

# The Spirit Egg

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*Another original short story that I originally wrote for school, but it kicks @\$\$, so I thought I would share it with you guys.*

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**Chapter 1 - The Spirit Egg**

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# 1 - The Spirit Egg

## The Spirit Egg

I was never the adventurous type of guy. Actually, I always thought I was kind of chicken. If there was a dark cave in the middle of a spooky wood...Did it just get colder in here? You know what? It's just easier if I explain my morning. I walk to homeroom and Brian, the football captain, comes and slams me against the wall (4 years of this built up a paranoia in me and an immunity to pain in my left cheek) After that I look over my shoulder every 2 seconds the rest of the day. I get tapped on the shoulder and yell louder than a foghorn in Cape Cod. Then in every class, I sit next to my friend Sam (a girl Sam), but Brian has to make fun of me "Aw, little baby gonna cry?" or "You should apply for a job at the A&P. The speaker broke and they need a new one!" or something like that about me yelling out earlier. Then I go to my next class, et cetera. Sam, on the other hand, has no fears and can't be attacked by surprised. It was an average day in Ms. Katsufurkus' math class. Sam and I were bored out of our minds, Ms. K was yelling her head off, and Brian was sitting and gloating among his worshipers.

"Now class," screeched Ms. K in her voice that reminded me of nails scratching on the blackboard, "your homework is to read and complete the first 200 pages of your textbooks. You will be quizzed tomorrow, except for Brian, who did such a good job in the game yesterday. Now get out!" I grabbed my coat and books in a hurry and ran out to join Sam to walk to Latin.

"Man, how does she expect us to do that by tomorrow?" Sam asked me. "And she lets off the Jock King for putting on pads and running around?"

"I have no clue. She must be some sort of evil demon," I chuckled.

"Yea, with claws and sharp teeth," she replied.

"Oh, speaking of which, I forgot my planner. I'll be right back."

I crept past the hall monitor and opened her door. Now, let me remind you that Sam and I were just joking when we described Demon K., but I had no clue that we were right.

Also let me remind you I suffer from paranoia.

When I opened the door, I looked in and saw a huge demonic creature huddling over a shining box holding a glass egg thing.

"Ha! The spirit egg is mine!" she cried as she – it, demons don't look like boys or girls – pulled the glass egg out of the box. "And when it hatches, it will serve me, and then, the cosmos will be mine!" Suddenly a burst of bravery surged to my head. Well, one side of my brain. The other side, the paranoid side, was screaming WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?! "Not while I'm here!" even though there was good chance she would with me there.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came to get my book... and your box!"

"NO! I will crush you!"

She pounced on me, but I just grabbed the shiny box- empty now- and ran my legs off.

Once I was back with Sam, I thought of a lot of questions she could ask, like "I heard some weird noise. What happened?" or "What the hell was that?" But no, she asked "Where were you? Now you made me late!" I was too excited and scared and tired to speak, so I just took the box from my bag. "Whoa," she said in awe. "What is that?"

"I don't know," I told her. "I went in to her room (pant, pant) and took it. She's a demon! She—and I---and you--"

“Whoa, slow down. You’re not making sense. A demon?”

“Yea!” I told her the whole story once I calmed down a bit (more or less).

She took the box, looked it over carefully, and asked, “Well, you know what we have to do, right?”

“What...?” I said meekly.

“We have to go back and get that weird egg thing before she enslaves the cosmos...or whatever.”

“That’s what I was afraid of,” I whined.

“Oh, stop being such a baby,” she said, and all of a sudden, I wasn’t scared anymore. I didn’t care if I died trying to stop the Demon of Room 213. I wasn’t scared of Brian. And I wasn’t afraid of turkeys (a long, Thanksgiving-themed story I’m not going to tell now). It was a new feeling for me.

“Wow, that’s weird,” I said, shocked. “I’m not scared of anything anymore!”

“It must be the box. It has to be magical itself to hold that glass egg thingy,” she assumed.

We went to the guidance counselor to get a pass to get away from Latin (even if it is my favorite class) and hurried off to room 213. We passed classrooms on the way, and every time we passed one I thought to myself They have no clue their lives are in our hands. Oh well, no “Thank You” parades. When we got to her room, Ms. K was in her demon form and talking into what looked like a mirror. Sam and I snuck in to get a better look at what was in the mirror.

“I have the spirit egg, my lord,” she screeched into the demon’s picture, “but a kid came and stole the Wish Box we used to store it.”

“Drat!” the mirror screamed back. “Oh well. Store it in some normal box and hope the egg’s beast doesn’t get angry.”

The demon was hideous, just as ugly as Ms. K. He/she had a horn in the middle of his forehead, a voice that could shatter glass, and was wearing a jacket, the same jacket as...

“Brian!” we whispered in unison.

“Intruders!” Ms. K whipped around to meet our gaze, and then swiftly turned back to Brian. “Forgive me, my lord. We have eavesdroppers.”

“Well, go kill them!” Brian boomed.

We got up from our hiding places and bolted toward the desk where the Spirit Egg thing was. Ms. K picked Sam up in her(?) claws. For some reason, I became seriously worried for Sam’s safety. I leaped toward the egg, and, heart pounding out of my chest, breath burning my windpipe to ashes, I grabbed the egg. It shook in my hands for a bit, then quieted down.

“Let her go!” I screamed.

“Oh and why would I go and do that?” Ms K cackled in response.

“Because I have your precious egg thingy!”

“No! Fine. Just give me the egg...”

“No. You put Sam down.”

“Give me the egg!”

I finally gave in and handed the egg thing to Ms. K. “Now put Sam down.”

“Ha! You’re so gullible.”

“Give her back- or I’ll destroy that egg thing you wanted.”

“Don’t kid a kidder. You just gave it to—WHAT?!” she screamed as she found out I had exchanged it with a glass paperweight I found on her desk that looked like the Spirit Egg thingy.

“Do it!”

“No! You will trick me again! For that you will pay!”

And Ms. K stuck her fingernail through her fingers, into her fist, piercing Sam’s body. I was devastated. The color drained from my face, all feeling was lost.

Sam was dying.

It just couldn’t be happening. Sam, the bravest person I knew, my best friend, was lying bloody on the

floor of a classroom. I rushed over to her, still clutching the egg thing.

“Sam!”

“Well,” she gurgled, “at least I don’t have to do that math homework.”

“Sam, don’t die...don’t die...”

“I don’t think I have much choice, ha.” No matter what, Sam could make any situation funny.

“Sam...I love you.”

“You...too...” She gushed blood from her mouth, her pulse stopped, her chest stopped rising and falling. She was dead.

I’m not sure what happened that second. I just sat there, crying all over that egg thingy. Suddenly, a burst of light shot from the egg thing.

“It’s hatching!” Ms. K screeched.

“Huh?” I said dazed as the light began to fade. In the place where the egg used to be in my arms, I held a little baby dragon.

“So,” I observed, “this must be that beast that was in the egg. I think I’ll call you...she would have loved her. I’ll call you Samlyn.” (Sam’s middle name was Lyn.)

Samlyn took one look at Ms. K and growled a cute baby growl. “Ggrh” she roared as she spat fire in Ms. K’s general direction.

“Okay, Samlyn, let’s go. We’re gonna stop Ms. K right now, and avenge Sam.”

“Oh, how cute,” Ms. K snickered, “but you and that little ball of scales can’t do anything.”

“Yea?” I challenged. “Watch!” And so it started. Me and Samlyn leapt up. I went for Ms. K’s leg (hey, I had no powers, unlike Samlyn) while Samlyn for her head. Samlyn flew up and blew fire into Ms. K’s eye.

“AARGH!” she yelled and swiped blindly.

“Now!” I yelled. Samlyn, now bigger (some power thing, Spirit beasts can change their size at will) put me on her back and flew straight aimed at Ms. K.

“Swerve!” I urged her, but Samlyn just kept going, until we were about to hit, but we didn’t hit Ms. K, we just flew into darkness.

“What is this?” I wondered, but soon enough we found a... thing... lying on the “ground”, but it was white, not like anything else here, so we went to investigate. When we got there, we saw it was Ms. K, but nicer, younger, not demonic. Her voice wasn’t scratchy, but soft and sweet.

“Help!” she cried as we came nearer. “That demon has taken over my body! Its soul imprisoned me here, but it comes back to check. Save me!”

“Okay, okay,” I said. Then, from out of nowhere, a red thing that looked like the demon came. It was ready to fight, and we challenged it. It, of course, accepted.

Samlyn went out, and the demon’s soul fought back. I wish to spare you the gory details, but you probably would hate me if I did. The demon shot some kind of webbing at us to rake us in like leaves, but we dodged easily. Then Samlyn struck, but the demon slashed at her. The demon kept slashing, when out of nowhere, the demon flew back off Samlyn. I thought of the demon punching itself, and miraculously, it did, but I felt drained.

“Wow,” I thought aloud. “I must have spirit energy! Yay!” Then, since that worked, I called on all the spirit energy in me and imagined the demon would blow up, but I fainted afterward, so I don’t remember what happened.

“Huh?” I grunted when I awoke on Ms. K’s floor.

“Thank you for saving me!” Ms. K (the real Ms. K, not the one possessed by a demon) exclaimed with pride. “The demon exploded just as you fainted.”

“That’s great, but what about Samlyn?”

“Oh, the dragon? She’s over by that bleeding girl.”

“And you’re not bothered by that?”

“No, I don’t really feel much right now.”

“Oh,” I said, puzzled, rushing to Sam’s body.

“Samlyn,” I said to the dragon, aged with experience, (another weird Spirit beast thing) “can you revive her?”

“Yes...but I will use up most of my energy in doing so, and will not be able to use my powers.”

“You can talk?!” I yelled.

“Yes, quite well, but I won’t be after I heal your friend. I will become a baby again, and will remain that way for eternity.”

“Oh...well... can you revive her?”

“Yes.”

“Thank you.” I replied in sincere gratitude as Samlyn put her claws on Sam’s wound and pulsed spirit energy through Sam’s body.

After a while she woke screaming.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!” she screamed.

“What?” I asked surprised and relieved to see Sam awake.

“Nothing. That scaly thing was staring at me!”

“Ha! That scaly thing revived you from death.”

“Huh?”

“I’ll explain it to you on the way home.”

4 months later...

It was an average day in Ms. Katsufurakus’ math class. Sam and I were bored out of our minds, Ms. K was teaching quietly, and no person was sitting and gloating among his worshipers.

“Now class,” said Ms. K in her voice that reminded me of...well, nothing in particular, “your homework is to read and complete the first 10 pages of your textbooks. You will be quizzed tomorrow. Now, don’t be late for you’re next class! Oh, and Brian, I want to talk to you...” I grabbed my coat and books in a hurry and ran out to join Sam to walk to Latin.

“Man, how does she expect us to do that by tomorrow?” Sam asked me.

“I have no clue. She must be some sort of evil demon,” I chuckled.

We both laughed ourselves hysterical.

THE END