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In which said child gets yeeted by a ninja

A world blossomed before Penn's eyes, vibrant colors filling his vision. It was night- an odd reality to Penn, as it'd been only mid-morning where he had been before- and a pale, white, light was cast down from a huge moon, its glow filling his vision, casting a creepy light on a well-managed garden.

Bushes, flowers, and trees were everywhere, separated by cobbled pathways. *It's peaceful here*, Penn thought, looking around. At least, that's what his thought was before he heard the voices.

"King Arthur has reigned this land long enough," growled one, near enough to Penn for him to be worried. *I bet he has a sword* he guessed, ducking down behind a large rose bush.

"Right? He needs to go," spat another, whom Penn was able to see. He was a thin man of short stature and had a small goatee, a glint in his eyes.

"We needn't worry. The Sorceress has a plan," the other one rumbled, deep voice filling the small clearing where the two stood. Penn's brows furrowed. *I can't see the other one...*

"Still," the thin man said, looking away then back at his companion, an icy anger in his eyes. "If the Sorceress cannot escape the King's" -it was spat as if it were a curse, which Penn suspected it was

equivalent to for the skinny man- "dungeons, we must interfere. I believe it's time to take the palace by storm."

A dangerous look crossed the short man's face as he stroked his beard thoughtfully. "Or... we could kill the queen."

Penn leaned forward, eyes wide. He had heard of King Arthur- of course, he had, most everyone had heard the name before- but hadn't heard he had a queen by his side.

Is this how the plot's supposed to go? He wondered, before he was knocked down to the ground, shoulder slammed against the stones, head barely avoiding hitting the hard pathway.

"Quick, Hamond!" the small man spoke, his voice having risen an octave. "I hear a trespasser- let us speak more in private."

The sound of footsteps leaving seemed to make Penn's attacker relax- but only slightly.

The person wore a dark outfit, a mask covering their eyes, a black shirt and pants making the mysterious assailant blend in with the darkness.

"What are you doing here!?" the person exclaimed, glaring angrily at Penn. "You're not supposed to be here! Unless..." the person paused, voice softening at the last word. It wasn't a harsh voice, like whomever this Hamond was, nor was it like a snake's, as the thin man's was. It was... light. Soft, even. And very British.

"I- I just found myself here," stammered Penn, having not expected this question. What were you to expect when a ninja attacked?

"Where's the book?" demanded the person, voice but a whisper. A loud one at that.

"What book?" Penn asked, giving her- for he believed the ninja was a she now- an odd look. He barely remembered what he had had for breakfast that morning. How was he supposed to remember a book? He worked in a library, for Merlin's sake!

"The book," the girl said slowly as if willing him to understand "that brought you here."

"Oh. That book. Dunno," said Penn with a shrug, the girl giving an exasperated sigh.

"You buffoon! Do you know how long I've been here!? What year even is it back in reality? Surely it's been twenty years- maybe even thirty since I was drawn into the manuscript—" she cut herself off sharply, giving Penn a look that could only be described as an odd mixture of anger, desperation... and was that loneliness?

She straightened up, carefully taking off the hat-like covering a ninja might wear. "My name," she began, giving him a matter-of-fact stare that could pierce one's soul "is Lady Lethia. I come from the sovereign kingdom of the Scots. And I would appreciate it, sir, if you would lend me your assistance in returning to reality."

"Uh. What."

Lady Lethia gave a frustrated noise. *A growl?* wondered Penn, unable to put his finger on what the word would be.

Wait. What. 'Unable to put his finger on what the word would be'? What does that even MEAN!?

WHAT. WHY ARE MY THOUGHTS- STOP THINKING IN CAPS!

Penn barely- *hey!-* resisted the urge of sitting down on the ground and rocking back and forth, whimpering like a kicked puppy- *argh!-* annoyance crossing his face.

Lethia sighed. "Really, Joe?"

Penn frowned. "Joe?"

"Joe," she said, nodding. "It's not like you've told me your name or anything." Penn thought a moment, trying- *stop. narrating.-* to figure out what exactly Lethia meant. She brushed some of her fluffy blonde hair having fallen in her face.

Finally, Penn relented, letting go of his previous thoughts- *STOP!*- and answering her plea for a name. "Penn Leape," he said, nodding slightly, putting on the charm- *I was NOT doing that, Narrator!*

Lethia regarded him with a thoughtful, slightly guarded, look on her face. "Well," she said after a moment. "I can't say it's a pleasure to meet you. After all, you're rudely interrupting my mission."

A mission? HEY! STOP NARRATING MY BRAIN!

No. The thought came into his mind, not exactly a voice, but more a... subconscious knowing. *Who are you!?* He recieved no answer. Penn gave an annoyed grunt. Lady Lethia's foot tapped against the ground.

"Are you done yet, O Buffoon of Leapus?"

"It's Leape," spoke Penn, an odd wave of defensiveness coming over- *stop!*- him.

"Great. Now that we've established who we are, please give me the tome," said Lethia, scarcely holding in annoyance. "And then leave."

"... No."

A frustrated growl- *that's what the word was!*- came from Lethia. "So HELP ME! Why are you SO FRUSTRATING!?"

"Dunno, it's a talent I have." *Stop putting words in my mouth! I'd never say that!*

You just did. Now, continue on with the story, Penn. Again, it came into his mind without his trying. *What's WRONG with this world!?* Penn huffed before starting to climb a tree. He was going to see if he could find a portal thing to get out of... wherever he was. Like a monkey, he scampered up the trunk, swiftly moving from branch to branch, the large tree's boughs strong and steady, holding his weight easily.

"What are you doing?" asked an annoyed voice- Lethia's- a tapping sound following. *Her and her foot tapping*, thought Penn- *who was being annoyingly narrated by an annoying narrator!*- rolling his eyes.

"Well?"

"I'm jumping off this tree."

It'll hurt you more than me. *I don't care! Maybe I'll end up falling through the ground or something.*

"Really, Penn," spoke Lethia, a voice of reason, staring up at him. "You're going to jump out of the tree for what? Glory? Fame?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Penn. *What!?! No! I want to go home!*

Lethia sighed, shaking her head. "Obviously, you're new at this whole medieval knight thing. That's not how it works."

Penn paused. "How do you know?"

Lethia raised a brow. "I've grown up here, Penn. It's not like I could ignore the facts." Penn glared at her before starting to shimmy down the tree. *At least I'm not wearing a skirt.*

"Fine," he said, reaching the ground. "But I have questions."

A shadow of a smile crossed her face before she fixed her expression. *Weird... stop narrating!*

"Apologies, I have no answers."

"I didn't even start to ask--"

"No. Answers." She ended the conversation quickly.

"Okay then..." Penn said with a slight frown. *She's suspicious- you know what narrator? I'm ignoring you! How's that feel, huh? How's it feel? In your FACE!*

Fine by me.

An annoyed look passed over Penn's face and Lethia gave a sigh. "Well, it's not like I could stop it. It always happens."

Without his realization, a swirling vortex of colors appeared. Yellow and purple and teal and red and thousands of other colors passed over his gaze, the tangent scent of oranges overwhelming his senses.

"Lethia..?"

"Go with it!"

A bright flash filled his vision his body suffered from shock. *HOLY SEACOW- wait, seacow!?*

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