

The Uprising: Bartimaeus

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It's the year 1944.

Demons and summoning has declined dramatically over the years.

Jake is a curious and spellbound child who was brought up on stories and tales of great and powerful demons. He feels summoning is his only option.

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1 - The Summoning

The boy's hands wavered over the carefully drawn out summoning circle at his feet, unsteady trembles coursed up and down his arms in a continuing wave. His face was a twisted contortion of apprehension and resolve as he tried to gain control over his emotions, the color had long ago drained from him, a ghastly white hue remained clearly intact.

Yes he was frightened, so scared in fact he wasn't even thinking correctly which was a rare occurrence with Jake since thinking was his natural and strong talent. Anything and everything could go wrong, which would result in his death. Summoning was very difficult and terrifying especially if you —like Jake— were working with limited materials half of them wrong. He was lacking in the right amount of incense and with the decline of magical parcels and materials it had been very difficult for him to learn the proper incantation and spell for the summoning process.

Why was he doing all of this?

Who or what did he care about so much that he would risk his life for?

The answer was simple, Gabriel his brother.

The English economy was almost in ruins. Hell seemed to be breaking loose all across Europe and its central target was England. Hitler's armies had just about conquered all of Europe. They were seemingly unstoppable and the last country that stood in their way was England and once England was out of the way they would be one step closer to controlling the entire world.

The English people knew the consequences of being captured. Not only would it's Jewish population almost cease to exist but there would be almost no hope for the allied forces and the conquest of Europe if they had no where to go on the entire continent. So far they had been fighting gallantly and been able to withstand the worst of the war only during the crushing blow in 1940 bombing that destroyed shipyards, industries, and cities annihilating whole neighborhoods and killing many innocent people did they falter. Hitler wanted to break English morale before invading but they never did stray from fighting. The battle for their homeland lasted till October and thankfully the Germans never gained complete control over the country.

On June 6th 1944 operation 'Overlord' or more commonly known as D-day began.

Jake had been there when the soldiers launched from South Hampton where he used to live. The soft crashing sounds of waves hitting the barnacle-covered seawalls were drowned out by the horrific sounds of air raid sirens or bombings and gunfire. All the peace and serenity that had once inhabited this place was gone, swept away by the cold and ruthless sounds of war.

It was terrifying.

It was now June 10th, 1944 four days after the animated D-day.

No word from his brother yet.

He was a sniper for a team of commandoes that had been sent over there. Word spread quickly and rumors started. They said already thousands were dead which Jake wasn't sure wither or not to believe.

And still no word.

He hadn't been expecting it that soon anyways but one could only hope, he cared for Gabriel. He was the only family Jake had left.

Mist began to form from out of nowhere, engulfing the room in it's eerie presence. Jake instinctively took a small step backwards careful to remain in the circle as his eyes remained fixated on the other circle ahead of him.

First came the rotten stench, which was so horrid it made him gag inwardly.

Next the slight ringing that pierced Jake's eardrums. He covered both ears with either palm and gritted his teeth. A ferocious wind beat at his body, shifting papers and things as the tall, shadowy figure took shape right before his eyes.

The end product sent chills up and down Jake's spine.

A massive well built Cyclopes stood in the circle in front of him. Its orange hued skin was covered in moles and small patches of hair. A brown, loincloth was the only clothing it wore. The creature gazed upon Jake with it's one solitary red eye and Jake could feel the hair on the back of his neck raise as he wiped away a bead of cold sweat from his forehead.

The Cyclopes reared over, clutching its stomach as it began to laugh almost uncontrollably.

Jake stood there stunned. This had not been what he was expecting.

"You've got to be kidding me." It said in a husky, worn sounding voice that boomed throughout the room.

"This is happening all over again." The creature shook his head and wiped away a stray tear with its sausage of a finger, straightening out it's back to its full height.

"What are you? Ten, eleven?"

"I'm 13." Jake replied in a small voice, shifting uncomfortably.

"Great." It said sarcastically, smiling a fake, saccharine, almost toothless smile.

"Now where is the magician little boy? I know he's here somewhere." The Cyclopes brought up his hand to make a searching gesture.

Jake pouted in indignity, “ I am the magician!” He retorted fiercely, stomping his foot down.

The Cyclopes glanced over at him but with little interest.

“Come on kid, stop playing games. Do you know who I am?” He pokes at his hairy chest.

“Yes, that is why I have summoned you Bartimaeus.” Jake held both hands out in front of him in a tight fist, all the nervousness and indecision that shrouded him before had seemingly disappeared.

Bartimaeus’s brow rose with suspicion.

“Fine then. What do you want me to do master?” He spoke the word ‘master’ with great emphasis, voice dripping with mockery.

Jake ignored him and continued on.

“You probably have noticed but there has been a steady decline in the magician race that’s why it’s been such a long time you were summoned last. There has been change, much change from what I’ve read. Technologies that outwit and match magic and these technologies are in use today. People have all about forgotten about Djinni and demons alike. The government has also taken it upon themselves to erase magic. Millions of books have been burned already and people’s minds erased with money as persuasion or violence. Hell has broke lose, this isn’t how it’s suppose to be.” Jake paused running a torn, brown fingerless gloved hand through his mess of dark hair.

“How do you know for sure?”

Jake looked up with surprise.

Standing now in front of him was a boy about his age. He wore clothing similiar to that in modern day egypt; a simple white shirt and pants, with pair of sandels. Why this shape? Who was this boy, somebody the Djinni knew or was it his own creation? For some reason though Jake felt that Bartimaeus knew this boy, the boy whose shape he took now.

“What do you mean?”

”What do I have to repeat myself boy?” The boy’s tanned face shown with annoyance, brows furrowing into a scowl.

“How do you know that this isn’t how it’s suppose to be?”

Jake stopped, pondering the thought for a moment when Bartimaeus interrupted.

“You don’t. Maybe things where suppose to work this way. Demons become last years model, we’ve been outdated. So, if that’s all you summoned me here for discussing this incredibly important matter than I’ll be off....” His voice trailed off and he hoped that it was over.

“No.” Jake told him, “I have job for you.”

The youth groaned, "Can't you just use some new technology like everybody else?" Bartimaeus mumbled feeling where this was going.

"I'm an old Djinni. No use to you. Can't you summon somebody else." He laid a hand on his chest and pleaded his case to Jake.

"No, you'll do and anyways. I've read all the exploits of the great Djinni Bartimaeus, you can't back down now and soil your name!"

Bartimaeus didn't take the bait but he had no choice in the matter, once you're summoned you must do what the magician asks for.

"Fine then what do you want me to do?"

"I was just getting to that." A small malevolent smile curled across Jake's usually solemn features.

Alright this is was a paper I had to write for school. The topic was continue on from a book or series that you read. Make a chapter for it or a teaser for the reader. I had first considered writing from the Alex Rider Series but I knew that Anthony Horowitz was coming out with a sequel so I decided that the Bartimaeus Trilogy was the best choice since I —at the time- had just finished the 3rd and final book of the series. Sadly may I add. Good book, good book. Check out his site.

2 - Waiting & Rain

A small sigh erupted from Jake as he leaned backwards in the worn, leather chair. His face was slightly flushed, mostly from excitement, with either crimson eye giddy with eagerness. This could work, no it would. He had to have hope.

It was strange that he had crimson colored eyes, Jake knew. Albinos had red eyes but he had skin pigment and there was a dark hue to his hair. It was just an oddity that he possessed. Not too many people noticed but when they did it was always surrounded by countless questions that he wasn't sure how to answer.

He gazed down at himself, the reflection on the broken mirror opposite doing the same. Him and his brother were dirt poor, barely able to survive in harsh environment London. They had luckily found a cheap apartment building where the landlord was incredibly kind. She knew the predicament they were in and excepted pay when needed. Their home was tiny, almost too small for just the two of them but they managed. There was working water but they had no electricity, candles were their method of lighting during the night or storms. They had no fans or anything like that so their windows were usually open which left them permanently stuck that way so it wasn't good during rain or the winter but somehow they got them down without ripping them off the hinges. The living room —if you could even call it that- was also combination kitchen and bedroom. It was a one-room deal with a side bathroom that had a curtain separating the living/kitchen/bedroom from the water closet. There also was an omni-present layer of grime and dirt that no matter how hard you tired to clean it never was abolished. Sometimes the sink spat out black water and you shouldn't dirt too much of the water either for the high levels of sulfur gave you stomach aches. It wasn't like before. Their home had been monstrous. When their parents were alive. Their parents had been influential people and in truth owned a large fortune. So Gabriel and Jake should be heirs to that large fortune but sadly they never received it. Some how their lawyer had swindled them out of it, throwing them every curve ball and slider he could. The fortune went to him no questions asked and Gabe and Jake received nothing. The world was so corrupt.

He examined himself in the dirty broken mirror in front of him that was lying on the floor. He wasn't a large boy, about average. Normal colored hair, a deep, dark brown just like his father, that accented well with his light olive colored tan. Most who saw him on the streets who weren't familiar with him excused him to be foreign because of his vivid resemblance to his father who had been a native to Italy. The Italian roots had shown very clearly in him than Gabe who looked just like mother, a fair-haired boy with a strong build and who was incredibly tall for his age. Many of the girls had taken a liking to him when he was in his teenage years, he was constantly drooled upon by them but Jake was just as good looking. But Jake had no friends. Usually he was out working in at the local butcher's doing various tasks, delivery, cleaning and packing. It wasn't bad and the Butcher paid well and even, because he knew of Gabe and Jake's situation, gave them pieces of meet free of charge at times when he was in a good mood. Work took up most time and the other portion was used in school, where he was excelling. He was rubbish in most sports but excellent in class, science being his specialty. At the age of 5 he had memorized the periodic table of elements and could tell you each one's chemical compounds and how many electrons were in either category. He was excellent in histories, which lead to his newest passion,

magic. So with work and school and then learning magic at night he had no time for friends or a girlfriend for that matter. People didn't really talk to him at school and when they did he had his nose in a book and never would even attempt to make eye contact with the broken hearted girl who had gained the nerve to try to talk to the new 'heartthrob'. Jake was a strange boy with only his beliefs and heart to motivate him and keep his research going. There was one question that remained on the top of his list, eating away at him everyday. Why did the Government want to rid the existence of the magicians from the world, or their country for that matter so badly? It was truly puzzling but he still pressed on, inching closer every day to the answer. So close he felt he could smell it, which led to the summoning of Bartimaeus.

Jake straightened up in his chair, placing his forehead in the palm of his hands and leaning downwards. He quickly closed his eyes and cleared his thoughts, all the emotions and things that had been worrying him before or setting off strange emotions that he wasn't used to were flowing from his mind as he focused on one specific thing.

The Orb.

The Orb of Cleopatra, as treasured as some of her most priceless jewels to people who knew about it. There were very few writings on the Orb and even those were vague and un-descriptive. But certain resources lead him onto Orb and his searching restless. It was a treasure like the Holy Grail; in the right hands it could do great good but in the wrong trifle with certain fear and uprisings with the people since nobody knew about magic.

The Orb was said to hold great magical properties giving the owner or person in possession of it fearful magics at their disposal, invincible to most magical attacks directed at the owner or person in possession of it and the ability to travel in time, a feat that man himself has always dreamed of but has never accomplished. Time machines, magic and science have never been able to penetrate the barrier of time and travel to the different eras of the world, changing the past and rewriting and routing the future. Some may say it's for the best. The past is not to be messed with; there is nothing you could do about things or happenings that were caused before. You can only fix them in the present to change the future. But that's an entirely different story with Cleopatra's Orb. Ironically the Orb had never belonged to Cleopatra. It was an intended gift to her from a powerful magician who was murdered before he was able to do so. But the name stayed and the Orb looked for. Nobody who knew what it was knew where it was. At first glance it actually looks like a normal rock with distinct lust that shines brightly. Only when you speak the incantation are the secrets of the Orb revealed. The Orb is said to change its color after that into a deep crystal colored purple.

Jake wanted it that Orb and he had a hunch where it was.

That's what Bartimaeus's job was now, looking for that Orb. Of course when Jake had first mentioned it Bartimaeus denied its very existence but Jake wasn't fooled. He pressed on and finally ordered Bartimaeus to tell him all he needed to know about the orb.

The conversation replayed back in his head and as he remembered what Bartimaeus had asked.

"Oh yes I forgot to ask you. What's your name Master so I can call you by that from now on."

Jake knew what he was getting at. A magician's real name must be kept secret from a fellow magician or a demon because their real name can hinder them and leave them weak, so he gave a fake name.

"Gabriel." Jake had remembered the name of once his favorite magicians he had read about.

"Gaberiel eh..." The djinni scratched his chin turning from Jake. "You don't say..." Bartimaeus's voice trailed off and the conversation ended there.

Jake glanced upwards as the Big Ben struck noon, the loud bell chiming echoed throughout the room.

"I can't wait any longer!" He yelled, standing up suddenly. He rushed over to the coat rack and pulled down his long dark brown jacket, grabbing his tan cap and placing that on his head. Jake flung open the door and rushed out, slamming it back as he ran down the stairs and out onto the cold streets of London.

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First of all I hate this place.

I hate London.

No, scratch that, I hate this world.

Being the incredible and multi-talented being that I was I managed to transform into a simple crow, with an elegant thin figure, beautiful, sleek, black feathers and a transfixing stare that could have lulled the most dangerous beast into a sweet slumber.

Good description, ey?

So, I was found flying over the bleak, gray streets of London, water drenching my hard worked on feathers and weighting me down terribly with the horribly, strong wind piercing through my very being and threatening to shove me off course. But I prevailed and kept about, keeping above the major wind currents and avoiding any unwanted confrontations with other birds.

See, animals —like another crow- could see through my disguise to a certain extent. A creature wouldn't be able to see me in my other forms but with animals delicate senses it could detect my odd aura and find me a threat, which wouldn't end nicely for the other animal. So, I avoided them, refraining from any unnecessary bloodshed.

The boy's request hindered a problem though.

What could he possibly want with that? It was a powerful object and not to be messed with, especially in the hands of a kid. But, I guess in the end it's not my problem. I'll be long gone before he makes any changes that could affect my life style.

A loud clash of thunder roared above me, shaking the very sky into a crumbling mess as the light shower turned into a torrential downpour. It was becoming very difficult to maintain flight with my small wings, and I was being flung every which direction because of that same problem. So, I glided —to best of my ability considering the circumstances- towards the ground, taking up a perch in a well-rooted oak tree that bordered the perimeter of the small park in the heart of the town. I scanned the area quickly on each plane and finding no hindrances I transformed right there into a more suitable character, a boy. I was in the same form as I was earlier when was introduced to my young master, just younger. I was in the guise of a 13 year-old Potemy.

Stealing into the crowd, all either cowering in the rain and even if it be futile trying to keep dry or the veterans who are used to this weather and choose to just accept the fact that it was almost and impossible fact to keep dry in London, I quickly meshed with them and after walking a few blocks the museum came into view.

/There we go./ I thought/Almost there./ My thoughts wandered again and I, at that point, was about to turn back and face whatever consequences I would be subjected too. But that thought was only brief and with sudden haste I ran into the building, as if taking cover from the rain. I pretended to have interest in the place and ventured inside, unknowing at the time that I should have turned back.

3 - Realization

Jake could feel the passion burning in his chest, or maybe that was his lungs pleading with him to stop. He came to a halt, clutching his knees, breathing heavy. After a few seconds of recuperation he flung his head towards the sky, letting out a deep breath.

"Bloody..." Pant, pant. "Hell."

The words were simple yet strained and it took him a few more minutes before the pain in his chest died down to a dull ache.

"Kay." He reassured himself. Jake was not cut out for physical things.

The rain continued its steady pour, soaking Jake, but he really took no notice and if he did care his reaction would be that of relief. The rain was cool.

"Bartimaeus. Hurry up, you damned Djinni." And with that he took off, sprinting past common folk who walked the dull, rainy streets.

Jake ran across the streets, a car passing by honked its horn loud at him as he was nearly clipped by the front of the speeding vehicle and only a slight wave and a mouthed "Sorry" were his response to the startling noise. Reaching the safety of the sidewalk he pushed himself through the now angry crowd of people, smacking his shoulder on a street post that was flickering light as the day slowly came to an end and the night was taking its place back in the sky, but with this horrible weather it was almost impossible to tell for the lifeless, gray clouds were the only visible thing in the air. Jake rubbed his shoulder, grimacing slightly. /Ouch./ He kept telling himself, but kept walking with the flow of the crowd.

A little problem like that couldn't stop you in the streets of London.

By the time Jake reached the museum it would be too late and the place would be closing up for the night and at the pace he was going and using his city knowledge Jake escaped into a nearby alleyway that would cut the time it would take to get to the museum by half and he would have plenty of time to find Bartimaeus and the Orb. Only problem, this wasn't the /best/ area. This part of London wasn't the best, and this is usually where outsiders meet the worst. Jake knew this city and knew what "problems" or dangers it held but he wasn't sure he was ready for this one.

It was known, only by city folk and the indiscreet talk in the pubs, that a Nazi group was forming and its headquarters met here. Allegedly at least. It could and probably was false, but that's what the government had told them and why would you believe them? So, for the average British boy it wasn't a friendly place to be if you didn't know certain things, which Jake in this case that is a rarity in itself he was clueless. He knew this wasn't a good idea, but everything up until this wasn't a good idea. Why stop now?

Jake placed a hand on the filthy, grime-encrusted wall, inching carefully through the mess that now inhabited this curious place. Of course he was terrified and barely able to breathe at the time but managed that and he continued forward, afraid to make a single noise for fear of being found. There wasn't much lighting in this place, only dim lamps, scattered and broken here and there, hanging precariously from the brick walls, cobwebs and pieces of trash clinging to them. Most alleyways didn't look this horrible, it was just the proper cleaning crew didn't venture down here since authorities didn't even come down here so the trash piled up and the layers and layers of dirt had built since people also didn't travel down here.

The rain had calmed down and only the distant cries of the city outside this dank labyrinth and the thudding of Jake's heart were what he heard. Every sound set him on edge. /Stop it./ He told himself,

trying to calm down his excited emotions, when it hit him.

It was a blank feeling, with certainty, large and forbidding, and oh yes did I fail to mention made of wood.

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I slipped inside the time endued building that had the stench of "old" clinging to its very being. It was a horrible aroma considering my amazing sense of smell was just that and a small wave of dizziness spurred over me. Something didn't feel right in here and I could tell for my gut (if I dare call it that) had a hollow echoing inside that caused me to be alert. It felt as if something was missing, or perhaps never belonged but the strangest part about it was I could see this strange occurrence pulsing brightly in the room.

Now this was /different/.

I felt drawn to it, which was odd considering I am not a material being. But it that same feeling edged me closer to this light that I also assumed I could only see.

I walked out of the small lobby, into a large corridor, past a few rooms with useless artifacts and finally found myself in the right location.

Carefully I started forward, reaching out towards the object concealed underneath the thick glass casing, and using my incredible knowledge I was able to determine what the small plaque on the case said.

"The Amulet of Cleopatra," I spoke these words in a slight whisper.

Yes, I know the whole "finding-the-object-in-a-mystical-magic-way" is overrated but in all honesty it is still very interesting and did happen to me and with my interest I touched the glass case.

Now this is where it truly is /interesting/.

I learned the truth then about this world, about my young Master "Gaberiel" and about that feeling of want or of not belonging and I instantly understood.

I wasn't in the same world as before.

4 - Here We Go

Jake woke up to a cold, smelly darkness that dripped on his head. He cried out in utter disgust only to realize his mouth was gagged with an equally filthy rag, which in itself seemed to be far more dirty than the liquid substance that continued its flow on his head. Jake didn't make an attempt at seeing anything yet, too painful. His eyes were unwilling to move, to lift even an eye lid. His entire body was unwilling to move to an extent. He moaned softly, trying to open his eyes only to be met by more pain and a harsh light that shined down on him fiercely. Distant voices could be heard in the background but he didn't really hone in on their conversation, which actually would have been pointless considering they were speaking in German, one of the few languages foreign to him. But that didn't matter at the moment for him, all he cared about was moving his head away from the damned light so he could stop squinting, which hurt to do. He groaned again and a voice spoke, very near him in German to a partner who as far as Jake could tell moved the light.

"No need for that is there." His voice was smooth, yet fake with mockery or cockiness dripping from every word he spoke. It was painfully obvious that whoever this man was he seemed to strive in it. "You won't be going anywhere soon, now will you Jake?" That was a pointless question; of course he couldn't go anywhere. He was bound and gagged, and in so much pain even if he wasn't constrained Jake still wouldn't have been able to get too far. Jake grunted as if in reply and the man chuckled softly motioning—unknowing to Jake— to one of his men to remove the gag.

Jake felt the secure rag tied behind his head tugged at roughly then become limp, as the man undid the knot and let the cloth fall. He spit it out eagerly; dirt and grime combined with a small amount of bile exited his mouth as he continued to cough.

"Okay, that's much better, isn't it Jake? Now we can talk like sensible beings, or civilized ones at least." He laughed at his own joke, which foreshadowed what was going to happen if things didn't go his way. Things were going to get bad for Jake real soon if he didn't answer this man with every answer he could possibly want and more, and Jake planned on doing that until the man's first question.

"How's your brother doing?" He paused; licking his lips as if savoring the moment and continued, "Gabriel, I mean." Jake let out an involuntary gasp and managed to squeak out, "How..." Pause.

"Do...y-you know about him?" His voice got stronger as he spoke more but still wasn't up to speed. "I know far more than you give me credit for Jake." The man smiled a crooked smile that tilted off his face. He looked up at him, straining his eyes to make out the man's features. With that coy smile Jake knew that he was telling the truth. If he was lying about that he would have a more resigned look to him, but he was gloating in accomplishment, which was Jake's capture. "I know your parents died not too long ago and that horrible man received their vast fortune, shoving you and your dear brother to the streets." The man made a 'tisk-tisk' noise with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. "How sad." Jake saw the deep wrinkles in the man's face rise with the small smile that curled across his lips, the furry eyebrows lifted up with that same smile.

"Such a shame considering you have such a brilliant mind, Jake. Far more impressive than anybody else we've monitored." Jake grunted again and spoke, "Who, are you?"

"Who am I? No more like who are we, since this is a combined operation. We are a group of people working for other people." He stopped and started again. "Those books you read, have you been able to summon anything?" The man put special emphasis on 'summon' as he questioned Jake. //How do they know about that? Who are they?// Questions flew through his mind but he knew better than to ask them himself, things would just turn out worse for him since this man wasn't planning on telling him anytime

soon. "Summon?" But maybe he could play dumb, it might not... no, probably wouldn't work but it was worth a try since he had no other options available at the moment. The man laughed again, but more high-pitched, it sounded impatient. "Playing dumb won't work on me child, I'm a professional and you're just a kid." But then he had learned something important, he was a haughty individual who believed him to be better than Jake. He had also revealed that they didn't know about Bartimaeus yet because they were asking him if he had summoned anything and their intelligence wasn't as grand as the man played it out to be. Jake would still have a chance if Bartimaeus hurried up, which was a scary concept. No, Jake couldn't solely rely on the Djinni he would have to think up his own plan and fast now, as the man removed a large knife from a case and stroked it lovingly. "I told you I'm a professional... at torture."

Now, I was in a pickle.

Yes, a pickle. Like a conflict, problem, or possibly —like in my case- just a raw emotion that refused to leave you be, eating at your very essence, which —also in my case- was horrible for my complexion. Whatever /you/ choose to call it, it troubled me, requiring the upmost attention. I wasn't sure how to handle this vast amount of information, blab it or hold it in. Holding it in was personally getting to me, but I've had much worse things eating at me before -cough, cough Jabor- and if worse came to worse, concerning the well-being of my dear, young Master it could remain contained, even though I highly doubt anything would happen to him. But that was my luck. Yeah, I had none.

This information, to sum it all up could change the face of this earth. Okay, I'll indulge into detail. Any religion, any basis of modern science would be trashed. That's how important or deadly this bit could be. Of course everything could recover, that was true and somethings could be covered up -example: go back to the times of Christ, yeah he had a girlfriend and children. The blood line of Christ still lives today, who would have thought it (haha...da vinci code)- but I had a feeling that this was a little too big to be denounced that easily. Humans always recovered, -damn them- they were adaptable beings. Some were. There was also the concern of coming from a djinni's mouth. It was highly unlikely that he would believe me. Which, in my point of view, was horrible. I mean by now I think trust should have been established, we've been together what three hours. Yeah, my @\$\$\$. So, if I decided to let loose this information that continually ate at me I would have to show him. Give him a full force personal tour like I got. Well, it was a rush to say the least. I'm not too sure how he would take it. Hopefully he would break down, go into a depression or something. That would be in my best interest because this mouth never stopped and sooner or later he would get annoyed and send me home. Actually what would be even better would be he'd mess up in that effort and I'd get my chance. I honestly haven't tasted human in a while. But, there was also the possibly that he took it fine, embraced the thought and went with it, dragging me along of course. That would be the worst outcome, but I didn't think he was strong enough for that. So, hopefully my original thought would prevail. There was also the possibility that it didn't phase him in the least, that he refused to believe it. That could and couldn't work in my favor depending on how he handled this denial.

I wasn't sure what to do. He would be surprised, to say the least. He would be squeamish, confused and vulnerable. That was a given but it's what's happened afterwards the concerned me. Maybe I should just let it take it's course but there would still be the same possibilities, just set at a slower pace. Fast good, slow bad.

There was another thing on my mind, other than this stunning conflict that would change the world. Like

how to get out of here.

Currently I was floating in a colorful mixtrue of nothingness. It felt uncannily like home but it wasn't. There was a missing feeling here, I still didn't feel like I belonged. My human appendages hindered no problem, like usual, with solid fluid movements that propelled me forward. My body was the only solid object here it seemed like and I needed it to maintain motion. The lights swirled around me, gathering near me. They licked at my fingers, curling in between them and slinking back out. It was as if they were analyzing me, making sure I was an acceptable being. It was then that I realized that this place was moving. The walls were pushing past me, gathering in closer than they were before. It was taking me somewhere. Then suddenly the swirls reeled back, obviously unsatisfied by something. They quickly departed leaving me be. I floated there for a few moments when the area I was in ceased all movement. It froze there, hanging for a few seconds. Now this didn't look good. Just then in the opposite direction the thing started back up again, sucking me into it like a vacuum. I fought against it, swimming forward but eventually it won and I was pulled into it, falling into darkness.

I hit the ground hard, and in a highly ungraceful manner, ricocheting across the ground as I skidded into a podium. "Ouch..." I moaned, rubbing the back of my head. Then, to make things even better something fell on my head, crashing and scattering on me. I scowled, brushing pieces of vase out of my hair. The alarm sounded, a blaring noise that echoed through out the room. "Goddamit...." I cursed, getting up on my feet and running over to the pendent. I grabbed at it, this time it didn't react to my touch, and slung it over my neck. It limply hung around my neck as I transformed yet again, this time into a beautiful cat, with slender, features. My fur was entirely black, a perfect hue for the night. With my added agility I jumped up into the air, aiming for the podium I smashed into for before. After that it was a easy jump up onto the small ledge with the propped open window. I stole out of there just as the guard came rushing in with his flashing beaming and escaped, into the impenetrable blackness of the night.