

Legend of Arca

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In the land of Arcia, lives a legend that tells of a boy and his companion. A story that takes you deep into the depths of the enchanted forests and high on the peaks of the tallest mountains. A story of friendship, trust and betrayal.

As Simon, a

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Chapter I: Let faith be the wind beneath your wings

Simon awoke from the soft chirping of the mornings little gift. A small white bird sat on his window sill, curiously looking at the little boy before her.

Simon carefully got up and took the small feathery creature in his hands. "Hello little bird, now how did you get here?" Simon asked the small creature. She looked up at him, then spread out her wings but did not fly. Simon was only seven at the time but he new what he saw was not good. One of her wings was broken. He quickly ran downstairs to Avalon to show him the little bird.

"Avalon? Are you there? I found a bird." He shouted out into the long twisted hallways of the palace. His voice echoed. But there was no response. Simon ran into the courtyard then froze.

Avalon was on the ground not moving. Above him was a dark shadow that shaped a man with glowing blood red eyes. The shadow screeched at the sight of the frightened boy. It's piercing scream made Avalon look up.

He noticed Simon standing there with a little bird sitting in his trembling hands.

"Simon? I'm sorry. I never meant for it to end this way." Avalon said as he struggled to breathe.

The little boy ran up to him, "What happened?! What's wrong?!" Simon asked as tears ran down his face.

The shadow above them gave out one final piercing scream then left.

"Simon, I can no longer protect Harka. They...they are coming. For you, for me, for everyone. It's over."

Avalon's breaking words cut through Simon like stinging arrows. Simon knew he could not do anything.

"I do not want anyone else to suffer the same fate as I have. Please...throw this poison into the rivers and the lakes. If everyone is to die then let them die from something that will not hurt them.

Please...Simon you must live, because there will always be some of me in you. Here...take my scepter and this cross." Avalon said, handing over his most treasured possession and the cross he wore around his neck.

"NO! I can't! If everyone has to die let me die with them! Why do I deserve to live?! It's not fair!!!"

Simon shouted as it began to rain.

"I know you can do this. Remember...it's what's inside that count. I will always be with you..." Avalon's voice trailed off.

Simon put the bird down. She looked at Simon then nodded and spread her wings and took flight. The bird's wing was still broken but yet she had enough courage to get up and fly again. Simon looked at the small bird as it flew away, that bird was hurt but she still managed to get back up and fly once again. If she could do it so can I! I must be strong like that bird I must get back up, Simon thought. But even though Simon could, Avalon could not. Avalon was one bird that would never fly again.

There was a long pause of silence as the soft pattering of the rain resounded through the courtyard.

Chapter II: What we are, we have become

The mornings light filled the courtyard as the sun rose to welcome the world to a brand new day. It was like any other morning but there was no morning bird to welcome Simon. There was nothing but silence. The morning's soft pink sky reflected in the puddles from the nights down pour. The suns light shone into every dark corner, onto every lake and river and through the branches of every tree, reaching the

little boy.

He lay on the ground with the bottle of poison, empty. He had poisoned all the lakes and all the rivers, just as Avalon wanted it to be. Simon knew Avalon felt ashamed of his failure to protect Harka and Avalon knew that it would be best for it to end this way.

Simon awoke from the sun's soft rays of light that patched the ground beneath the tree's branches. "Well Avalon, you got what you wanted. And I will always remember you, not as a failure but as a hero." Simon said, looking into the colorful pink puddles. He saw his own reflection, a young boy with a cross around his neck and an empty bottle in his hands, the boy stared back at him.

Simon turned away from his reflection and slowly walked out of the courtyard. He knew that no one had survived after drinking the poisonous water, even Arca would not live. Avalon had often spoken of Arca and her powers to control time, even though Simon had never really seen her he knew she would be beautiful.

Simon tried not to think of her and how he had always wanted to meet her. He knew it was too late for her; she had already drunk from the poisoned river. He was on his own, again. Simon could still remember when his parents died and he was left alone to wander the depths of the forest. Until one day Avalon found him crying under some trees near a vast misty lake. It was the same lake that Simon had to poison; it hurt him that he had to destroy such a precious memory of his past. It reminded him of Avalon and his good heart.

Simon continued to walk down the empty streets of Harka, alone. When he heard something, it was a faint sound of a harp being played. It seemed to come from every direction, surrounding him. Then he noticed something, a girl sitting on a rock playing her harp. She had blond hair and a white dress to her knees.

Simon ran up to her, he could not believe that she had survived. He was not alone.

"Why are you still here?" Simon asked the girl. She looked at him then turned away. Simon noticed that she had a sad expression on her face and that there were tears running down her cheeks.

"Do you want a drink of water?" Simon asked coldly.

"What do you take me for?! I'm not stupid! I know the water is poisonous and I know your trying to kill me." She answered the boy looking right at him.

"I am sorry you had to live through this." Simon said as he began to walk away.

"Wait! Where are you going? You can't leave me here!" The girl shouted as she ran after Simon.

"Alright, what's your name?" Simon asked.

"My name?" The girl stopped, she backed away from the boy, then turned around and walked away.

"Is it something I said?" Simon asked her but she was already gone.

Simon just stood there, looking down the empty street where the girl had left him. It almost seemed that the girl had never existed.

Simon looked at the puddles in the ground, he met his own reflection again. He was miserable, how could Avalon ask of such a thing from a little boy? He could no longer live with this burden upon him, he through the cross into the puddle.

The days past by one after another, as Simon continued to live in total isolation. He never saw the girl again.

Simon lay down on the forest floor; it was the only home he knew of. The day finally came that the Shape shifters came to claim the City of Harka and Simon's life. The sounds of their piercing screams rang through the dark depths of the forest. Even the sun's rays could no longer leak through the thickness of the forest's branches.

Simon lay on the ground, waiting for the end to come. He could hear the footsteps of the Shape shifters, rustling through the autumn leaves as they came closer and closer.

Simon got up, ready to defend himself, with what he had. He clenched Avalon's staff in his trembling

hands as the Shape shifters surrounded him.

They wore black cloaks with hoods that covered them completely. And in their hands were long red lance's ready to pierce Simon.

Simon knew he would not stand a chance against so many of them. He dropped the staff to the ground and fell to his knees. It was all over. The Shape shifter came up to the boy and raised his lance.

Then, a soft sound of a harp filled the air with its graceful sound. It was the exact song that the girl played, so long ago.

The Shape shifters scattered at the sound of the harp as a girl walked toward them. She was the same girl that Simon had met long ago.

She still wore the white dress and still had the same sad expression on her face.

The Shape shifters gave one last scream and fled.

The girl stood there and stared into Simon's eyes as Simon stared into hers.

"Thank you." Simon said, breaking the silence. The girl smiled at him but said nothing.

"Where have you been?" Simon asked her curiously.

"I have traveled into the past to try to fix our future." She answered him. Simon just then realized who she was. She was Arca.

Chapter III: Knocking on heavens door

The rain softly pattered against the roof of Arca's wooden house. Simon sat on a chair staring out the window, wondering if that bird would ever come back to greet him.

Arca sat in the opposite corner of the room, watching Simon curiously.

Simon could not forget that terrible day when the Shape shifters claimed Avalon's life. He was only a boy at the age of seven, what could have he done to save Avalon? Simon began to cry, he missed Avalon and the little white bird that had showed him the path home.

Arca noticed that Simon was crying.

"Simon?" Arca asked as she came up to Simon to comfort him.

"Arca, my whole life is like a blur of memories, nothing I loved or cared about still exists. But even in such a time as this, you help me. Why?" Simon asked the girl.

"Simon, I'm your friend. Friends help each other out in their time of need." Arca answered him, a bit confused. She held him tight as he continued to cry in her arms. Simon watched the raindrops as they filled the grey puddles in the ground.

He looked up at Arca, with tears in his eyes. She gave him a soft hug and began to hum a tune. Her voice was like music to him, the both of them sat there, listening to her hum and the rain.

Nightfall came and Arca still sat with Simon holding him as tightly as she could, protecting him.

The night was quiet and peaceful; Simon lay with his head on the window sill, asleep. Arca walked up to Simon and put a blanket over him. "Sweet dreams, Simon." Arca said quietly as she left the room.

"Everything is going to be ok. I promise..." Arca said.

She sat on the roof, looking up into the starry sky. The night was still and in total silence. One of the stars seemed to be brighter than all the others. It twinkled in the dark sea of the night sky. Arca stared at it; it was as if it represented Avalon and his strength. He still lived in her heart and in the sky above her. She continued to stare at it with tears in her eyes. She had always wanted to meet Avalon but she never got the chance. The most painful things in life were the ones that were in your heart. She didn't want Simon to see her cry. She was Arca, Arca can't cry. Can she?

Simon awoke, only to find that Arca had left. He quietly got up and wandered the dark room in search of Arca. He stopped; he could hear shuffling on the roof. Arca? Could that be you? Simon thought. He got onto the ladder Arca had used to get to the roof. When he reached the top he stopped. Arca sat on the

roof as she stared into the sky, crying.

Simon sat beside her and gave her a warm hug. Simon held her tight as Arca cried in his arms.

A little feathery creature landed beside Simon. It was the same bird that Simon had found on his window sill. Her wing was still broken but she still could still fly. Simon took her into his hands like he had so long ago. In her beak was a cross, the bird laid it in his palm. Simon took a closer look at it. It was the cross that Avalon gave him, the cross Simon through into the puddle. Arca stared at the two of them as Simon hung the cross around his neck.

"Thank you little bird." Simon said.

He knew that the bird was a symbol, a symbol of love, strength and trust. She had always watched over Simon, a part of Avalon lived in the little bird. Avalon lived. As so he lived in the hearts of all who loved him and in the heavens above.

Chapter IV: Dancing in the song of time

The morning sun spilled into the sky as its tender light reached the rooftop of the wooden house. Simon was asleep with the white bird still in his hands. Arca lay beside him, watching the sun rise and fill the sky with a bright pink. The time has come to use my magic to travel into the past. There is still hope for Harka and Avalon. Arca thought to herself.

Arca went downstairs to make breakfast for the Simon and herself and maybe some seeds for the bird. Simon came to join Arca for her morning meal.

"Simon?" Arca asked.

"Yes." Simon answered her.

"Will you come with me to change the past?" Arca asked Simon, she watched Simon very carefully to see his reaction. He stuffed the pancakes into his mouth and nodded. Arca just giggled at him.

"How will you get us to the past?" Simon asked Arca as he got up.

"Through the magical notes of my voice. Don't you believe me?" Arca answered Simon.

"Of course Arca." Simon told Arca.

Simon followed Arca as they left the house; they walked past forests and empty plains of lush green grass until they reached a small fountain.

The water was a clear blue, untouched and free from the poison that flowed through the other fountains.

"This is the only fountain that is drinkable. The poison did not reach it." Arca said to Simon as he looked at his own reflection in the fountains water. He saw a fourteen year old boy staring back at him but he was not alone, he could also see Arca's reflection. She stared into the fountain with Simon and held his hand. The two of them stood there, staring at their reflections.

Arca looked into Simon's eyes, he looked into hers.

"Don't worry Simon; everything will be alright as long as we stick together." Arca told Simon.

Arca closed her eyes and began to sing the same song that she hummed to Simon when he fell asleep in her arms. Simon closed his eyes and listened to her tender voice as the world around them changed.

The day turned into the night and the rain that had once fallen from sky returned to the heavens above. The sky changed colors from the dark misty grey to a soft pink.

Simon opened his eyes to see that he was no longer at the fountain but back in the palace. He looked at Arca; she was just a little girl. Then Simon noticed that the cross he wore around his neck was missing. He was a little boy again, the same boy he was so many years ago. And the bird was gone.

Arca took his hand and smiled at him, Simon could not believe what had happened. He was living in the past again, the same past that he already lived through. He had another chance to change the events of time and save Avalon and Harka.

He wandered the palace with Arca following behind him. He had to find Avalon before it was too late.

“Simon? Is that you?” A voice asked from the room next to them.

“Avalon?” Simon answered. He had tears in his eyes.

A young boy at the age of fourteen came out to greet them. He looked at Arca curiously. The girl looked up at him, was he Avalon? He is so tall and handsome! I can't believe that this is Avalon! Arca thought.

“Who is your friend?” Avalon asked the boy as he came up to Arca.

“This is Arca.” Simon said, whipping the tears from his face so Avalon would not see them.

Avalon was shocked; he came up to Arca to take a closer look. He could not believe that this girl was Arca, even though she was as beautiful as Avalon heard.

“Arca? Really?” Avalon asked her.

“Yes. I am Arca, but I have come here to warn you. As you already know of the existence of the Shape Shifters, I do not need to say much. They are coming. You will fail in a desperate attempt to spare the people of Harka from the Shape Shifter's Curse. In the end they will be successful in their mission to wipe out all life in Harka.” Arca answered him in a calm voice.

Avalon stared at the girl blankly. She was at the age of seven and she spoke of things that even he did not know of. But Avalon understood. She had to be Arca; she must have traveled through time and lived through it. She was the only one who knew the Shape Shifters true purpose.

But Simon knew that Arca's plan would not work, it would be too late.

Chapter V: Faithful not

Simon walked along the empty courtyard where Avalon loved to be most. The autumn leaves covered the benches and the tall statues of dragons that stood in the entrance.

Avalon was in the study room with Duke, who was his best friend and adviser. They spoke of a plan to stop the Shape Shifters Curse but all that Simon could hear were whispers.

Arca sat on one of the benches in the courtyard. She watched Simon as he wandered through the small gardens of white roses. Simon had always loved them the most, the way they simple but still beautiful.

“Avalon, you cannot listen to a little girl and believe everything she says.” Duke told Avalon.

“What if she speaks of the truth? What will become of Harka?” Avalon asked as he looked out his window to see the girl sitting there.

She was watching Simon as he sniffed the roses. Her blond hair tangled in the winds breeze. She was very beautiful and she was just like the other advisers said she would be.

“How can someone travel through time? It's impossible!” Duke said, looking at the window where Arca sat.

“Simon said he went with her. Why would he lie?” Avalon answered as the two continued to argue.

Simon overheard Avalon and Duke in their argument. He walked up to the window and quietly listened to Duke as he spoke to Avalon.

“It's impossible! No one can travel through time!” Duke shouted.

“I don't know! I need time to think about this! I need proof!” Avalon shouted back. Avalon looked tired and very annoyed.

Simon knew that they would not believe him or what Arca had said. He knew it! Simon felt alone again, even though Arca was with him. Something told him that Avalon would have doubts about time travel.

Arca walked over to Simon, “Simon? I already know they don't believe us but we must prove to them that unless they do as we say, they will die.”

“Who cares? They still won't believe us!” Simon said hopelessly.

Avalon continued to argue with Duke when he heard Simon's voice. Both Duke and Avalon listened carefully to what Arca said.

“We cannot give up! If they will not help us then we will save Harka ourselves.” Arca's voice echoed

through the courtyard as her words filled the air with sorrow. Avalon could tell she was upset. But what he could not tell was if she spoke of the truth.

“She lies! You can’t believe a seven year old girl!” Duke exclaimed. Avalon did not answer.

That girl! It’s all her fault! I will make sure she never interferes with my plans again! Duke thought to himself.

“Let’s go Simon. We must find Tasha.” Arca said.

Simon looked at her, puzzled. “Who’s Tasha?” He asked.

“She is a witch. She will help us on our way to breaking the Shape Shifter’s Curse.” Arca said as she got up.

“I see.” Simon said in a cold voice.

Arca looked at the white roses; they seemed so blank and lifeless, just like the Shape Shifters. She watched Simon leave the courtyard, alone. Arca stared into the window to the study room, Avalon sat at one end of the wooden table and Duke sat in the other.

They were totally silent; neither of the two boys spoke. Duke looked at the floor and Avalon stared at his feet, there was nothing left to say.

Arca left the courtyard, leaving Simon to himself. Simon watched as she passed the two stone dragons. Simon had to do something; he could not bear the thought of Harka being destroyed before his eyes again.

“Arca? Where are you going?” Simon asked Arca as she left.

“We must go and find Tasha at once!” Arca said.

The two of them set off to find the witch that Arca spoke of, even if they were to do it alone.

Chapter VI:

The autumn leaves rustled as the wind danced along the forests floor. The tall trees drenched the ground with long shadows as nightfall came.

Arca parted the trees branches to reveal a small clearing that led to an old wooden cottage. It had tradition designs of dancing dragons and soaring birds framed the windows and doors.

Simon followed Arca as she approached the wooden house. The girl came up to the door and knocked with the wooden handle.

“Arca is that you?” A voice asked from deep within the house.

“Yes.” Arca answered.

The wooden door opened slightly and a small girl peaked out. She wore a purple dress and a pointy hat that was much too big for her and it covered her face completely.

Simon walked into the cottage with Arca as the little witch closed the door behind them.

“What brings you here?” Tasha asked the both of them.

“We have come to put a stop to the Shape Shifter’s Curse. We need your help.” Arca replied she looked at Tasha suspiciously.

“The Shape Shifters?” Tasha looked away as if she was hiding something. Arca gave her another suspicious look.

“Have you seen one before?” Arca questioned.

Tasha did not reply she tossed her hat to the floor. Arca gasped as she realized who Tasha really was.