

Legoraka

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Flint our main character gets a virus causing him to turn foxy. Encountering exotic people and things on his journey through "Legoraka" Flint must find a way to cure himself and the twisted reality he finds himself in.

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Chapter 1 - Encounter with Destiny

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1 - Encounter with Destiny

Approaching the mountain from afar, on foot and alone, Flint was getting curious at how marvelously the weather around the top of the mountain remained clear and sunny, while the rest of the sky was growing cloudier. His fox ears twitched, as the winds grew heavier with certain sadness.

Flint looked around seeing clouds gathering from nowhere. Soon the clouds took over the sky, slowly engulfing the land in darkness, the sheer thought of being in the dark made Flint cringe and bolt toward the still resonating beam of light that absorbed the top of the mysterious mountain. Nearing the base, Flint was now outrunning the shadows of the gathered clouds.

Tripping on his aching feet, Flint finally collapsed with a bleak thud. Knowing very well that he did not have enough energy to lift himself back up, he embraced himself for impact and put his hand on his blade as the shadows crept closer.

About a year earlier and in a different place, Flint was waking up from his cozy apartment. Yawning and shuffling under his blanket, he climbed out of his bed. Upon reaching the carpeted floor he shuffled himself toward the bathroom, passing his couch he suddenly had the urge to just collapse on it. But resisting this "urge" he found himself in the bathroom looking at his emerald green eyes, brown messy hair and bushy eyebrows.

Getting ready to leave and grabbing a few trusty items, Flint bashed opened the front door. Feeling the door knock against something and hearing a half muted shout of pain follow. Half amused that he had hit something; he looked down and saw his friend Rusty lying on the floor twitching with a huge red mark on his face.

Rusty sprang back to life, whirled around Flint and disappeared into his room. Baffled by this event Flint simply shut the door and went outside. Being greeted by the morning sun, he began walking from his house toward the park.

Strolling into the towns one and only park, he found himself staring through the various trees up at one

of the many complexes. It was relatively big consisting of five maybe seven levels Flint guessed. Examining the curved building and its many windows reflecting the still morning sun, His eyes narrowed on a distant figure on the very top of the building. The distant figure that also reflected the morning light moved its head toward Flint freakishly since it was not a fluid motion but rather a series of short and choppy movements. Flint backed up in astonishment as the thing on the roof hurled itself toward the earth.

It landed with a huge thud; dust rose from the crash and blocked any view of the alien object. A low mechanical noise arose from the settling dust. And then the figure rose slowly in its gloriously shiny armor and sleek metallic helmet. But before Flint could get a good enough look at the metallic object, it came hurtling at him at tremendous speeds with steel claws extended.

Flint rolled out of the initial thrust of the metallic-beings way and dashed away looking for something to counter its attacks with. Passing several trees the humming of the thing could be heard not far behind him. Flint peered over his shoulder and saw the menacing figure charging toward him with an awful scraping sound, claws still extended. Flint was closing in on one of the complexes garages; it was the yellow one closest to the water. Upon coming closer out of the trees and into the clearing of the yellow garage the sun hit him directly. Trying to recover his sight from the sun while he sped toward the towering building bordering the lake, to his surprise the first level of the place was in reaching distance of a wall run if done perfectly Flint stumbled toward it and just as he reached it he placed his first foot perfectly on the cemented side of the garage and then lunged himself up with a second step vertically, quickly grabbing onto the edge of the first level for he had no more momentum to carry himself on. But before he could pull himself to near safety, the thing grabbed his leg and thrashed him into the ground. Panicking Flint kicked upward with his one free leg and batted the metallic being a few times before it just froze. Another kick and the thing fell over, the strange thing was the impact on the ground sounded hollow as if no one was inside its metallic shell.

Flint got up and peered at the strange object that was lying sideways. Staring at it briefly he couldn't resist touched the smooth metallic surface of his predator. Flint let out a short yell when it murmured, "Flint!" As one of the arms sprang to life, gripped Flint's arm and impaled it on its claws. A soothing relaxation soon followed the shock of seeing his own blood ooze out of his newly formed wound; it inched its way down his arm and sloshed on the ground. Flint saw this in slow motion and shortly after passed out.