

Kara and the Magyk

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These two girls are sisters - and enemies. When Kara does something naughty she is sent packing.

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Part One

Lindsay stormed throughout the house, making the ground shudder and the door quake. Her jet black hair flared up behind her head as she stamped from room to room, making as much noise as was humanly possible. Practically leaping downstairs in utter anger, she knocked a vase to the ground with a loud smash. Thunderous rock music echoed from upstairs along with the noise of a cat wailing for some supposedly painful reason. Parts of the cream carpet had splatters of mud and filth dotted around and surprisingly, up on the ceiling there was a pie, stuck there the previous night. It was not a nice shock for when the parents returned.

Lindsay was the kind of girl who didn't care what the parents - or foster parents, in her case - thought. She did things for herself, by herself, and seeing as Mr and Mrs. Parsnip were on their second honeymoon, Lindsay had taken it in her stride to hold a house party the previous night and wreck the house. At that point, it appeared she hadn't done a good enough job and was finishing it off. Everybody from the party had been warded off that morning, although she could hear the wailing of somebody trapped in the basement. She didn't care; they'd probably got themselves trapped in there from some reason whilst they were drunk and now that they had a hangover they weren't thinking logically. Being 16 years old herself, Lindsay knew how it felt.

A small figure emerged from the confines of the kitchen to find out what all of the noise was about. She had fiery, scruffy ginger hair that curled a little at the ends along with chocolate brown eyes that were, at that point in time, round and fearful, and hidden behind a large pair of glasses. She was Lindsay's younger sister, Kara, and as Lindsay slammed through the living room and tossed a pile of cushions to the floor as she went, Kara didn't dare ask what was wrong. She knew her sister too well. She also knew that whilst the party had been in full swing the previous night, Oliver the dog had followed her under the stairs and down into the basement, fallen asleep, and forgotten to follow her back out again.

"Get out of the way, you little rodent," snarled Lindsay, attempting to get past Kara to wreck the kitchen as well. Kara obediently stepped aside to allow Lindsay through - she didn't want to get into any trouble with Gregor Parsnip when he returned with his wife - sticking out one of her small feet as she moved. The result was phenomenal. As she walked forwards, Lindsay crashed to the floor with an ear-splitting screech, looking like the biggest loser in the entire world. Kara gulped in terror. Maybe sticking her foot out hadn't been the best idea, then. It would almost certainly get her into more trouble with her sister

than Mr Parsnip. Immediately she put her petite foot back next to the other.

"Right, you little rat," growled Lindsay, standing up shakily, wiping a stream of blood away from a cut on her chin, and brushing herself down. Her eyes flashed dangerously as she put out both of her hands ready to grasp Kara's scrawny little neck with. Nothing angered her more than her young, stupid sister. Ten long fingernails protruded hazardously from the tips of her pale fingers and she slowly moved toward Kara as menacingly as she could manage. Kara gulped again, her pale face growing paler by the second, and put out her hands to shield her face. Lindsay neared. Kara cowered. Lindsay reached her and Kara screamed.

The next second Lindsay was back on the floor, looking absolutely shocked, a dazed expression on her face. What on earth had happened? Lindsay blinked twice, sitting up and staring at her younger sister who was still standing, frozen, in fright. Subsequently a wave of pain hit Lindsay and she curled up in a tight ball. Kara lowered her hands and peered around, surprised, wondering where on earth her sister had gotten to. And then she noticed. Lindsay was sprawled in agony on the ground, clutching at the wound on her chin in which blood was still steadily streaming out of.

"Lindsay! Lindz! What's the matter?" she cried out, fearing that it was something she had done. She clambered across the ground toward her. "Lindsay? Just say something!" she screamed, pulling Lindsay's arms away from her face. Lindsay just groaned and shut her eyes as though she was about to fall asleep. Some form of dark magic had been placed upon her, although Kara, of course being a classic 10 year old, simply thought she was dying. She put her head to Lindsay's head and tears streamed down her face.

And then the post arrived.

Part Two

As soon as she heard the mail pouring through the letterbox, Kara tore her eyes away from Lindsay for a second and ran to fetch the post, ripping her head through the air and tossing her tears to the floor. Her small denim dress swayed as she pelted through the kitchen; through the dining room; through the lounge. Her body was nothing more than a blur of the colours of the rainbow from her multicoloured tights and her bright red face from crying. She knew she had done something that she shouldn't have done. She knew she had done something dangerous. And she was afraid of herself because of it. How could she have hurt Lindsay like that? It wasn't exactly like she was magic or anything, was it? Was it?

*The hallway was bathed in crimson light from the rising sun as she entered it, her head spinning from the thousand and one twisted thoughts pacing around in it. She knelt down on the hard, cold floor, listening to Oliver's frantic yelps and whines, gathering up the envelopes in one hands and tidying up the 'welcome' mat with the other. More carnage from the house party, she assumed. The mail was just the same as usual: bills, letters from granny, newspaper, adverts. However, as she stood up once more and let Oliver out of the basement, her small hand brushed past something different. It felt like parchment, and, she realised as she moved it in front of her eyes, **it was addressed to her!***

"What the-" she gasped quietly, studying the ink by which her name was written; almost the same colour of her eyes and just as dangerous. Dangerous in the sense that she had no idea what it was, and she was too curious. Much too curious. After all, curiosity killed the cat. Who, and more in importantly why, would somebody write to her? With trembling hands she let go of the door knob to the basement, allowing the heavy door to miss Oliver's tail by a hair, and quickly turned the envelope over, ripping the top open. Her round eyes scanned the page and she caught certain words such as 'magic', 'evil', and 'darkness'. The emblem at the top was of two blackened serpents entwined, a fire blazing behind them. And she had no idea what it was. All she could see were a few black ink splurges; a mass of italic, untidy writing; a swirling signature at the bottom.

Before she had a chance to read the actual letter, however, there was a small groan from nearby and Lindsay staggered through the wrecked lounge and over to Kara. Her hair was stuck up on end and yet the deep cut on her chin seemed to have ceased bleeding and repaired itself, complete with neat stitches. Her mouth was frothing a little at the corners and her eyes were looking directly upwards. Kara followed her gaze with glazed eyes. There was not a thing there. She returned her troubled eyes to

Lindsay's face and sighed. This was going to take a lot of explaining; an explanation, though, that she herself did not know.

"Lindsay, are you ok now?" asked Kara softly, shaking Lindsay's shoulder calmly. She nodded, sucking the froth into her mouth like a milkshake. Kara winced. That couldn't taste nice. Although, whether it tasted nice or not, Lindsay appeared to enjoy it, as she stopped looking upwards and focused on Kara, attempting to wipe away the dried blood with a confused expression. Oh no; thought Kara anxiously; she's awake again. And obviously on the war path.

"What...?" she mumbled, gawking at Kara, who shushed her immediately. Something that Lindsay usually hated. Something that Lindsay still hated. Something that Lindsay was going to shout at her about, if she could find the strength. Kara put one finger to her mouth as Lindsay moaned, and Lindsay's eyebrows knitted together furiously. Kara backed away slowly, realizing at last that even if her older sister was injured or maybe even in a state beyond awakening again, she was still dangerous and damn scary. Lindsay found her firm, angry voice at last. "WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME, YOU LITTLE TWERP?" she roared, fixing herself in an upright position and spraying lumps of spittle everywhere.

Part Three

Kara Parsnip, the letter read,

We have recently heard of strange going on's in your household. And we must put a stop to it. We, meaning the Witch's Council. Usually, we would approve of a young witch such as yourself practicing powers, but seeing as you appear to be practicing the wrong side of witchcraft in your house, we have no choice but to make a visit to your house at 12 noon on the 23rd of April. Furthermore, more usage of your disabled powers before our visit will result in a detention of 12 years or more. We do not approve of black witchcraft, especially not from an underage witch such as you. One last thing: we have no records of you attending any of our one hundred magical academies. Therefore, at our visit we will discuss the possibilities of this action with your parent/guardian.

Thank you for your eyes;

Geraldine Livenheart; Witch's' Council.

Kara slumped back on the cherry-red sofa in complete and utter shock. What on EARTH was this letter about? All this about a Witch's' council? Witch's' council? There was no such thing! Certainly none, other than in the old story books in which Kara divulged her attention so often. Those ones with the papery pages that tore with a single flick of the page. In those there had been mentions of all sorts of things: terrifying dragons, bright green witches, brave wizards ... even a few valiant unicorns had been added for drama. But without doubt, in Kara's eyes, none of it was real. None of it at all. So neither was this. Completely, and utterly, UNREAL. A trick of her sister's, perhaps. To get her even more scared after the wild house party. Yeah, thought Kara with a broad grin. That must be it.

"Ha, ha, so very funny," snarled Kara, her beam turning to a curled-up lip as Lindsay entered the lounge from the kitchen, holding the bridge of her nose with a tissue to stop one of her classic, sudden nosebleeds. On one of her fingers was a disgusting, bloody red colour, which dripped onto the cream carpet as she sat down. She glared at her sister, sizing her up, past a wad of white (and occasionally scarlet) tissue. Her sister was the most annoying being on the planet.

"What the hell are you talking about, Ka-RA?!" asked Lindsay viciously, dumping the blood-blotted tissue on the ruined carpet and checking her nose. She honestly had no idea why Kara was being so horrid. And what the heck was that piece of parchment she was holding in her hands so worriedly?

"You know exactly what I'm talking about, Lindsay," grimaced Kara, waving the letter around like a mad woman. Lindsay followed it with her eyes, watching the strange emblem at the top go back and forth, to and fro. "This!"

Kara mistook Lindsay's look of surprise for sarcasm. Lindsay misinterpreted Kara's determined face for another plot to get her in trouble; she knew all about the Oliver and basement issue...

"Yeah? What's that, then?" asked Lindsay grimly, holding out her hand, into which Kara placed the thin parchment. Her eyes scanned up and down the page as she read each word individually, eventually turning as confused as Kara was. What, the, and Hell were the only three words running around her head, along with a befuddled question mark that stalked the sentence. Looking up for a brief second, she saw Kara's scared, but satisfied, face, and reread the letter. And then she was happy.

"Kara, you idiot!" she giggled. Kara relaxed. This was proof it was her sister's doing. "You've gone ahead and got yourself into trouble with these freaky people for doing nothing! Now you're going away to some weirdo school and we'll be rid of you!" she smirked, and sounded pretty happy as she said it. Then she went pale, and her eyes focused on one single sentence. "Uh-oh," she gulped, "They're coming today, Kara. Mum and dad won't be at home. They won't know!"