

# **Matt's Story {Working Title**

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*About an 18 year old that has to save his brother in order to fulfill a promise made to his mother, and to himself. With his wings that shouldn't be much of a problem....*

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## 1 - Try to make the best of it.

-- Okay well since it is summer, and I can't have the teacher checking it for me like she did during the school year, I posted this story in order to see what changes you think should be made in order for it to sound better. I also want the main character Matt to talk more but I don't know how to put it, so I was wonderin if you guys/girls could help me with this issue. Oh and to set things straight, Matt is 17 years old and where the brackets start is when he is looking to the past, not the present. Hope you enjoy and please comment.

-- Dragon\_Artist

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I looked in the mirror, hard and long at the water trickling its way down my face. Then into my eyes for the answer, but found nothing. Leaning farther down on my elbows I remembered what I was doing and picked the soap back up. This was the fifth time I had scrubbed my face and yet, as I opened my eyes to gander into the sink, still to find dirty water falling into it. Finding my face clean in the mirror I tried to find the answer in it, no good. My mind raced on to other topics at that point. Why was I here? I watched the water falling through my fingers for the longest time pondering this, but could not come up with an answer to my liking. A cold rush ran through my whole body at that moment, bringing me back to reality. I turned off the water and reached out for a towel. As I buried my face into it another question hit me. Who was I? I didn't remember being knocked unconscious, but it sure felt like it. I put down the towel exactly where I had found it and looked at my clothes. As worn as they were, I still felt an attachment to them. I put my hands into the front pocket of my hooded sweatshirt and looked into the mirror again. My hands found things in that pocket. I hoped that they would answer some questions. In one hand I found a pair of dark blue tinted sunglasses. In the other what I had hoped to find. A silver chain with an odd-shaped, dark colored stone. I leaned back down onto

my elbows and concentrated hard on the stone, searching my mind for what I knew about it. I found what I was looking for. .... *That stone was a good luck charm that had been a gift from my younger brother, Trent, eleven years ago. He was four years old at the time and a very fluent talker for his age. He always looked up to me to help him out, but I never minded it. No one could separate us from each other. My friends didn't enjoy him tagging along all of the time since he was two years younger than us. He was always very quiet and didn't speak unless asked something, so I was never able to figure out why it bugged them so much. One day Trent and I were at the fair. I had spent all my money and Trent had one token left. He put it into a machine that made all sorts of weird noises. We were so caught up in the machine that neither of us noticed the small box laying at Trent's feet. When the machine quit, Trent bent down and picked it up. "Luck Pendant", he read on the front and opened it. The necklace was glittering in the setting sun.*

*"Here," he said handing it to me, "I don't need any luck." I told him that he should keep it anyways because I didn't need any luck either.*

"Okay," he said and thought for a few minutes, "then it is for always being there for me and never leaving me out." He smiled at me, and I smiled back.

"Thanks but I always will be." I said. He told me to just keep it and ran off toward the fair's entrance. I quickly shoved it into my pocket and ran after him. I woke up during the night to noises coming from outside. I slid out of bed and tiptoed into the kitchen to the front door. Made sure it was locked and peered out the window. Found nothing and made my way back to my room.

Opened the door to find Trent tied up and unconscious on my bed with his mouth taped shut. I ran over to him and heard the door close behind me. Two men in trench coats appeared. I was fighting to reach my brother when it got dark. I remember waking up in a pitch black room feeling excruciating pain in my back. I opened my eyes to find that I was leaning up against a wall. I looked straight in front of me to see my brother still unconscious up against the something on the

wall across from me. He looked somehow different. It took me a while to figure out why, because my eyes were adjusting to the light. Once they adjusted I figured out why he looked so different. I was horrified by what I saw. He was leaning against a small set of wings coming out of his back. I moved my hand back over my shoulder to find that I too had a pair. Reaching farther down I felt the stitches that held them to me. I called out to Trent and he looked up at me, then back down at the floor. I called out again, asking if he was okay, but all I could see was tears falling down from his face. I slowly forced myself to move forward onto my hands and knees to make my way to my brother. I was halfway there when those men showed up again, lifting me up to toss me against a wall. The pain from the impact caused me to blackout again. This time I woke up next to a dumpster, and slowly by nightfall, found my way back home. I knocked on the backdoor and my mother answered it. She reached out to hug me with very teary eyes, but stopped abruptly when she saw what was sticking out of my back. She covered her mouth with one hand while the other one held open the door. I walked in and asked if any word about Trent had come up. She shook her head no and went into the livingroom. I went back to my bedroom and fell face flat on my bed and slept. About three days later I woke up to find my mom fast asleep in a chair beside me. I got up slowly and walked into the backyard. I reached over my shoulder to find the stitches were gone and no pain was coming from them. I stretched out my arms then tried to move them. They twitched, I concentrated hard and they spread out to their full length, then back down to where they had started. My mom came off of the backstep towards me and I turned around. She asked me calmly what happened, so I told. She put her hands on my shoulders and got on her knees to my level. "I'll always love you, but you cannot stay here. You can take care of yourself, you have already shown me that. Your brother, please find him for me. Tell him to always believe in himself and never lose hope. That I will also love him forever, no matter what he looks like. Can you promise

me that?"

"I promise." I said as tears started their way down my face.

"I will never forget about you two ever. I promise to think about you guys everyday, and never forget." Tears were now on her face too as she reached out for a hug. I fell into her arms and told her that I would love her forever, and fulfill that promise. We both rose to our feet and went back inside. My mom emptied out her wallet, telling me that there was enough for her in the bank.

Gave the money and an extra pair of clothes to me. All the while telling me to never let anyone cheat me out of anything, always do what I thought was right, and probably only travel at night. She kissed me on the cheek, I returned it. The sun was setting as I went out the backdoor for the last time. Stopped in the yard and put on a new sweatshirt, which my mom already cut in the back, and walked out into the alley. Never to return home again. At the end of the alley I stopped and reached into my pant pockets to make sure I had everything. I found that necklace, put it on and kept walking. Over the following years I have learned a lot about how to manage through life, among many other things. The most important one that I learned was to control my wings and make use of them ... I woke up to reality again, but had left the sink and mirror behind, now I was in a tree. Still holding the necklace in my hand, I put it on and gazed at the stars while listening to the sounds of nightlife. It was a clear night, so I took off into the air. Flying...ever tried? It feels great to whip into the air around in circles, going wherever you want; or just to glide for miles on end. I flew as high above the buildings as I could go. Headed off in no certain direction. I stopped in midair, put my sunglasses on and continued. Constantly checking in every direction for any sign of my brother. For eleven years now I have been through a countless numbers of places; so many in fact that I cannot even remember where I am anymore. As long as I am searching, it doesn't matter much to me where I am.

## 2 - The future can be interesting.

I stopped briefly on the ground to search and began to think. What does my brother look like?

I had no real answer to this. What did he sound like? No clue. I highly doubted that he would sound and talk the same way he did when he was four. The only true thing I knew about him was that he too had a set of wings. Well, if you actually think about it, how many people have wings? Very few, if any at all. He also might look somewhat like me, since we are related. I tried my best to come up with a description of myself, but didn't put much into it, or get much out of it. I sat down against the back of a building and rubbed my eyes. What now? Eleven years have passed without a sign of any kind that he was even still alive. What was I saying, I knew he was. Was he looking for me too? Was he back at home? I got a headache from all this.

"Trent, where are you?" I called out to the sky. I got an answer.

"Please help me brother.." I could hear a distant yet familiar voice coming from no where in particular.

"Trent?" I stood up looking in every direction trying to find him.

"Help.." the voice echoed. I flew into the air.

"Where are you?" I yelled as loud as I could into the pitch black that surrounded me.

"Their coming..please help.."

"Where are you Trent?" I called out again.

"You told me that you would always be there.." The voice inside my head trembled.

"Trent, give me a sign of some kind or something." I said, continuing to circle around.

"You said you always would be, but you're not. You lied to me, your own brother. How could you? I trusted you, but your not here. So, where are you now, traitor?" I stopped where I was, having a

good feeling about the way I was facing, and started off.

"Coming to get you." I answered in a low whisper to the sky, and my brother.

"I can't wait." The voice said, ending its conversation with me.

"Neither can I." I replied, and flew a straight course into the pitch black night sky. How long I flew for, I do not know. At least three days worth I would say, stopping when needed. I flew on still without a clue to where Trent exactly was. The sun began to appear over the horizon so I stopped to rest. Not knowing that I would meet someone who would help me, become a friend, and eventually end up saving me life. Landing on an apartment building I laid down looking at the stars until I fell asleep. I awoke as the sun was setting. Still half asleep I stood up and yawned, completely unaware of the person standing a few feet in front of me.

"That was some yawn." I opened my eyes startled and jumped back. Wide awake now, I turned around to leave, but figured that I would only leave as a last resort.

"How did you know that I was up here?" I asked plainly.

"I saw you up in the sky and followed you. Please don't take offence or anything." He said quietly, also I noticed that he looked to be somewhere around my age. I sat down on the building's ledge and thought about this awhile.

"Why were you following me?"

"Curiosity, I suppose. It isn't everyday that you see a flying person." He said in that same tone, as if he expected me to leave. He looked up from the ground at me.

"I don't want to criticize you or anything." Trailing off, he looked back at the ground. I took my attention off of the setting sun and looked at him.

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"What's your name?"

"Sommy Tompston, what's yours?" From there we went on to have a long conversation about our pasts, lives, and just about every other topic we could think of. It was the longest conversation I have ever been a part of and the most interesting. We ended up talking for hours and hours. The moon was already up before either of us realized how long we had been talking.

"I have to get going, or who knows what my mother might think. It was nice talking with you," he said standing up.

"Also, thanks for hanging out with me when you knew that you didn't have to." This brought back memories to me.

"No problem," I said and stood up on the ledge. Spreading out my wings, I looked over my shoulder at Sommy. He handed my sunglasses to me.

"Are you coming back?"

"Yup, in the meantime, take care of yourself. By the way, have you seen any shady-looking people in these parts?"

"I did see two guys in trenchcoats a couple of weeks ago. They were acting really wierd, walking around looking in every direction like they were being watched. My curiosity got the better of me and I followed them to the boat dock, but they left."

"I'll look into that. Thanks."

"Hey, be sure to bring your brother back here sometime. I'd like to meet him." Sommy handed me his address on a piece of paper.