

Sire

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Alan Maxwell didn't want to go home, so he ran away. Simple. But when he slips on a rock and opens his head up, he ends up in a 4 Demensional world where he is king.

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1 - runaway

Sire

I must start by saying, and I know you've probably heard this before, but there is more than one universe, or actually, as the Duke would like me to say, Plains, and the one you are living in is the 3rd, and there are, currently, 79 plains, and all that means is that we live in three dimensions and our plain was made 3rd in numerical order. Every once and a while, a new plain will pop up, and unfortunately, one will disappear, but they usually they turn up after awhile, but, moving on, this is my story, and though it may be hard to believe, I used to live there, in Minnesota, born March 14, 1992.

My name is Allan Maxwell and I'm 14 years old, and I used to have parents, but they just were gone when I was about 4 years old, but that was 10 years ago, and I'm stuck being tossed from foster home to foster home, and because of that I've never had any friends.

One day I just had to run away, even though I knew that my foster parents would call my councilor, or call the police, and they would find me, and I would be shipped off to Alaska or someplace like that. But on the way to the bus stop I saw a path running down out of the town, into some thick brush, and it looked out of the way, so I took it. The ground was wet and slippery, and because of it I had to be very careful of where I stepped.

About halfway down I started to get glimpses of a small lake, or actually a large pond, and in that brief moment I slipped on a twig and, CRACK, I hit my head on a rock that was, you guessed it, right where my head fell. Ouch. That's all I could think of before I blacked out.

When I woke up I was in a hospital looking room, that at first looked like it was spinning. I was lying on my back, modesty preserved by a white sheet. And, trust me, I needed it. I was bare except for the sheet, a bandage on my head, and a cast on my leg.

At first I thought that the room was spinning because of my head injury, but then I realized that the room wasn't actually spinning, but it looked like there were two corners in one place, one slightly off from the other, and the room seemed to grow new corners, then drop them, then another would grow, and so on and so forth.

I think that's when I started to realize, I wasn't in Minnesota, or probably any place I could name. I was thinking back to a year when the System, the foster care system, sent me to science camp. There had been a speaker that talked about a possible 4th dimension. He said that it would probably be constantly moving, always shifting, and that was exactly what I was seeing.

When I regained control of my thought again, I screamed, and screamed, and screamed.

I screamed because I was scared, and I screamed because I was confused and, finally, I screamed because I had nothing else to do.

When my throat was raw, and my head was pounding, I fell asleep.

I woke up to the sound of footsteps, and when I opened my eyes, I saw a man in a doctor's white lab coat, walking out of a hallway that wasn't there before.

He walked as though he thought I would start screaming and raving and attack him, and I knew this because that was how people who had watched me throw my 7 year old fits, and even though I had stopped that a long time ago, I still remember all the people that looked at me that way.

I watched him calmly and tried to seem as harmless as possible, and when he was at the foot of my bed, he bowed to me and said "My Liege, The Duke has sent me to check on your wounds" and he bowed

again, but made no attempt to move closer.

I asked him "Do you want me to get up for you, or do you want me to check myself?"

He looked like I had slapped him. "My Lord, You know I cannot cross into your Dome without your permission"

In my state of shock I hadn't noticed a nearly invisible bubble that pulsed with color, Red, Orange, Yellow, Green (that was what you seen most), Blue, Purple, and every once in a while, White and Black.

I was shocked. "Did I put this up"

"Yes" came the reply.

"Well, how do I take it down?"

Another stricken look.

"If your serious that you don't remember, then I guess that I'll have to call the Duke."

"Yes, I'm serious."

He sighed and clapped his hands and announced," The Sire of Balance calling you my Duke."

From somewhere above I heard a voice that replied," I'll be right in."

There was something in that voice that made me trust the person behind it, and it sounded familiar.

Then again I guess I shouldn't have been surprised, after all, he seemed to know me.

After a few seconds, I heard the same footsteps that the doctor had made coming from the hallway that, up until this point, had disappeared.

From the hallway came a young-looking man that looked about college age, but with a one of those half-glasses, that Englishmen wear, and a bad limp that required a cane.

He held himself with pride, but you could also sense humility underneath it. Even if the Doctor hadn't acted like he was important I would have thought so anyway, because power and authority rolled off of him like a heavy cologne.

"Ahh, my friend you do not look that good. I see that you haven't recovered your memory yet. What was it that you wanted me for?"

"Friend? I've never met you before. And I'm not the Sir, Sire, whatever you called me, of the Balance. I'm Allan Maxwell, from the United States of America. And, by the way, where are we, Is this 4 dimension, and can I please get some clothes?"

The man that had walked in the door a minute ago was gone after my outburst. His posture had dropped by a good 20 degree so that he now stooped, he had dropped his cane and was swaying back and forth, and he seemed to have gained 30 years.

"I'm sorry. I don't know where that came from. I'm just confused."

"I know." He said. " I should have known that you wouldn't be the same."

"What are you talking about. And are you O.K? You don't look so good."

This time he hesitated before asking "Are you sure you don't remember anything about this place?"

I hated to disappoint him, but I just didn't. "Sorry, no."

He let out a sigh, then a thought seemed to hit him and his cane was back, he stood tall, and he was young again. "Let me start out saying that, I have known you for all your life, and, yes, you are The Sire of Balance. And before you object, You had an idea to try and live as a human, instead of a Immortal, and you took the semblance of a child, and copied your memories down in a book that I keep for you, and that is where you have been all this time. Does that cover everything?"

It took a moment to sink in, and then it was like I was waking up from a dream. I knew how to take down the Dome I was in, All about Magic, the Master, The Duke, My Immortality, everything. Then again, not everything.

"I have missed you, Fredrick." That was his name. I was battling myself inside. My 14 year old "normal" self with this familiar/unfamiliar, Immortal personality.

My human self was saying "back off" and the older person said "But I'm you" and before I could slip into

the magic, I felt a pulse run through my body, making me yelp.

"Sorry." The Duke said, a little red in the face." You looked trapped."

" Can I see The Book please?" I had to get my memories back or I would go crazy very soon.

He looked at me with a knowing gleam and wordlessly gave me what appeared to be a moleskin notebook, but when I took it, it changed into a heavy book that felt very light in my hands.

After a moments hesitation, I opened it up and let the knowledge take me away.