

Servants of the Reapers

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Memeora lives and fights with her grandmother protecting the living from the dead only up til she is killed and now becomes one of them. Servants of the Reapers.

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Chapter 1 - Breakfast Guests

2

1 - Breakfast Guests

My parents had be killed by the dead, workers for and of the reapers. My grandmother, who my family has disowned, claimed me and raised me from the time of their death. I never knew the true name for these beasts, but the tale goes that once you die, your soul can either pass on and never be seen again, or be given a job by the head reapers. Only people who know of these creatures and believe can see them, which is most of the population. Many Christians and Catholics consider them demons sent from Satan to take away their beloveds. My grandma and I know differently, along with other of our covenant or belief.

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The alarm went off, signaling another day of school. Moaning and refusing to move Memeora laid in bed, listening to the annoying beeping sound. Her room remained dark, making it seem as if daylight was still hours away, which it was. She finally budge but to peek out the window that was covered by a heavy blanket. Peering out, she could tell the first glimpse of light would graze the land within an hour. Groaning she rolled back into her bed and covered her head with her pillow as the alarm still went off. Suddenly it went quiet. She remained motionless for a couple of seconds before peeking out from her pillow.

"Now would you get up out of bed and come eat some breakfast." It was her grandmother, who stood firm in her place beside Memeoras bed, arms folded over. Memeora only groans and placed her face back into her bed.

"I'll be down in a minute." She groaned as she laid limp. Her grandmother wasn't going to wait a minute for her and like that, the pillows and blankets vanished off Memeora and found their place on the ground. Now she was exposed as she laid there on her stomach.

"Fine, but I can't promise it'll be there in a minute." Her stern voice told Memeora she wasn't lying and the sound of her footsteps walking away also told her that. Groaning, once again, she hopped out of bed, threw on her robe, and ran down the stairs. Once seated at the table Memeora noticed guests. They stared at her as she began shoving food down her throat. She ignored them after giving them a glance and finished her food.

"Memeora. What an interesting name I must say." One of the guest had broken the silence. It was an elder lady around Memeoras grandmother's age. Her hair was short and curly. All white except her bangs which were dark brown. Her accent told Memeora she wasn't born american, but a British lady.

"Yeah, my mother was trying to name me Memory before she took her last breath, but no one interpreted it that way." The lady gasped at Memeoras remark as the younger gentleman beside her only gave a small smile. A slap to the back of her head was given by her grandmother who didn't tolerate her attitude when the had guests. She was told she resembled her father very much. Her grandmother had told her, 'I already raised your father. He grew up and went his own way, manners and all. Now, I don't have the age or years to raise another.'=15pxMemeora only rubbed her head and glanced at her grandmother who gave her a quick signal. An upside down sign language C told her these people weren't of the covenant or believed in their knowledge. They were Christians and didn't believe in the work Memeora and her grandmother does when it comes to the servants of the dead.=15px "That"s terrible. I heard you were and only child and that you live with your grand-mama, but never thought the time was from birth." The elder lady

seemed distraught by hearing Memeoras tale. Her grandmother ushered the lady out to comfort her, leaving Memeora with the younger gentleman. He sat in silence and watched Memeora eat. She noticed this and felt very uneasy by his actions.

"My mother doesn't believe in the living dead. She thinks they're angels sent by god to watch over us. She hasn't seen the other works of them." He didn't carry the British accent like his mother, and his broken silence caused a pause in her eating. Placing her fork of eggs down, she folded her hands and placed them on the table in front of her.

"Well kind sir, how did you gather all that from just my short version of a tale?" She spoke with a British accent to fill that emptiness the son did not carry and sat with her back straight, showing unpleasing and disrespecting manners. Memeora was best at mocking manners and accents which aggravated her grandmother when they had guests of different countries. She had worked on her accents to match almost everyone from every country. He only smiled at her remarks and placed his hands, similar to hers, upon the table leaning in.

"I'm not stupid. I see through your tale and your lies. I knew your mother and I knew what she did. I saw you when you were an infant. You and I both know she was killed when you were five. 11 years ago, Memeora." She only stared at him, her expression never changed. It seemed like he wanted to make her surprised, but she wasn't even amused. She never meet this man in her life, or that she could remember. His face, voice, and even scent never rang any bells in her head. Was he like them? Or like his mother?

"So what are you trying to say? You want in?" She tried holding back her grin on the outside. If he knew about her mother then surely he would know about the covenant. He only leaned back and shook his head.

=15px "I do my own thing. I don't need a groups help like you pathetic people." He was mocking them. Surely he was mocking them and this threw Memeora over the edge.

"Cowards!" She shouted at she lunged over the table, knocking everything out of the way. She dove right for him, causing his chair to fall back along with the two. She was only on top for a few seconds before being kicked over him. The both faced each other like crouching wild cats, giving each other glares. His face held a smile, a smile of humor at her short temper as her face bared teeth. She was the first to lunge at him, arms on his shoulder as he know she was coming. He throw her across the dining room, into the cabinets with such ease. Maybe it was due to the height difference or the weight. It was obvious Memeora weighed less.

He grabbed her by the shoulders, his speed was only matched by one other being Memeora knew. He was one of them, one of the reapers servants. Knowing this she didn't hold back. She grabbed his hands and held on tightly as her foot wraps around and placed on his throat, throwing him off. She opened one of the cabinet doors knowing she didn't have much time. She grabbed the first thing she could before being pulled away and slammed onto her back. She groaned before chucking her object at him. A plastic cup. She groaned as she rolled over and attempted to crawl away. Her object wasn't of great help as it did no damage, nor benefited him, as he grabbed her leg and threw her at the wall in the other room.

Memeora laid in the spot she was thrown for a while before she heard his footsteps. She scrambled and hid behind the sofa, looking around trying to find the hiding place of the weapons. She knew they wouldn't do much good since he was already dead, but to defend her-self is what she needed most from becoming one of him. As soon as she noticed the little crack in the wall, she began to move, not knowing he already found her. Lifted up by the back of her robe, she was slammed into the ground again. Quick thinking lead to the untying of the robe as he began to lift her again. The sudden weight lifted off the robe caused him to stumble slightly as she stumbled to the hidden door. Opening it quickly she pulled out a Japanese monk staff.

Turning back she notice him just standing in his place, robe in his hand, staring at her. She pointed the staff at him as the metal bearings clanged together. They stood staring into each others eyes, seeing who would move first. The stupid person always moves first, especially if it came between living dead and a human with a weapon. It's hard to kill the living dead, but it can be done.

The sound of running footsteps from a distance were heard causing the two to relax the tension in their fight mode stances. Neither one of them broke eye contact as Memeoras grandmother ran into the living room. She stared at Memeora holding the staff, pointed at the elder lady's son. Silence still remained in the room as the man was the one to break eye contact. His gaze went to her grandmother whose eyes met his. Memeora stood up from her placement on the ground, not allowing the staff to point any other direction.

"Your granddaughter isn't the brightest. She must get that from her father. Though, it seems she's gotten everything from her father." Grandmother only stared at him with narrowed eyes, waiting for him to make a move. He was outnumbered, but not out powered. He turned his entire body, slowly, to face grandmother. His head tilted slightly with a mocking grin on his face.

"That she does, and what would your point be." Memeora glanced at her grandmother who still kept eye contact with him. He rose his arms straight out as if to point to grab something beside him. The clinging of the staff caused his to pause as Memeora prepared to attack. Once again, he broke eye contact with her grandmother and looked over his shoulder to Memeora.

"Now now child. No need to be hasty." His face was stern as he finished making his arm 90 degrees to his body. Grandmother was the one to attack first, knowing what he was doing before Memeora could.

She went after his arm causing it to change position to defend himself. He moved to the side, only to regret it as Memeora throw the staff to her grandmother. His face harden as he went after Memeora, whom now was defenseless. Grabbing onto her tank top he threw her away from the door and raised his arm to defend himself from the beating of the staff. He grabbed a hold of it to prevent another attack only to have fine china be chucked at him. Growling and slightly lessening his grip on the staff, he glanced at Memeora who sat below the fine china cabinet, chucking what pieces and dished fell around her. The staff suddenly escaped his grip as a good swing nailed him in the back of his knee. Weakness for any human or creature. Collapsing, he laid a punch at grandmothers stomach, causing her to grown. The fine china had stopped flying in the air as Memeora ran to the door. He noticed what she was up to and swung his leg out tripping her. Stumbling she managed to get to the door and draw out a katana.

Turning her attention back to where he was, she noticed nothing but broken china and her grandmother holding her stomach. They both looked around the room, searching for him only to find nothing.

"It's best if we continue later." His voice drew their attention to the kitchen opening where he stood, dusting himself off. He fixed his shirt and turned to leave.

"Finish what you started coward!" Memeora began charging towards him, only to have a staff stop her.

"What's going on? What happened in there?" The elder ladies voice was heard outside.

"Oh nothing. Just a wild hog got into the house. All taken care of mother. Lets get you home." His voice held no hint of what really went on. Memeora was pissed as he walked away and turned, throwing the katana back into the door. She paced in the living room until the sound of the car driving away faded. Sunlight was now engulfing the land as the peak of the sun could be seen.

"Go wash up. You're already late for school." Memeora looked to her grandmother he placed

the staff back in the door and shut it. She turned to Memeora and pointed to the stairs. "Go! Now Memeora!" Groaning Memeora went upstairs and jumped into the shower.

After undressing she noticed the holes and small bits of blood that covered her shirt from the glass. Turning her back to the mirror she noticed a couple slivers from the cabinets.

"This sucks. Already late and the woman still insists on me going to school. Blah I say. BLAH!"

"Don't complain." Turning her attention to the door, her grandmother grabbed her shoulder firmly having Memeoras back face her. She began pulling the slivers out with no mercy to Memeoras silent screams. The endrenolem from the anger and fighting prevented her to feel any cuts or slivers. Only when she was somewhat relaxed did she ever feel so sore and much like a rag doll.

"There, now wash up. I'll get the car started." Memeora looked in the mirror as all the slivers had been removed. Grandmother shut the door behind her, leaving Memeora by her-self.

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Hope you somewhat like the beginning. I'm a person who can't seem to write short stories, so if it seemed like this ended weirdly, or even the fight scene ended funny, then that's why haha. The idea of this story came to me in a dream, so later on one chapter will be my dream.

PLEASE keep in mind, I'm not trying to discriminate or mock any religion. If it comes out that way, I am very sorry. I'm not against any religion or willing to make fun of any of them. My belief is if you have faith in anything, even anti-Christ, and if you're happy that way then no one should try to change that. My mother is Christian and my father is Catholic, but they never forced any of us kids to go either way. I was raised to accept and not discriminate anyone based on religion or anything else either.

Please also keep in mind, I share my writing as written. I've never done much modification to them after I've shared them. BUT, I WILL be willing to take any advice or discrimination.