

# A Daughter's Promise

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*What makes a hero exactly? And how did the fifth turtle begin her quest to the City.*

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# 1 - A Daughter's Promise

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Disclaimer: Most if not all the characters in this story do not belong to me, most if not all belong to Mirage comics and other people who are not me.

\*note: this story takes place in no official continuity other than the continuity in my pretty little noggin.

## A Daughter's Promise

What exactly makes a hero? Is it the amount of lives that person touches in their lifetimes? Is it possible that a hero can be someone who you never read about, someone who has never had a Lifetime movie, someone who just helped a person no one else could? If that's so then it's possible to believe that there is a hero in everyone of us, and that's just a nice thought.

The first thing I remember in the smell, it was terrible. I was crawling through it, it covered me head to toe, the filth all over me. Then there was a harsh light from above me, it was cold and empty. I was scared, and didn't know where I was, or how I'd gotten there. I just curled up in the filth and cried til I could cry no more tears.

I fell asleep, awoken by a different light, it was warm and alive. In the distance I heard a noise, something I couldn't believe I'd heard last night. Following the sound I came to an opening and in front of me was a large body of water rushing from where I was standing. From the opening I saw that light that had washed over me, the warm light. It was blinding and at the same time beautiful. Only a child, my curiosity made me want to go out into the blinding light, stepping out I felt the ground beneath me, it was soft and inviting not cold and harsh like the ground I came from, I just walked across it slowly feeling it between my toes and lay down, the light washing over me.

Not far away I heard what sounded like sniffing and crying. Approaching the noise I stayed hidden the best I could. The thing in front of me was different than I was. It had white skin, long black hair, and five fingers on its hands. In its eyes were tears, it wiped them away but more came.

Why was this thing sad? Was it lost like I was? I wanted to know, but stayed away for a little longer. I just watched it and it continued to cry, finally I had to get closer to it. Slowly moving forward I tried not to make too much noise, but it looked directly at me. In its eyes I saw surprise, scare, bewilderment, and awe. It quit crying as it got closer to me, I moved back, tripping and falling over. It

reached down with its hands and I curled up tightly.

The thing in front of me then made a noise from its mouth. I could not understand the noise, but I was not scared anymore. The sound comforted me, and I reached out to the hand trying to reach for me. It lifted me from the ground and then walked away carrying me, I fell asleep in its arms.

Years pass I no longer am the lost child I once was, I have grown to a young teen. The it that found me, I now call mother, she gave me the name MeiPeiChi, but calls me Angel, short for Angel of Life. She says I saved her that day, she had lost someone very dear to her and was going to end her life to join with that person again. She saw I was not human, but I was a child and she would not leave a child as "unique" as I alone. We now live in small apartment where I am schooled by my mother not only in regular school subjects, but healing as well. She told me that her mother was once a great healer in their home country of China, before they came to America. Though mother was a healer in her own right, she is a nurse, the one person she cannot heal is herself. She tells me she'll be fine, and that I should not worry. Yeah right, me not worry.

Recently she has been in the hospital, and I have trouble visiting her, she tells me most people would not understand me, that I would be captured and taken away from her forever. So as my mother lies in the hospital, I sit in our home...not worrying. There are times I am able to get to her, but they are few and far between. She has told me on those occasions that she has heard of others like me in the city, that if anything happens to her that I should go there and seek them out. I promise that I will, but my mother will never die, she'll get better and we'll be a family again I just know it. I just know it. Everything will be okay. Sitting there I drift into asleep.

The phone rings, it's 1:00 am. No one calls at this hour. On the line a voice comes over, my eyes fill with tears, why couldn't I have been there, this can't be right everything was supposed to be okay, I just knew it. I guess sometimes plans don't pan out, sometimes things aren't okay.

The thing with white skin, long black hair, five fingers, and tears in its eyes is no more. This person, my mother, my hero, was gone. I have nothing but fond memories of the woman who took me in when others would've turned away or sent me to be studied, she's one of the greatest heroes I'll ever know. She won't be remembered by many, there will not be a greater hero's burial for her, she was gone and soon to be forgotten, but never by me...never by me.

I had a promise to keep, I would go to the city I would find the others if they exist.

The first thing I remember is the smell, it was terrible. I was walking in it, it covered me.

Yet this is where my old life began, it seems only fair that this is where my new life would begin. The ground is hard and cold, and I have a long way to go. I guess I better begin.....

End?

## 2 - A Daughter's Quest

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Disclaimer: They aren't mine so there, well some of them might be mine I dunno. But don't sue all you'd get is a few comic books, fitness magazines, and a few DVD's anywayz.

\*note: let's see, maybe this'll be the second part in my Daughter's Promise story. Yeah I think I'll go with that.

### A Daughter's Quest

*Why am I doing this? Was it because I promised to do so? Why am I leaving familiarity to look for something I don't even know exists? A promise, is that why? What good does it do to keep a promise to someone you loved if they will never know you did so?*

I remember this place, though I never remember being here. No light shines here, it is complete darkness. For as far as the eye can see there is nothing. Yet I continue on.

It's been days since I last saw light, I feel as if the walls are closing in on me, I must escape. I walk on still through the darkness. Hours pass or was it minutes? Time is all a blur to me now. Then I saw my escape, a patch of light shown ahead of me, there must be a way to the surface there, so I run.

Reaching the light I looked up, there was a hole on the side of the wall, a grate was supposed to be there but wasn't. A way out. It's a risk for me to be on the surface, but I had no choice I had to be free of the sewers if only for a day. I climbed through the grate opening into the busy streets, wrapping myself in my cloak and pulling the hood over my head I stood there breathing the fresh air and basking in the sunlight.

Nearby a paper stand sits, news, magazines, tabloids all for sell. Front pages all reading different: "Gas Prices at an All-time High" "The War in Iraq, the Truth" "Abs in Weeks" "Tragic Story of High School Freshman Maria Ramirez," three in particular though caught my attention all on tabloids "Masked Vigilantes Clean Up Streets, Disappearing in the Dark" "Are New York's Sewers Overrun by Large Reptiles?" and finally "The Demon Guardians of New York, Real or a Hoax."

Hiding in the Dark? Large Reptiles? Demon Guardians? All seem to be coincidental to me, perhaps others like me do exist, but can I find them? And if I do, what then? It's such a big city, I don't know if I can find them, but I had to, I just had to.

Slowly I walk through the streets, trying to hide my face from all that pass, no one seems to take notice.

A little girl tugs at her mother's skirt, saying she just saw a big walking lizard. Her mother just replies saying, "That's nice dear, but it's not nice to stare." A typical mother answer....

*Hey, did she call me a lizard? I don't look like a lizard.*

Passing an alleyway I hear a noise, like someone was in pain. Ducking into the alley, a man lays on the ground, open bleeding from his stomach, like a deep stab wound, his left arm badly distorted, and his eyes swollen nearly shut. It looked like a mugging, but nothing seemed to be missing, *that's weird.*

Rushing to his side I throw back my hood and lean down to take a look at the wound, wiping away the blood I dress the wounds to the best of my ability, searching him I found his cellphone, I quickly dial 911 checking a nearby building for a street address.

"Behind you," the man barely mutters, hardly able to breathe.

Turning my head I see four men around me, all dressed in black, wearing full face masks. All with weapons drawn on me. They call me freak, some call me dog turtle, shock in their voices like they were confused. They begin to approach me. I'm scared, *why were they coming at me? What did I do besides help a lone person the only way I knew how?*

A shadow then comes over my head, a winged human came from the skies, attacking each of the men in black with speed and guile, like a hawk.

*Wait...a human with dark, demon-like wings? How was this possible.*

Within moments the men in black were out of the picture, three unconscious, one fleeing the scene. The winged man looked back at me, raised an eyebrow, cracking a half-grin and winking. Without saying a word he was back in the sky, disappearing into the shadows. I was left in the alley with an injured man, three men who had been knocked out. The sirens sounded as they approached, I knew it was then time to go.

I ran from the alley, pulling my hood up again. After getting a little distance between myself and the alley I start to walk again. Night was falling, and the surface seemed a dangerous place. Perhaps the sewers are where I belong, below the surface, away from everyone and everything. Yet, helping that man made me feel good, I needed no thanks, it was a feeling I wanted more of.

Also I couldn't figure out who that man was, or how he was the way he was. How did he show right when I needed help? Perhaps, the stories of Guardian Angels....or in this city, Guardian Demons were true. And if those were true, maybe the stories of giant reptiles were too, and maybe, just maybe those reptiles were like me...maybe?

So I fled back to the sewers, I would keep my promise.

*I remember this place, though I never remember being here. No light shines here, it is complete*

*darkness. For as far as the eye can see there is nothing. Yet I continue on...*

End?

### 3 - A Daughter's Meeting

Disclaimer: Still not mine, not yet anyway. Mwahahahaha!!!

\*note: this picks up as part three of a Daughter's Promise. MeiPeiChi has been in the city for months. It's a little shorter than the previous chapters, for that I apologize.

#### A Daughter's Meeting

This is the city, it's nasty, it's rundown, and violent. I just can't understand why someone would voluntarily stay here. Yet there are a few redeeming qualities here, there is a little light in this black place.

It's Sunday, one of the few times I'll go above ground during the day time. A small church on the corner is having their morning service, I sneak into the back going up some stairs to listen from the attic. I feel at peace here. The preacher is mentioning a soup kitchen that he wants to operate in one of the poor parts of town. Surprisingly, the one's volunteering are kids most no older than I. I can't help but be slightly envious.

“You know they make seats on the ground?”

A voice comes from behind me, turning around I see the familiar face of someone I've never met. I freeze, I've never seen him this close, his wings are folded over his shoulders, almost like a cape.

“Who are you?”

He introduces himself as Jarred, but won't tell me anymore. For the remainder of the service he sits in silence. I notice his eyes, a green color as he watches the service intently, his reddish-brown hair looks like it hasn't been cut in months. The service ends, and Jarred disappears as swiftly as he appeared, the gust off his wings was the only sign he had even been there.

After I believe everyone has left I make my way to the back where I came in. Walking down the street, hood over my head, I come across paths with a familiar little girl.

“Hey Ms. Turtle-lady?”

Just a few months ago she had called me a lizard, at least she had my species right now.

Her name was Megan, she goes to the church, she had introduced herself to me one day after service, but promised not to tell anyone about me. Such a sweet girl.

If only there were more Megans or more teenage food drive volunteers in the world. Of course that would never happen. Most of the world is dark, and recently things have gotten darker. The streets are filled with more and more violence and things aren't looking like they're going to get better. The only thing that prevents absolute chaos on the street is one winged, demon man and me.

I'm not a fighter, but I do what I can, I help those that are injured to the best of my abilities and call for help as soon as possible. I like to think that I have helped in my own small way, I even have people calling me a Guardian Angel. My mother used to call me Angel, it's nice to be called that again.

Is this what my life has become? Me, roaming the streets, hoping to find some way to help in any way I can. I still search for the others like me, but I enjoy the feeling I get here. There are people I can help here, there's Megan, there's Jarred, and there's the church. For now this is a decent enough home.

Night falls. The citizens here have come to learn that night is not a time to be out. Plenty still come out though, several hoping to glimpse the demon or the angel that watches over the streets. There were no

curious onlookers tonight, I guess thatâ€™s a good thing.

...Noise on the rooftops...

I knew the chance of a quiet night was unlikely. Thereâ€™s Jarred up there, he looks like heâ€™s in trouble. He needs help. On the side of the building someone is climbing, he reaches the top, jumping to help Jarred. A figure falls from the roof, wings spreading wide, heâ€™s okay.

Watching the roofs I see figures jumping from rooftop to rooftop. The chase is on, I run along side them, watching from the ground. Until it happens, a piece of roof gives in, and large figure plummeting to the ground.

I rush to the body, heâ€™s alive, barely. Dear God, he..he looks like me. I tell him not to move, tie a tourniquet around his leg, set his arm, and turn to leave. I go into the sewers, he follows. What does he want? I move away.

â€œMy name is Donatello, I just wanna talk.â€?

His staff breaks, and he falls to the ground.

I guess the rumors were right, I guess Iâ€™m not alone.....

End...