

The Birth of A Shaman

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The story to go along with my picture of Tia and Kai. This is the first chapter, I'll write more later!

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Blade/2381/The-Birth-of-A-Shaman>

Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

Tia slowly trudged home from school. It had been a long and hard day and for that matter, a long, hard week. As it was Friday (and her teachers had been merciful) she had no homework. The weekend was hers. Tia's mind was set on "auto pilot" as she walked the familiar way home. All of the sudden she tripped and fell over something. The books she was carrying fell down on the ground. Blushing, she gathered her things and looked up. Above her stood a tall boy that she had not noticed before. She must have tripped on him and fallen. "Sorry." Tia murmured to the figure.

The boy held out a hand and Tia was about to accept when her best friend, Kaya, came rushing up to her. "Are you alright?" she asked. "Who were you apologizing to?" Kaya looked around curiously.

"The boy, I accidentally tripped over him and-"

"What boy?"

"The one right here." The boy was most definitely there.

"Look," said Kaya, annoyed. "Did you hit your head or something when you tripped over that rock?"

"I-" Tia looked down at the rock that she hadn't noticed before, then up at the boy, who smiled down at her. "Never mind."

"Kaya rolled her eyes then left saying, "I'll see you on Monday!"

"Uh, OK. You too!" yelled Tia after her. She looked up at the tall boy again and got up, brushing herself off before facing him. He wore odd looking clothes and wore a sheathed sword at his side. He had a bandana-like thing tied around his head and over it hung his blond-with-red-tips hair. "Why didn't you say anything to her?" asked Tia.

"Because you were doing fine on your own!" answered the boy.

"So, what's up with the costume, it isn't Halloween, or did you have a play?"

"Halloween, play?" asked the boy. "Uh, no. These are just my clothes. What's wrong? People these days are so strange! Anyway, I'm Kai." finished the boy.

What was that supposed to mean? "Um, I'm Tia. But I still don't understand. Why couldn't Kaya see you? I wonder if she is alright?" she said it more to herself than to Kai.

"Well, not everyone can see ghosts." he stated.

"What are you getting at?" asked Tia uncertainly.

"You must have a sixth sense or something because I've been dead for over 100 years!"

Tia felt the color drain from her face. She slowly turned around before running straight home.

"Wait! Where are you going? What's the matter?" called Kai after Tia but it was useless.

When Tia finally reached home she slumped down on the couch. Just then her mother burst into the room with her little brother, back from soccer practice. "What's the matter?" asked Tia's concerned mother. "You look like you've seen a ghost!"