

# Dinension Trekker (The Beginning)

By BlackxTigris

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*this story is about a dimension trekker. it's about her adventures in Hyrule, beginning with her life in the Opera Populair. She meets one of her best friends, and discovers more about life. and more importantly about herself...*

*MY OC'S STORAY!*

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# 1 - Informative Reference

first off, let me tell you about dimension trekkers.

i made them up. totally mine, don't copy my idea unless i give you permission.

a dimension trekker is a normal being, but works with an agency that sends them to different dimensions to help people. the dimensions that i'm talking about are places from movies, books, and videogames. there are also immortal trekkers.

## Immortal Trekkers

immortal trekkers are only born every 500 years. they are usually more powerful, and rarely live to see the next immortal born. immortals can't die of old age. they can die of other things, though, like being mortally wounded, poison, etc...

## The Enemy

the trekkers have one main enemy- the trekker hunters. and they, well, hunt trekkers. they like to cause havoc in other dimensions, and they try to turn the beings in the dimensions into hunters.

## Important Characters

**George-** george is the captain of the trekkers. he is also one of the few immortals to see the next one born. he has actually seen 5 born, which makes him about 2,000 some years old.

hair: **strawberry blonde**, semi long

eyes: **green**

elements: light, fire, wind

original dimension: Lord of the Rings

**Tarteray-** tarteray is the captain of the hunters, as george is to the trekkers. he is an immortal hunter, and he's been around about the same amount of time as george.

hair: black, semi long, usually wears red scarf across forehead

eyes: **red**

elements: darkness, fire

original dimension: Kingdom Hearts

## Dimension's Home

dimension's home is the door to all dimensions, used by the trekkers. the hunter's have no idea it exists. they have their own means of getting to other dimensions, that of which is unknown. it's basically the trekkers' head quarters.

that is all the information i can think of at the moment. please comment or send me a message.

## 2 - New Addition

It was night. Rain poured mercilessly down as thunder rumbled above. Lightning streaked across the sky, momentarily lighting the way for two cloaked figures. They stole silently through the streets, the rain beating down on them. They stopped at a large building. One of the figures addressed their comrade. "Are you sure this is the place, Captain?" The taller of the two nodded slowly as he looked up at the magnificent building. "Opera Populaire, yes. This is where she is. I can feel it." He rubbed his left shoulder as he continued to stare at the opera house. "Is it hurting you?" the shorter one asked. "What, the symbol? No, not hurting. It just tingles a bit." he replied as he stopped rubbing his arm. "It's how I know that another immortal's been born," he stated, smiling under his hood. "This one's powerful," he said turning to his companion. "Shall we, Bartholomew?" the taller one asked. "Yes, George. Let's go greet the new trekker." Bartholomew and George walked into the opera house. They were immediately greeted by a young woman. "Captain?" she asked hesitantly. "It's us," George replied. She gave a little sigh of relief as she bowed to the master trekker. George nodded as she rose. "It's a pleasure to meet you. The little one is this way." she said as she led them through the Opera Populaire. They came to a room with about 5 or 6 women tending to another in a bed. They looked up when the two trekkers entered the room. George threw back the hood of his cloak, shimmering red hair casting a glow across the room. His bright green eyes scanned the room, and fell on the young, fish-like woman in the bed. She laid there motionless, her eyes closed. He moved over to the bedside. "How is she?" He asked the woman closest to the bed. Her eyes were downcast when she answered him. "She's dead, Captain. She passed after the child birth." "Oh," he replied as he knelt down and laid his hand on the deceased trekker's forehead. "She was a wonderful trekker. She was the one who almost killed Tarteray, no?" The woman nodded. "Yes, that was her." He gave a sad sigh. "She's a Zora." The woman nodded again. "yes, sir." He stood and sighed. "So where's the immortal trekker? I'm can't wait to meet her." One woman left momentarily, returning with a bundle in her arms. "Here she is," the woman said, handing the infant to George. "Are you sure she's an immortal trekker, Captain?" she asked. He took the sleeping babe, and gently moved the blankets off her left arm. A faint mark could be seen right below her shoulder. "Ah, I'm positive. You see, normal trekkers have their trekker symbols on their right arm. immortals have them on their left." She stirred at the sudden coldness, and George wrapped her back up. She came awake, and looked up at the chief trekker with bright blue eyes. The clear orbs turned to Bartholomew as he came over to them. He lifted his hood off his head, revealing shaggy blonde hair. "What's her name?" the blonde asked. "Selicia wanted it to be Tara," the woman beside the bed said solemnly. "Tara," George repeated. "What about her father?" George looked to the woman. She paused, then answered, "He died a few months ago. He was killed on a mission. By Tarteray." she added. George nodded, and handed the infant back to the woman. He motioned for Bartholomew, and headed toward the door. "Take very good care of her. I'll be back on her 17th birthday. Don't tell her anything about what she is. I'll tell her when she's ready. So long." With that, he and Bartholomew headed out the door.



anything." Eric stood, and thought for a moment. "I know! you could sing *Music of the Night*. You love that song." She stood as well. "That would be great! But it has a few higher notes." The Phantom nodded knowingly. "Yes, but I'm sure you can hit them without trouble. Just remember your teachings." She sighed shakily, and nodded. "All right. I will. Thank you, my friend." He smiled, satisfied. "The dress is in your closet. I'll notify the musicians." With that, the mysterious phantom disappeared into the shadows. Tara walked over to her closet and opened the door. Sure enough, a beautiful blue dress was hung there neatly. She smiled as she took the dress out.

## 4 - Performance Time!

Tara stood behind the curtain, nervously twiddling with the jewel of her necklace as she watched the opera. She took a deep breath, slowly releasing it as she tried to quell the dozens of butterflies fluttering in her stomach. Her song was next. She had never been more nervous in her life. A gloved hand came from the shadows and rested reassuringly on her bare shoulder. "Stop thinking about messing up, and all the people," Eric's deep voice sounded in her ear. "Just think about the music. That's all that matters." The scene on stage drew to a close, and the nervous feeling in her stomach increased. "Good luck. And watch those high notes." With that, the phantom was gone. Her hand dropped to her side as she stepped onto the stage. The lights shone harshly on her, and she tried not to squint as she walked to center stage. She tried to calm herself as she saw the massive crowd of all the finely dressed people waiting to hear her sing. The maestro readied the orchestra, and nodded to her. She nodded back, and the music started to play. She breathed in slowly, and started to sing. "Nighttime sharpens, heightens each sensation. Darkness stirs, and wakes imagination. Silently the senses abandon their defenses," her voice sounded a bit shrill to her ears as she went higher. She kept a pleasant smile on her face, scanning the crowd as the music played. She took in a slow breath, getting ready to come in on her part. "Slowly, gently, night unfurls its splendor. Grasp it, sense it, tremulous and tender. Turn your face away from the garish light of day, turn your thoughts away from cold, unfeeling light. And listen to the music of the night." Tara could feel her throat loosening, and prepared herself to sing high. "Close your eyes and surrender to your darkest dreams, purge your thoughts of the life you knew before," she closed her eyes and decrescendooed, "Close your eyes, let your spirit start to soar" opening her eyes and looking to the vast crowd again, her eyes fell on a distinct fellow. "And you'll live as you've never lived before." He had radiant red-gold hair, and his sharp green eyes stared up into hers. "Softly, deftly, music shall caress you. Hear it, feel it, secretly possess you. Open up your mind, let your fantasies unwind, in this darkness that you know you cannot fight," Still looking at the man, she felt a connection with him. "The darkness of the music of the night." Looking away, she crescendooed and tilted her head up a bit, her voice carrying through the enormous room as she sung the next verse. "Let your mind start a journey through a strange new world, leave all thoughts of the life you knew before," Tara took a deep breath, ready for the next verse, "Let your soul take you where you long to be!" Her voice rang out clearly and powerfully, and she glanced at the phantom, who was standing hidden behind the curtain. His blue eyes shone proudly. Tara looked back at the audience. "Only then can you belong to me. Floating, falling, sweet intoxication. Touch me, trust me, savor each sensation," she looked back at the man. She seemed to be drawn to him. "Let the dream begin, let your darker side give in, to the power of the music that he writes," she quickly changed the words a bit, to give Eric some credit. "The power of the music of the night," she held the note out beautifully as the orchestra played. Tara looked over to the phantom again, to see he was smiling, something she rarely saw. She looked back to the audience, the orchestra still playing. "You alone can make this song take flight. Help me sing the music of the night." She held out the last note, slowly scanning all the faces smiling up at her. Her eyes rested on the man as she cut off. Thunderous applause erupted as the audience started clapping. She smiled broadly, looking to the maestro. He was smiling as well as he gave her a proud wink. Still smiling, she exited the stage and was quickly met by congratulatory smiles, handshakes, and back patting from the stagehands and other performers. No sign of the phantom. After leaving the back stage area, Tara walked down the dark hall leading to her room. A gloved hand reached out of the shadows and halted her. Beaming, the girl came face to face with the phantom. He was smiling as well. "That was marvelous," he said. Great joy welled

up in her, and she threw her arms around him in a hug, he stiffened at the gesture, but she kept hugging him. "Oh man, I was so nervous! But I did it! I didn't mess up! All because of your teachings! Oh, thank you thank you thank you!" She released him, beaming, and he gave a smile. It almost could be taken for a smirk. "It wasn't ALL me. YOU'RE the one who sang it. But you're welcome anyway." Her smile broadened. "Are you going to the ball afterwards?" she asked her friend. His smile vanished. "I don't think so. I'd cause too much of a commotion." He took on his usual look of the moody phantom. "Oh, come on! Have a little fun, will ya?" the girl said. Her smile started to dim. There was a small pause. "Are you sure?" she asked softly. "Positive," he answered, running his hand over his hair, "You go have fun, though. There's someone who wants to meet you tonight," he finished, a sad note in his voice. "What? I don't underst-" He was gone. Tara looked around, puzzled. "Someone wants to meet me?" she whispered to no one in particular. She pondered over it as she proceeded to go to her room and get ready for the post-performance ball.



## 5 - Trekkers

Tara changed into an elegant maroon dress, and let her hair down out of the bun. She pondered what the phantom had told her as she slipped on her long gloves. A knock on the door jolted her from her thoughts.

"Come in," she called. Bartholomew peeked in the door.

"You ready to go to the ball?" he asked.

"Yep!" she said, exiting her room.

"My, don't you look lovely," the blonde told her. Tara smiled and did a twirl.

"Thanks, Bartholomew!" He smiled as well, and offered her his arm.

"So shall we be on our way, Mademoiselle?"

"We shall!" she said, taking his arm, and the two started towards the ballroom. They arrived, and were met by dancing couples, flowing ball gowns, and beautiful music. Tara received many congratulations and praises for her performance. She and Bartholomew mingled a little bit, shared small talk, and exchanged dress compliments. A new song eventually started up, and Bartholomew turned to Tara.

"May I have this dance?" he asked, bowing and holding out his hand. Tara chuckled.

"But of course!" she answered, and took his hand. They started dancing, twirling and swirling around the ballroom. They danced for a while, Bartholomew spinning her occasionally. He wasn't the best of dancers, and they would both crack up laughing when he'd clumsily do a wrong move, or step on her foot. The blonde spun her again, and she laughed as she twirled. She caught a flash of orange, and curiously peered past Bartholomew's shoulder. It was the same man that she had spotted in the crowd when she was singing. She turned her head as she continued to dance, still watching the orange-haired man. He was talking to some people, so she got a profile shot of him. He was rather hansom, and looked to be about her age. He had bright green eyes.

*I've never seen eyes like his before,* she thought to herself. Someone tapped the orange-haired man on the shoulder, and he turned around. Tara could see his full face now.

*Wow, she thought, his eyes look brighter when seeing them from the front. The man glanced up, momentarily locking eyes with Tara. And even brighter when looking straight into them...* she thought, blushing. The man looked away.

"Hey, is everything all right?" Bartholomew asked, snapping her out of her trance. The girl looked around, noticing she had stopped dancing. "So whatcha looking at?" Bartholomew asked as he looked around curiously. He turned to where Tara was previously looking, and his eyes fell on the orange-haired man. "Ah! Looking at him, are we?" the blonde said, jabbing a thumb in the man's direction.

"Y...yeah," she whispered, her cheeks turning pink.

"Hey, it's alright. He's actually a good friend of mine. I'm sure he'd love to meet you. Come on," Bartholomew held out and arm.

"O...okay!" Tara said, taking his arm. Bartholomew started leading her to the man. The bright-haired man saw them, and excused himself from the group he was chatting with. He met them half way.

"Bartholomew! How are you?" he said, smiling.

"I'm great! It's good to see you," Bartholomew replied, shaking the man's hand and beaming as well.

"Yeah," said the man, "It's been so long..." He turned his attention to Tara.

"So this must be Tara," he said, looking at her proudly. She smiled as he took her hand and kissed it.

"Nice to meet you, Tara. My name is George."

"It's nice to meet you too, George," she replied. Bartholomew looked around.

"Hey, I'm gonna go get a drink. Can I get you anything?" he asked Tara.

"No, I'm good, thanks." Bartholomew nodded, and walked away. George turned back to Tara.

"I enjoyed the performance tonight. You have a wonderful singing voice," he told her. She smiled.

"Why thank you. I've been well taught."

"So Bartholomew told me it's your birthday, correct?" he asked.

"Oh! Yeah, it is. It's my 17th birthday," she told him. The red head smiled.

"Well, happy birthday, Tara. I guess it's MY turn to sing to YOU!" He took a deep breath, but Tara stopped him.

"Thank you, that's quite alright!" They both laughed.

"I was only joking," George told her, "I'm not much of a singer. I'll leave that to you." Tara giggled.

"That's fine with me!" she said.

"I'm not that bad of a dancer, though! What do you say? May I have this dance?" he asked, holding out his hand and looking at her with his bright green eyes.

"I would love to," she replied, taking his hand. Leading her to the dance floor, George looked to a small group of people in the corner. His face darkened, and his lip involuntarily came up in a snarl. He changed direction, and started leading Tara to the far side of the room.

"Something wrong?" she asked. His face brightened again, and he smiled at her.

"Everything's alright. There are less people over here." She glanced back to the group of people he was looking at to find that they were staring darkly after them. She snapped her head back forward. Something about those people gave her a bad feeling.

As they reached their preferred spot, the music started, fast and lively. George took her around the waist, and pulled her into a fast dance. Tara laughed, and held onto him. He was indeed a good dancer. They twirled around the dance floor, laughing and having time. The song soon ended, and the orchestra started playing a slow one.

"This'll be nice after the last one. You up for it?" George asked her.

"Absolutely," she replied. George held her close, and they started swaying to the music. They danced in silence for a while. George leaned his head against her cheek to speak to her in a low whisper.

"Have you ever dreamed about going to different worlds?" he asked. She tilted her head up to speak into his ear.

"That's an odd question," she said. A deep chuckle rumbled in his chest.

"Well, have you?" the red head asked.

"Once or twice, yeah. I think everyone has at some point," Tara answered.

"Yeah, I guess you're right. Do you think it's possible, though?"

"If you want it to be, I don't know." She pulled back from George to look at him. "Why are you saying this?" Tara asked him. He pulled her close to him again, and put his lips close to her ear.

"Because I know for a fact and from personal experience that it's possible." His breath was a warm tingle on her ear. The girl's eyes widened. Somehow, she knew he was telling the truth.

"Have you ever heard of Dimension Trekkers?" the red head asked.

"No," she answered.

"Well, the Dimension Trekkers are a group of gifted people who have the knowledge and ability to travel to different worlds, or dimensions as we like to call them, to help the residents of that dimension who are in need of our help. You see, there's another group of people who know how to go into different dimensions, too, but their intentions are bad. They try to overtake the dimensions for themselves, and destroy the dimensions that they can't overtake. They are known as the Trekker Hunters. It's our job as Trekkers to put a stop to them." Tara's Eyes widened, and her heart beat faster in her chest. I...I know he's telling the truth; I have a feeling he is. I don't know how...I just do, she thought.

"Why are you telling me this?" she whispered in his ear.

"Because you were born into this. You are a Dimension Trekker. A rather special one, in fact."

"W...what do you mean?" she said.

"Tara, you are immortal. So am I. I'm the leader of the Dimension Trekkers." Part of her wanted to believe this, but another part thought that this was some joke. Her heart rate increased.

"How do I know you're telling me the truth? What if you're just lying to me, planting stupid ideas in my head for some sick kind of amusement?" tears of anger welled up in her eyes, and she pushed herself away from George. She ran to the exit of the ballroom, choking down sobs.

"Tara!" George shouted, taking a step towards the fleeing girl, deciding whether he should comfort her now, or let her cool off. To his horror, the group of men in the corner ducked out quickly after Tara. "No..." he whispered, then sprinted after them.

## 6 - Hunters

Tara kept running, and didn't glance back. She wiped tears away with one hand, and held up her skirts with the other. The girl came to the entrance doors of the Opera Populaire, and ran through them into the cool night air. She stood at the top of the front steps, panting and calming herself down. *How would he toy with me like that?* She thought to herself, *Why would he think that I would believe such nonsense...* Her thoughts were interrupted by a silent figure grabbing her arms from behind. At first, she thought it might be George, but the figure wrenched her arms painfully back, and whispered in a raspy voice, "Hello there, missy!" She gasped, eyes widening. The man knelt her in the back, and she cried out in pain. He then kicked her forward, and she tumbled down the stairs, skirts twirling. With a grunt, she landed hard and rolled a few times. Every inch of her body hurt, and she painfully moved onto her side, facing the stairs. Tara propped herself up with one elbow, and fearfully looked up. There were three men, silhouetted by the light of the opera house behind them. The one in the middle, who Tara guessed to be the one who pushed her, started slowly down the stairs toward her. Terror gripped her heart like an icy claw as the man flashed out a dagger. The frightened girl was frozen, unable to move.

"Aww, too bad the poor little Trekkers will lose a precious little immortal! They'll have to wait another 500 long years!" the man with the knife jeered. Suddenly, Tara saw a streak of orange from the opera house window, and another figure rushed outside. The two men flanking the one with the knife both rushed the new arrival. The man kept running, and without losing speed, he leaped, planted his feet on one man's chest, and kicked, launching himself toward the other man. Without losing momentum, the air-born man landed on his hands and kicked up, both feet connecting with the other man's jaw. Both of his attackers were down. The man with the knife, who had been previously watching in horror, sprang quickly down the stairs toward Tara, weapon raised. She sat there, eyes wide and frozen to her spot, wondering if this was the end. The other man at the top of the stairs launched himself down with a roar, and a blinding light flashed. Tara dropped into a huddle, and covered her head with both arms. She heard something fly by her head and thud into the ground. The sound of bodies slamming together was heard, then a man grunted, and she heard a body hit the ground. The light dimmed away, and the girl laid there, eyes clenched tightly shut, trembling. A shadow was cast over her as a man knelt down beside her. A gentle hand was placed on her shaking back.

"Are you alright, Tara?" the girl looked up. George's single green eye shone warmly down at her. The light from the Opera House behind him made his hair cast a radiant orange glow. His right eye was shut tight, and a deep thin slice sparkled crimson from his eyebrow to his cheek. Blood flowed steadily from the wound.

"George!" she cried, and flung herself on him. She grasped the front of his trenchcoat, and buried her head into his chest. Her body shook as her breath came out in ragged sobs. George placed a gentle arm around her, and put his hand on her head.

"Shhhh, everything's okay now. I got you," he said, his voice soft and caring.

"I...I was so scared!" she sobbed into his chest, "I thought I was going to die! I couldn't move, or do anything to save myself! I feel...so weak..." Tears streamed down her face, and her brows furrowed into an angry scowl. "I...I'll always be weak! But I want to be strong...strong like you! B...but I believe you now, George, and I'm sorry for not believing you. None of this would've happened. Your eye...it's all my fault!" He rocked the sobbing girl back and forth.

"You don't have to apologize. It's a lot to take in all at once. And I didn't expect you to be a fighting warrior right off the bat," he told her reassuringly.

"But I don't want to be weak! I want to be strong!"

"You will be. But for right now, I'll protect you. I won't let anything hurt you." The red head slid his arm under her knees, and lifted her up. He carried her to the top of the stairs, and carefully set her down. George sat there with her. She still held onto him, and her sobs had died down. There was a grunt from behind them, and one of the fallen men got up. George held Tara closer to him. The man staggered, then launched toward them. He was abruptly stopped by a noose around his neck. He was jerked backward, then lifted up, gurgling. The man hung there twitching as a figure in black leaped from the roof, cape flowing. The person came over to George and Tara, and kneeled down by them.

"Is she alright?" the deep voice of the phantom asked. George nodded as Tara lifted her head from his chest.

"Eric!" she exclaimed. His deep blue eyes shone with concern. He ran his hand over her head, smoothing her hair down. He rested his hand on her cheek, and wiped away her tears. She reached up and held his warm gloved hand to her face, closing her eyes.

"What happened here?" the phantom asked, looking to George.

"Hunters tried to kill her. It was a... traumatizing experience for her." Eric nodded.

"I'm guessing you told her?"

"Yes," George said, then turned to Tara, "Which means you'll be leaving with me soon. I don't want to sound forceful, but we kinda need you." Tara nodded

"It's okay, I want to go. You have to show me all those worlds, right?" she said with a small smile.

George gave a nod.

"Yeah," he said with a smile, then he looked at the phantom. "Hey, do either of you know of a back door of some kind that I can use? I don't want to alarm people with this injury."

"Yes," the phantom and Tara answered in unison. "Come with me. I'll show you a way in. and we'll get that cleaned up," Eric said. George nodded, and helped Tara up.

"Go inside and gather your things. Then find Bartholomew. He's coming with us," the trekker said. Tara nodded. The phantom led George around the Opera House, and Tara went inside. On the way to her room, she met up with Bartholomew.

"Hey! Where's George?" he asked, walking up to her.

"He's with the phantom. Some... hunters attacked us," she told him.

"Oh, so I'm guessing he told you?"

"Geez, that's the second time I've heard that. How many people are in on this?" Tara muttered.

Bartholomew chuckled.

"Eh, just us. So are we leaving?" he asked.

"Yes. George told me to find you. Oh, wait! I believe there are a few Hunter bodies right outside the Opera House..."

"I got it covered," he said, and bounded off. Tara reached her room, and found a brown bag to put things in. she packed her possessions, which weren't many. She slowly finished tucking in her blue performance dress, and took a last look around the room she had stayed in all her life. The girl slowly walked around the room, trailing her fingers across her vanity, the pale blue walls. She sighed, and her gaze rested on the picture that was on her vanity mirror. Tara walked over to it, and pulled it off. It was a picture of the phantom that she had taken of him a couple years ago. He looked about 15 in the photograph, and he had just looked up from his work when she snapped the picture. Tara smiled, remembering how he had flipped out after she took it. She tucked the picture inside her bag. She became alert as a single knock sounded on the door. The phantom slid inside, and Tara relaxed.

"Hey, Eric," she said. He nodded to her.

"So... you're leaving," Eric stated. Tara gave a nod.

"Yeah. They NEED me. I'm sorry. I'm really going to miss you," she told him. He sighed.

"I'll miss you, too." The phantom stepped forward, and pulled his friend into a hug. She went rigid for a second, not expecting it, but relaxed and returned the embrace. She started to let go, but Eric held her tighter.

"Hey now, Opera Ghost, don't get all teary-eyed on me," she said. He pulled back.

"What?! I'm not-" He stopped when he noticed she was chuckling. Eric rolled his eyes and smirked.

"Alright, George is waiting in the labyrinth. And don't forget your dagger," he said, pointing to her bed, where the silver weapon lay. Tara picked up the bag, and placed the dagger inside. She followed the phantom down the halls, and into a secret passageway. The pair traveled down winding stairs and damp halls, arriving by boat to the phantom's home. George stood with Bartholomew among the lit candles, his orange hair hanging loosely in front of his single sparkling green eye. A white bandage covered the other. The captain trekker stepped down to meet them as the phantom docked the boat.

"Are we ready?" George asked as he helped Tara out of the gondola. She gave a nod. The red head led them to Bartholomew, and nodded to him. The blonde pulled a scarf off of the object he was holding, to reveal a cream colored orb.

"Eric?" he said, holding the orb out to the phantom. He took it in his gloved hands, and held it out carefully. George placed his hand on the orb, and Bartholomew followed. They all closed their eyes, and the creamy orb started to glow. It seemed to emit a wind, tousling the hair and robes of the people standing around it. The orb started to rise out of their hands, and a bright light flashed from it. Tara shielded her eyes with her arm. The light went away. Lowering her arm, Tara gazed at an intricately carved wooden archway. The cream-colored orb rested in the center of the top of the arch, giving off a faint, creamy glow.

"Tara," George said softly, "This is a portal back to Dimension's Home."

"It's the place where all the other portals are, to all the other dimensions," Bartholomew added, "Past this gateway is our headquarters."

"And our home," George told her. Tara stared at the swirling lights of the portal.

"Home?" she said softly. Both Trekkers nodded.

"Are you ready?" George asked her. The girl looked back at the labyrinth, then to George.

"Yes," she told him. He gave a warm smile, his single eye sparkling.

"Great! Shall we?" he asked, holding out his hand. Tara nodded, and placed her hand in his. The Captain Trekker led her to the portal. He paused, and turned back toward the phantom.

"Thank you, Eric. You have helped us so much. You are now and ally of the Trekkers, and the guardian of this dimension. After we pass through this portal, the archway will fade and the orb will drop. Keep it safe. And if you ever need our help, hold the orb and call 'Trekada Dimenso', and we'll come as soon as possible." The phantom nodded, and George turned back toward the portal. "Farewell."

"Wait!" Tara pulled away from George and ran to the phantom. He looked at her, alarmed.

"What are you doing? You have to go with them!" he said.

"I know, but I almost forgot!" she reached behind her neck and unclasped a chain. She pulled her necklace off and clasped it back around the phantom's neck. It was a long silver chain with a small sapphire pendant.

"It was my mother's. Keep it safe for me!" The girl stood up on her toes and placed a kiss on the unmasked side of his face. She went back to the portal with George and Bartholomew, then turned and waved to her friend.

"See ya, Opera Ghost!" The phantom smiled, and raised his gloved hand in farewell.

"See ya, Dimension Trekker." The three Trekkers turned to the portal. Bartholomew went through first, and George took Tara's hand and followed after. As the girl passed through, she turned her head and watched the Phantom and the labyrinth fade into swirling lights.