

DiMeNtloNaL

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an original story by mwah about a boy named victor and a weird visit to his grand parents.

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1 - Alone again

Chapter 1:
Alone Again

by Valen "James" Graves

It was an oddly cold winters day Near Williamsport when the occurrences happened that will change a boys life forever. Are story however, begins a week later with a young boy about 16 who is visiting his grandparents. This had been a normal thing for young Victor, ever since his parents decided they could travel the world one and a half years ago. Every other month, Victor would be taken from school for two weeks so his parents could travel. This is something he liked the most, two weeks from school with nothing but mountain air and his grandfathers stories to look forward to.

As young Victor exited the taxi that had driven him to his grandparents. A boy stood there 5 feet tall with moderately long bluish blond hair and semi-tan skin. A scar on the right part of his chin from a baseball last season. He wore a black shirt that had chain-looking pictures on it and tight jeans. He wore black skull shoes and a belt with fire written in red and yellow on the buckle. His reddish-purple eyes stood out on him a lot. He walked up the 3 stories of stairs to his grandparents house. They were a Japanese style family even though they were American. His grandfather was even Italian and his grandmother was Philipino. Their house was also Japanese style. They had a dojo outside where his grand parents taught him martial arts and a shrine said to be dedicated to the dimensional goddess.

“Hi sohubo,” he said to them as he walked through the door. Sohubo means grandparents in Japanese. “How have you been?”

They had a very peculiar expression on there face. It wasn't cause they weren't expecting him to bring a guest. “Who is your lady fiend Victor?” said his grandparents.

Victor had no idea that anyone was behind him at all. He know he left the taxi by himself, so who could this girl be. Victor turned to see a green haired girl standing behind him. She appeared to be a little younger than him. She was wearing short primitive clothing and had rosy red cheeks that extenuated the color of her green eyes. She must have been nervous because a bead of sweat was trickling down her neck. She had no shoes on but her feet looked as if she had walked on air getting there despite the dirt and mud on the steps up.

Startled Victor finally spoke,” Who the hell are you!?!?” He had no idea he had screamed loudly. The girl had been startled and ran away into the thick forest without a single word . He had turned around to see his grandparents smiling and whispering something. If he knew his grandparents like he thought he did they were thinking of how cute his new girlfriend was despite of him not even knowing who or where the mysterious woman had come from. Once again he had been alone by himself ready for two weeks of relaxation .

But he couldn't help but wonder where he had seen the girl before. Had she followed him from school. Or maybe she was from his school. She could also have been a neighbor of his grandparents.

All he knew is he remembered seeing her before. Oh well, he thought as he walked through the house. It was late and he figured he would go to bed. He hoped something would help him remember the next day but for now it was time to sleep.

2 - Remembrance

Chapter 2:
Remembrance

by Valen "James" Graves

The morning after the appearance of the mysterious woman who had followed Victor into his grandmothers house, young Victor was so full of questions. Who was the girl? Where did she come from? What was her name? All these questions filled his head as he started on his first day at his grandparents. He walked down the stairs and sat on the bottom step. Victor had a soft side that cared for plants and liked to draw different ones when he went to his grandparents. This time however he was shocked to see a blue-green flower about the same color of the girl. Their had been a pale circle within the middle of the flower. Victor had to take a closer look.

“OH!” Victor had been startled. As he looked into the flower he had seen something he had never seen in a plant. The middle of the flower was a face! He fell backwards onto the steps. His eyes were closed as he tried to put pieces together. Questions were in his head again. ‘Could this be the girl?’ he thought as he thought of the amazing flower. ‘Could she have been a flower this whole time?’

Suddenly and without warning a noise was heard from the bushes. They seemed to be running from Victor. Curious of the noises he opened his eyes. The flower was GONE! All that was left was a patch of dirt and noises running further. Victor wanted to find where the noises were coming from so he ran toward them. He ran deep into the forest dodging trees and passing exotic flowers he had never seen before. The noise was close and he felt like thousand of eyes were watching him run. He saw green hair run through the trees. ‘The girl!’ he thought, ‘I can find out who she is.’

Victor had been getting tired fast. He was now far away from his grandparents house, but he couldn’t give up. He had to know who she was. Her footsteps, that had been the noise as she ran through the brush, had been getting closer still. He had thought he was on her when they stopped. He stood in place waiting for a sign she was still moving somewhere. He stood there in silence for ten minutes and decided to turn back. He turned around and his head had hit against something hard. A woman’s scream of pain rattled out from the blurs of his vision. Then there was darkness.

In this darkness he had thought of the question again. ‘Where did he see her before?’ He could remember her vaguely but his encounter earlier that day with the face in the flower had proven who she was. Three years ago when Victor had first dreamt of flowers, the girl had been there in those dreams. She had taught him everything about his plants as he slept. But if she were a dream, why was she in the real world? Could she have been real too? And if so, why did she wait this long to show herself? Victor had to know but first he would have to wake up.

“Victor, Victor, wake up.” He opened his eyes to find a woman in the blurs of his vision. As his vision cleared none of his answers were answered. Unfortunately his grand month was there next to him and his head was moist from a hot pack on his forehead. Victor had wondered now what knocked him

out and if he would see the girl from his dreams again. He also wondered if she could be other things beside flowers ,and if so, is she watching him secretly right now? Has she always been watching him?

To be cont.

3 - the flowers

Chapter 3 The Flowers

Young Victor was upset that he did not get to see the girl with the green hair, but how did he get to his grandmother's house? Did the girl bring him there? And what hit him on the head. Victor was confused. He needed to find out his answers.

Late that night, when his grandparents were asleep, he snuck out. He had no idea where he was headed when he entered the dense forest of pine that stared at him eagerly as he went deeper in. The leaves made his footsteps echo through the trees. He saw movement a few yards ahead of him. Victor ran toward it, just to interrupt the small foxes' hunt. He wandered further through the wood, past the wondrous-looking flowers he had seen the day before. But now the bushes of flowers were bare.

Victor started off, and a small while longer, he came to the place he rested the day before to hear the girl's footsteps. The light from the moon was gone, hidden from the canopy above. A small light appeared through the trees. Inside the beam was a small tree covered with exotic flowers. The distinct color of the green flower shone bright through the different hues of the others.

Victor walked toward the flowers, afraid of being knocked out again, but the flowers didn't notice him. He was hypnotized by the glow emanating from them. He moved closer to them. As he walked in amazement, a large crack appeared under his shoe. A small branch lay there, broken by the weight of him.

The plants were alerted now as they looked around. Hundreds of little faces found their way toward Victor. The tree's flowers were shaking in fright, but the green flower had yet to move. Victor kept his eyes on the flower thinking it would run away.

Soon the green flower fell from the tree. It stood about five feet from Victor, looking steadily at him. He looked around to see if anything would hit him again, but there was only darkness. The flower was glowing when Victor returned his gaze. From the glow, a silhouette of a woman formed.

Ah, Victor said quickly as he turned his head. The girl had formed and was completely underdressed. Where are your clothes! Victor screamed again.

Oh, I'm sorry, said the girl as she grabbed sod from the ground. The leaves and pine needles that formed the sod formed clothing around her body. Is that better young Victor? she asked.

Victor turned his head back, Yes, that's better, thanks. So what is your name?

My name?

Yeah, the name you're called. You have one of them right?

Oh, yes I do. My name is Lily. Nice to meet you, or again anyways.

You're the girl from my dreams right? he asked.

Yes, but I've known you for a long time Victor.

He was shocked. How did she know me if I only remember her from my dreams?

I've been with you for a while now, she continued at Victor's amazement, I showed your parents the joy of traveling. I also talked your grandparents into watching you.

You what! Victor screamed. The flowers shook in fear again, Victor caught them in the corner of his eyes. Sorry for yelling. He turned back to Lily, So my grandparents know about you?

Yes, they know about all of us, she replied

Why did you sneak up on me like that then? he asked her. Maybe he'd finally get an explanation.

I didn't see you actually. I was on my way to see your grandparents. I froze when I realized you were standing there and your grandparents played along. I didn't think you would remember me.

They talked until the sun was rising over the trees. The plants didn't move until he left, following him like a baby duck to their mother.