

Pin's and Dagger's

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Pins & Daggers is a fantasy book about 16 year old Carina Kolley who finds herself falling into a magical world she thought was made up. There she struggles to solve the mystery of her existence and stop an evil king from enslaving her world.

Provided by Fanart Central.

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Chapter 1 Dark and ominous clouds, created from the intake of ash and smoke, hovered over the ground like sleeping giants in the air. They rained torment down upon the earth, scorching the land and littering its surface with suit. Fires burned, turning trees into ash and rock into lava, quickly overtaking the surrounding landscape. Between the smoldering heat and the jagged cliffs, two armies faced off against each other. Their armor and weapons clattered together causing the valley to rumble with noise. As each man fell an ocean of blood seemed to seep through the dirt, staining the ground a crimson red.

Suddenly, through the smoke and chaos, a wisp of black soared out of the trees and into the air. It released a paralyzing cry, its voice rattling through the mountains. The creature then opened its mouth and sent a procession of fire spiraling to the ground. The column hit the earth where attacking soldiers fought, instantly incinerating their presence with its heat. As the beast brought its head from side to side it navigated the beam through the chaos, destroying everything in sight.

Resting on the back of the dragon was a man. His black hair and eyes were only rivaled by the charcoal night whose midnight reflection glinted off the sword in his hand. He was wearing the military uniform of a general and the only thing that seemed out of place was the gold crown fitted to his head. Garren, the man, looked down upon the suffering resistance, watching as his dragon crushed the last of their forces. "Pitiful," he spat, smirking down on their useless efforts. He had finally won. After seven long years at war the last of the rebel fighters were now trapped, pinned between his massive army and the canyon wall. Garren raised his hand into the air and his dragon entered a free fall. Pulling up at just the last minute it slammed into the ground, sending a shockwave of wind followed by a cloud of suit. He slide from the saddle and landed on the ground next to his dragon, facing his enemies.

"This is the end for you," Garren said, lifting his hand towards the sky. His words sent a shiver of fear through the hearts of the remaining men as they tried to stand their ground. Though all knew death was eminent every fighter that day stood tall, refusing to give in to the fear of death. And as his dragon got ready to finish them off, the brave soldiers faced their fate head on. The dragon gave one last heave of air before opening its mouth and-

"Carina!" an angry voice hollered, taking Carina's thoughts and smashing them against the canyon wall. Carina jerked her head away from her notebook and, once again, she was in the presence of her room.

"Carina, you're going to be late, school starts in less than an hour," the voice called again. Carina glanced at her clock and her heart gave a jump. She was going to be late. Sucking in, Carina jumped off her bed, her feet coming to land on the icy tile floor. After a quick recovery from the cold shock Carina scooted over to her computer desk and snatched her backpack from the chair. In one easy flow of movement she was out of her room and heading down the steps, tumbling into the kitchen and grabbing an apple from the counter.

"See, I'm ready," she said.

“Good, cause you’re going to be late.” The words came from her mom, exasperation ringing from her tone. Carina shot her a smile and took a bite of the apple before heading out the door.

After swinging the front door open, Carina was met with an instant shock of cold air. Autumn was already beginning to work its way into the world with cold mornings, frost on the windows and fading leaves of orange, yellow and red. However, even though the mornings were crisp the sun was still strong enough to warm the surface of Carina’s skin and she smiled as it heated her face. Normally, on mornings such as these, Carina would linger and drink up the warm touches of sun, but she was late and her window of opportunity for getting to school on time was closing rapidly. Reluctantly the blonde haired girl left the stability of her porch, trekked down her driveway and slide onto the sidewalk. Now there was only a straight shot from here to the school, but that journey was still eleven blocks long and Carina would need to hasten to make up for lost time. It was quiet in these morning hours but Carina didn’t mind. The silence allowed her to think. Slowly, her thoughts turned back to her story where a small band of fighters were left facing their king.

Garren huffed as he looked upon what was once the remaining rebel army. All that lay before him now, however, were the liquefied pools of their armor. The king smirked as he re-sheathed his sword, letting the cool metal slide back into its perspective casing. Now there was nothing standing in his way, the last of the resistance was gone and, with them eliminated, no other kingdom would challenge his authority. Garren turned to remount his dragon as the quiet clacking of footsteps came running up from behind him. Carina turned around.

A girl with dark brown hair and bright brown eyes was running up to her from down the street. Her long hair was flying from side to side and, from the rosy color in her cheeks, she seemed out of breath. Carina stopped for a moment and waited for the girl to catch up. “Kieya,” Carina questioned, glancing from the direction the girl came from to where her friend stood now. “Shouldn’t you be at school?” Kieya, the girl with brown hair, was gasping for breath, leaning on her knees, waiting for her lungs to start working again. After a few breathless moments she stood straight, giving her friend a cheeky smile. “Shouldn’t I be asking you the same thing?”

Carina laughed a little. “I lost track of time,” she admitted.

“I have a note,” Kieya said, holding up a folded piece of paper in her hand.

“Lucky,” Carina said. “Mr. Baker is going to murder me for being late again.”

“Sucks to be you,” Kieya replied, unsympathetic towards her friends dilemma.

“Thanks,” Carina said sarcastically.

Kieya beamed. “Oh you know I’m only kidding,” she said. “I really hope you don’t get into any trouble. That would be a bummer.”

“Yeah me too. I’ve been late so many times that I’ll probably get detention.”

The two girls, walking side by side, tackled the long walk down town. They soon found themselves standing at the bottom steps to the school. Unable to finish their conversation inside, they would have to finish it up out here. Above them lay an incline of about three feet with a railing to meet safety

regulations, followed by the front doors to the building.

“Well, I’ll see you after class,” Kieya said. “You can tell me how everything goes, alright.”

“Alright,” Carina said, nodding her head although her thoughts were elsewhere.

“And try not to worry too much,” Kieya warned, noticing her friends demeanor. “It’s going to be okay.” She gave Carina one final smile before turning and heading up the stairs, pushing through the semi-glass doors and disappearing beyond the threshold. Carina nodded, although she knew Kieya could no longer see her. She took her first step onto the lowest part of the incline and stopped. A sudden mixture of suspicion and anxiety washed over her and she whipped around. In those few seconds Carina had the fleeting suspicion that she was being followed. But by who? Who would want to follow her, she was just a high school student.

“You’re being stupid,” Carina mumbled to herself. *Now hurry or you’ll get detention for sure*, she thought. Her eyes lingered for a second more before she turned, completely forgetting the incident and heading off towards class.

As soon as the coast was clear, from the open area, two men appeared out of nowhere, both of them clothed from head to toe in black. Each displayed a scowl on their face as they watched Carina vanish into the safety of the school building. “What are we going to do,” the first man asked. “Go after her?”

“No, we can’t,” the second replied. “I’ve been scoping this place out and understand that many humans congregate here. We need a place where there are fewer witnesses.”

“But where? This place is crawling with people.”

“Her house. It would be unexpected.”

“Very well,” the first man replied. “We shall wait for her there.” He clasped his hands together, locking his fingers into a pattern, and mumbled something under his breath. The word was said so quickly and quietly that, even in a crowded room, no one would have heard it. There was a second of lapse time before a short burst of energy and suddenly the two men were gone. They had both vanished into thin air. No reminiscence that they were even near the front steps of Trip Springs High School was left behind, and no record of their conversation was kept. They were gone.

Carina walked down the long, desolate hall like an inmate walking down death row. Her feet clicked against the tile floor and echoed in the silence. Although there was really nothing to fear, her heart still pounded, so loud, in fact, that she figured others would be able to hear. Finally Carina reached the door to her classroom. Sighing heavily she turned the knob and entered the room. A few students looked up at the sudden disturbance but quickly turned back to their work. It was silent and Carina felt out of place, almost embarrassed by her interruption. She hastily walked over to the front desk where her teacher, Mr. Baker, was sitting.

“Carina, you’re late,” Mr. Baker said, annoyed.

“Yeah, sorry, I lost track of the time,” Carina said, mumbling out an excuse.

“Yes, well, that seems to be happening much too often lately. I want to talk to you after class,” Mr. Baker reasoned, getting up from his desk. He walked over to the white board and picked up a marker. Carina quickly walked over to her desk and slide in. “Now as I was saying, during the winter and summer solstices countries near the equator and prime meridian change in claimant. We recognize these changes as seasons and are due to the suns position in the sky.” The class pulled out their notebooks and began writing down the lecture. Carina did the same, but it wasn’t long before she found her mind wandering.

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