ahead the trees began to thin out and brick buildings soon became visible.

With a burst of speed the girl stormed out of the brush and scrambled up the side of one of the lower structures.

Now she was leaping from roof to roof with the gracefulness of someone who was used to jumping on buildings like a crazed maniac.

Her pursuers would have lost her by now. She knew that. But she kept going, making sure to be light on her feet as to not wake the people who would still be sleeping inside their homes at this early hour.

That is, almost everyone.

Up ahead on one the roof tops where instead of a proper room it was flat and safer for someone to hang around on. Someone, like the boy right now pouting behind a little makeshift shelter up against the vent.

He was a typical, boring, adolescent with hazel eyes and frizzy hair. Frizzy hair which was an odd dark reddish brown mix. This, was probably the only defining trait the boy had as he doodled with a stick on the dirt which had accumulated on the flat surface of the roof for some unknown reason.

Only the sound of rappidly approaching foot falls roused him from his depressed stupor before a split second later a force barreled into him.

"Oh, Sorry! My bad!" A cheerful voice apologized.

The boy blinked a few times as the stars danced in his vision.

"What?" He answered dumbly. Sitting up and seeing the person next to him for the first time.

"Haha, yeah, I'm usually a bit more nimble then that. Didn't know you were up here!" The girl was now sitting cross-legged, out of breath and covered in stray twigs and leafs.

The boy just blinked; stunned. "Um, Who are you?"

"Oh, the name's Glyder! Who are you?" She said with a smile and exuborantly shot out a hand for the boy to shake.

Hesitantly, he took the offered hand-shake, "Uh, Glen."

"Nice to meet'ya, Glen!" Glyder greeted cheerfully, "Now, if you don't mind I'm gonna crash on your roof. Thats alright, right?"

Glen opened his mouth to answer, but it was too late as Gyder practically keeled over and was out cold.

For several seconds, Glen just sat there; dumbfounded. A few more seconds ticked by as the sun began to rise and he eventually came to the conclusion that he was at an utter loss.

A few hours later, Glen's new guest was still asleep.

Not wanting to simply leave her unconscious on his roof he decided to move her into the house and place her in the guest bedroom.

This idea seemed a lot easier in his head. Even though Glyder was rather small and boney for her age, it was still a challenge to safely carry her while climbing down the ladder hidden under a trap door.

After finally getting down into the attic and going down a flight of stairs, Glen was forced to fend off his excitable sheep dog, Dune.

"Get down, Dune!" Glen hissed at the slobbering pile of hair, "You are going to wake the entire town."

Dune simply wagged his tail and made whining sounds as he followed his human around the house.

Glen made sure his grandmother was still asleep before making a dash to the guest room with Dune right on his heels.

Setting Glyder down on the bed, he made the discovery of a dart-like object imbedded in her calf. Quickly removing it upon discovery, he laid a blanket on top of the sleeping girl.