

Searching For Escape

By : **Imma Pen**

A boy knows there is something outside of the mechanical world he lives in now. He searches for answers and gets his best friend to follow with him on a small adventure that will bring them home if they succeed. A short Destery And Anthan story I wrote :3 Enjoy??\all mistakes are mine, and sorry for them, this wasnt really looked over :P



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Searching For Escape

There was no place like it. As small as it was, it was too beautiful to stay away from. I always went there when I needed time to think. It was a place that no one else really knew of, only myself and my giant bird. Another thing I also did that most people didn't do, call my Loftwing a *giant bird*, even though that IS what a Loftwing was. ..Oh well.

The fog flowed through the trees so easily, bragging about their given freedom. The one and only hill perked just a tad higher than the tallest of the pine trees, dropping a massive, somewhat glowing waterfall, which gracefully filled a small pond. I wasn't sure how this worked, to be honest. This island was floating in the middle of the sky, how the hell it could stay at perfect flow without running out, or overflowing. Oh wait, I remember, none of this was real.

It's not that hard to explain actually. Long ago, there was this man named, well simply, Jayden. Now, he wasn't the type to keep things normal when everybody was freaking about the world *exploding*. so, with the boost in technology that we had at the age, he left the so called planet "Earth" And created a new, mechanical world. Where I Live To This Day.

This world wasn't really great. Sure, some things were nice, but it was hard to do things. This "world" is basically a huge room, powered by the sun, created by the devil. Anyone willing to trap a human race in a giant box, in my eyes, was evil.

The ground was metal, the grass was fake, the "ocean" tasted of metal and mold, and I have heard that if you dig just far enough into the sand, you will hit..oh whatâs the word..metal. Fun huh? The light in the room was from a very big, horrible spotlight, and the walls that consisted of huge screens that played the weather and the time of day. That meant that if the day was bright and sunny, the screen would be a pretty blue sky with little clouds and fake birds flying and chirping. If it was night, the sky was clear and lit with fake stars. Everything was fake except for the circle of life, if that could even happen anymore. It was a shame that you couldn't look into the sky and see the real thing...it was a disgrace. If you looked up, you would see gears and clockwork that shifted everything in the world, from the rivers to the amount of fog that was known to be the could.

Cars were replaced with Loftwings, the 'Giant Birds' that fly us from place to place. What A Joke. I had to admit though, the damp air speeding through my hair was quite nice; but there was still that limit. I wished every day to someday be able to limitlessly fly through the air, really wind rushing my hair, the smell of an actual ocean breeze; but I could only imagine.

The fog was surrounding me horribly, something wasn't working right with the upstairs control booth, too much fog. I should have complained, but i didn't, I slowly stood from my place among the island and stared down at the mechanical town.

You see, this village wasn't exactly big. With my studies from books of the past, this fake island was as big as a small town on the side of what they called a "highway", which I gather was something like what this village had, dirt paths to get around.

My Loftwing looked at me through his big, golden eyes, I couldn't tell by his beak, but he was sure smiling. His long, majestic wings readied to carry me through the sky, his deep red feathers stretching out from his small nap just a few seconds ago.

Searching For Escape

I threw myself onto his back, and with a grunt and a swift kick to the sides, He flew down. The air rustled through my light clothing and my dark hair. A smile grew to my lips as I fantasized of the real wind blowing through my hair, a gust of fresh air, just once, please.

"Someday." Slipped from my mouth as I flew, closing my eyes. The dream was over before I could fathom and my Loftwing had landed me very steadily onto the floor, a cling of metal from his large talons. He crouched and jumped back into the air, leaving me to my thoughts and the people around me. I could hear the water toppling over itself carelessly onto the sand. It sang my name softly and I smiled. (it didn't really say my name..but I felt it did). When no one was around, I would speak to the water..or to myself, I didn't really know, I had no one else really to talk to. Everyone was so paranoid about seemingly everything that walked. I was the only normal human being left, and I sometimes felt as if I was going to make a difference someday.

I padded over to the shore, dropping to the sand. My fingers threaded through the grains of sand as the blue fake sky faded away, the stars coming out. So pathetic, it made me chuckle softly. I pulled off my shoes and threw them aside, along with my socks, digging my feet into the sand. I smiled and pulled my legs to my chest, wrapping my arms lazily around them as i stared into the water.

"You know.." I started, tilting my head up to the gears, my Adams apple sticking from its place in my neck. I could feel it bobbing wail I talked. "Sometimes I wonder, Why am I so Different?" Some would think I was insane for speaking to myself, but what they didn't know was that talking was so calming. I could say anything to myself and just getting out was nice, and I didn't have to care about dealing with someone's trust. That was the last thing I needed, the whole town knowing about my dream to get to this legend of Earth. I would often read about men who tried to break free, but they failed.

"It is impossible, there is no way out." One of the men described. "We are trapped forever, thanks to Jayden."

It did not lower my hope of getting out. I was so far into my research, I was not going to back out now. Hell, I even eaves dropped on two men inside the work tower. They spoke something of a room under the village, where a *ship* was being constructed. I wondered what a *ship* was, and with my need for escape, I figured out. A Ship was like a metal version of a Loftwing, It was a *vehicle*. Whatever that was, I needed to learn how to use It. That was what I was currently studying.

I watched as the gears turned, and sometimes I would see them stutter in their path, and nothing would change. So That meant that they could be stopped, what would happen then? Sand stuck into parts of my hair as I laid back, just staring at the gears turn. It was all so natural to everyone else, but to myself, it was a mystery. Who was controlling all of this? I knew about the workers that fixed and changed the paths of gears, but who exactly was watching over us? There had to be someone, right? My eyes closed and I thought deeper. So many questions that needed to be answered, but they would be someday. All questions eventually were answered.

The lull of sleep tugged at me, and with a tedious attempt as refusing, I failed and let it pull me under. My dreams amused me and I was at peace for the first time all day, no worries, no questions until I would awake. Bliss.

SCENE I

The sound of a soft voice and the feel of a shove awoke me. My eyes blinked open and I seen the face of a very familiar man. The one I would take with me on my retreat.

"Nate? I thought you were Studying to become technician?" I Heaved myself up with a low groan and rolled my head from side to side, tugging my hands through my hair to release of the sand.

Searching For Escape

"Why exactly would I be studying at this time of night?" Nate gave a warm smile and he pulled himself down, sitting by me. With a shrugging motion I replied.

"What time of night is it, anyway?" He laughed and looked up at the gears.

"I wouldn't say it's night, but It is..hm." He pulled up the cuff of his unique striped shirt, gazing at his watch. "It's two in the morning." He let the cuff drop as he turned his eyes back to me. I huffed and rested my head on m shoulder, closing my eyes again.

"Why did you wake me up? I was at peace, We talked about this." I rolled back onto my back and rested the crook of my arm over my eyes.

"I Figured out something phenomenal." He followed my actions, pulling his arms behind his head. "I overheard some guys talking about the outside."

My eyes shot open and my head turned to him. "Tell me everything." He knew me so well and he was one of the only people I talked to.

"Well, Remember how you were blabbing about the *ship* thing?" He pulled himself back into the sitting position, looking back at me to catch my nod. "Well, One of them said something about The ship leaving soon to explore the outside."

I choked on air and sat up. "I need to get to that damn ship!" I coughed on a sharp pain from my choke. He looked at me as I stood, shaking m hair out, dusting off my clothes. "I can't be late and I only have God knows how long to figure out my bust out plan!" I groaned and kicked the sand. Nate stood and turned to me, resting his hand on my shoulder. I winced at the contact.

"Destery. Calm down. Everything will work out, if they get there, They will retreat everyone back to our home." He reassuringly squeezed my shoulder, patting it. I shook my head.

"No, I'm going to Get you and I down there and we will have a whole world to ourselves!" I exclaimed maybe a bit too loudly. Nate squinted and dropped his hand, it flopping to his side.

"Well, whatever you decide to do, I'm here with you."

"Really?" I asked, tilting my head, a small smirk sliding through my lips.

"Yes."

I brought him into a bear hug, squeezing him to myself, speaking into his ear after I felt his arms accept the hug. "Thanks, brosuph, It really means a lot..just having someone there with me." I could practically hear the smile against his lips and he gave one last squeeze before letting go.

"Anything for you, Destery." He looked back up to the gears and was on his way. I smiled and thought it would be time to get back home and to bed, not that I needed to at this point, I was already well rested; but I went hone anyway and crawled into bed, being tugged under the attractive lull of sleep almost instantly.

The morning came quickly that day, and the only thing i had on my mind was the need to figure out how to *drive*. I thought to myself over and over, it couldn't be that hard, could it?

Searching For Escape

"Nah, it'll be easy." I laughed and picked up a book I had stolen from my grandmother's house, it didn't have instructions, but I learned a lot.

The village wasn't created too long ago, only a generation back. My generation was the first to live their full lives in the village. Most of the earth people still were alive to this day, they had belonging that I could easily get away with 'borrowing' for my research.

So there I sat with a book that was titled "Idaho Rules Of The Road."

There was that word again. *Road*. Hm, I could only wonder why things changed so easily, so quickly.

This book told me about the rules of the road, the controls and how to *drive*. I assumed that the word drive meant fly..or control; but none of these words talked about flying, and I knew I would need to know how. Maybe it was the same as a Vehicle. We'll just see.

I sat, legs propped onto my basic, silver desk, going over this book over and over, making sure I had everything understood. The gas pedal would be controlled by my right foot, which made the vehicle speed up, along with the break, which slowed down the car. The clutch changed the gear of the car, I was confused about this part, so that was what I set my mind to try to understand. I had just started reading over the Gearing piece again before my doorbell sounded, bouncing against the walls of the very small, two roomed home.

I jumped up, hiding away the book into a pile of papers that I had been writing on a while before my research began. My hair fell into my face, but I opened the door anyway, only to be greeted by my mother, my father, the smell of rust and the gears moving. It was then that I realized my music was still blaring from my computer. My parents glared at me tediously and I hurried over and clicked it off, running a hand over my face.

"Hello, Destery." My father nodded once and invited himself into my home, looking around. "I see this hasn't gotten any better, let alone been clean." He kicked a shirt from the middle of the floor, watching it's path land onto a box with mindless things packed into it. I turned over to my Mother giving her a warm smile, moving to her for a hug.

"Hello mom." I hugged her tight and close, taking in her unique scent. I wasn't sure how exactly to describe it, but it reminded me of something I couldn't put my finger on. Home? No, it was much more fresh. My father looked at us, crossing his arms tightly over his chest.

"Your video game addiction hasn't warded." He looked down the countless remotes for different systems. I heaved back a chuckle and a shake of the head, and stared at him flatly. He cockily smirked and turned on his heel to walk the very few steps it took to get to the small closet right by the bathroom. I winced and my mouth gaped. I gasped and took a step forward.

"You can't go through my things!" I shouted. He was always like this, he was always so criticizing of me. He opened the door and I ran after him, sliding into the small space in front of him, slamming the door back up. He grimaced and I huffed, daring to push him away. My mother stood and watched and I looked down, ashamed. "Dad, I live on my own now, I make my own choices. Stop being so up my ass about things, okay?"

All he could offer was a shake of the head and he was gone out of the room and the house as quick as he came in to intrude. My Mom didn't follow him, she stood, slouching in her place.

"I'm sorry, Hun. It's hard to get to him." She pursed her lips and I walked over, kissed her on the cheek and asked her to leave me to my college research. Of course that was a lie. Nobody knew about my plan and I had

Searching For Escape

to keep it a secret, or I could be sent to jail...or somewhere worse.

I dropped back down to my desk, muttering profanities under my breath and I held my head in my hands, closing my eyes as tight as I could. It took only ten minutes for another disturbing noise to come through the doorbell and all I could do was whine as I pulled myself up, walking to the door.

"Destery!" Nathan barged into the room, huge smile printed onto his lips. I warmed up and smiled back. Nathan always got me to my height of happiness when I was down. He could talk to me and make me feel better no matter what. A true friend.

"Nathan!" I hollered back, closing the door behind me quickly, turning on my heel to look at him. He dropped to the computer chair, being that it was the only real sitting area in the whole home, and he smiled at me. I returned the smile and watched him push the chair easily, with help from the wheels at the bottom, he moved across the carpet and turned on one of the gaming systems. Another thing that him and I were close with, games.

"Round two?" He tossed the first wireless controller he had seen on the floor to me, and if it weren't for the question he asked, it would've smacked me hard in the face; but instead, my quick instincts helped my hand whip up, catching the remote before it made contact. I took a deep breath in, knowing of the work that was needed to be done, but his face was so beg-filled, it could have made someone that didn't know him sick. I worried on my lip, looking at the time.

"Sure-" I gave in, my shoulders sinking. "-but only one." Maybe a round would help me with my studies. Nathan let out the most childish laugh no one could have made but him. I sat cross-legged on the floor, letting him set up the game swiftly. "So, how has your day been?"

"Oh, normal, nothing fun." Nathan looked down to me for a moment, then back up to the screen. I nodded softly a few times and stretched out my neck, nudging myself back into the Vehicle studying.

My fingers were moving, my brain was focused, but not only on that game. I knew I wasn't paying any attention by the hoots and hollers from Nathan right beside me. Whatever made him happy, winning did at least, and that was what he was doing a lot of at that moment.

One round molded into two, two to three. Soon we were headed into our tenth round, and I hadn't won any, due to my mental studying. It didn't hit me until just then, I figured it out. My heart just about stopped and I jumped from my spot, tossing the controller to the side. Nathan jumped, the computer chair rolling to the side slightly. I gave him a nod, reassuring him that he could stay as long as he wanted and that I would be home some time soon. I slid on my grey overcoat, pulling on the collar as I barged out of the house, bringing my fingers to my lips. My whistle called my Loftwing and he was satisfyingly right by my side within seconds. Nathan still sat inside the small apartment like home, mouth gaped, confusion spread all over his face. My actions were very sudden, and I didn't blame his confusion.

I heaved myself up onto the majestic birds saddled back and I was kicking at his sides, taking off. His feathers rustled and soon, we were off the ground, gaining feet above the ground.

The village grew small as we flew high, and I could only begin to hear the gears turn get closer. I looked over, seeing that one small island peacefully resting, just as I had left it. The waterfall splashing from its place on the hilltop, the fake pine trees, two of them to be exact, swaying slowly. It brought the widest smile to my face, and I stopped there.

Searching For Escape

I had no task at the moment but to sit in my glory that I had just cracked the code I had been searching for for so long. Even though it was just the small task of operating a vehicle, it left me with the last task of gathering all of my things, including Nathan, and get them ready to go *home*. The *real* home.

I had only forgotten one thing, The fact that Nathan was going to follow me up there. And sure enough, there he was. I inhaled deeply and collapsed to the ground, closing m eyes and laying back, feeling his warmth beside me.

"Why'd you leave like that?" He laid right there next to me as I pulled my arms behind my head. I didn't want to tell him, but i needed to, and there was still that part of me that would always want to; but I didn't. "Hey-" He looked over to me, I could feel his irritated gaze. "I asked you a question, Des." I winced and bit on my bottom lip. Of course, if he was coming I was going to have to tell him, no matter how much I didn't want to tell him he was going to have to leave the place where he grew up.

"Hey-" I slowly opened my eyes and propped up on my left arm, turning towards him. "You are still willing to come with me-" I swallowed, looking down. "..right?"

He huffed and sat up, tugging on m arm. I followed his actions, sitting cross legged in front of him.

"What did I tell you." He tilted his head, resting his forearms on either of his legs, leaning forward. "I'm right there, right by your side." He laughed softly, playfully pushing on my shoulder. "It's what best friends are for!"

There was always something different about the way I looked at Nathan. He seen me as 'best friend' I seen him as something far more; but that didn't matter at the moment. I smiled warmly back and looked down, swiftly pushing hair to the side when my head came back up. He was still smiling wide, but then a wave of shock ran over his face.

"What's wrong, Nateo?" I asked, examining his face.

"I just.." He bit on his lip and stood, moving to look off the edge. I head m breath, maybe he was thinking the same thing, maybe he thought about me the same way. "I just remembered something about the outside."

My jaw dropped and I shot up, it wasn't what I wanted to hear at the moment, but at the same time, it was. It was the hormones, i was only 20..i was still growing, wasn't I?

"Tell me?" I nudged his shoulder with mine as we stood, looking down. The crash of the waterfall and the movement of the large gears was the only thing that was to be heard between us until he spoke up.

"They are ready to leave, by nine A.M tomorrow." He looked to me, those eyes, those unforgiving, wonderful eyes. The shock of the little time I had and *those* eyes was enough to send some kind of mouth function in my bones and I few off the edge, complete shock. It was all happening so fast, it only sent even more shock into my soul. I was so out of it then that I swore I was going to die.

The air ripped through my clothes and my hair and out of an overwhelming look down, m eyes were closed and I lost everything I was feeling. I passed out, and thatâs the last thing I remember.

Until my eyes fluttered open slightly.

3.

Searching For Escape

I didn't understand anything when my eyes opened. I remembered everything about the fall, everything about the shock, but I couldn't remember how to breath; or I *couldn't* breath. A cry from Nathan and a hard push against my chest caused me to choke slightly, then I felt his lips against mine. No it wasn't a kiss. It was mouth to mouth. Did I drown?

His lips pulled and another push to the chest and i was coughing up the metal tasting water. The taste was so fowl, so rotten, I only gagged, turning over to my side, vomiting my stomach out all over the sand. I was hungry, there was so much water, and something so fowl smelling, it only sent me into another wave of disturbed shock. I wasn't really sure as to why m brain was messing up so badly at the moment, but I fell back, my head in the sand as I repetitively moved my hands over my face, to be sure I was alive.

"Destery-" Nathan pulled me up and into his arms, hugging my so tightly that it brought me back to reality.

I had under twenty four hours to pack mu things, break in and go.

I shifted, struggling in Nathans grasp, but he refused to let go.

"No, You are staying right here. You can pack in ten minutes, I know that for a fact. When the clock strikes midnight, we will go." He seemed to know the plan so well. His warmth around me made me realize how freezing cold I was. I began to shiver, gripping onto him, my brain playing tricks on me, making me feel like I was still falling in mid air. I closed my eyes and buried my face so far into his neck that I could feel his pulse against the tip of my nose.

My we hair and clothes clinged to his shirtless body. I wasn't sure how he had gotten out of his shirt, but at that moment I didn't care. I needed warmth, I wanted warmth. That was all my world revolved around at the moment.

His hand rand down my back and my pulled me closer, if it was possible, then let me go, holding me by my shoulders in front of him. I was still shivering. Out of cold, out of shock, I wasn't sure anymore.

"Are you alright?" He asked, looking into my eyes and all over m body, making sure everything was in tact. His cheeks were red, his eyes were red. Thatâs when I noticed he had been crying.

"How long was I.." I stopped, I didn't know exactly what to say. I could have said gone, out, passed; but it all sounded so sad. That may have been why he was crying. He almost...*lost* me. "..gone." I managed to say, looking down. He swallowed, his Adams apple bobbing as he did so.

"..not that long." He dropped his hands as my shaking subsided.

"Nate.." I thought about how his lips felt. 'no Destery. no.' I thought. 'do not say *anything*' It wasn't a kiss, of course it wasn't. He was saving my life. Instead of saying it, I looked into his eyes and smiled a very warm, genuine smile. "There is no words to explain my freakin' thanks for saving m Goddamned life." He laughed and gave me one last hug before standing. Holding his hand out to me, he looked up and around. I accepted his hand and pulled myself up, stretching out. He shook his head and kicked dirt over the mess i had made in the sand, his eyes looking back up to me, his head not moving.

"There is no words to explain how happy I am that I saved your life." He smiled and took a step back. I nodded and looked down, shifting in my wet clothes, sand clinging all over. Nathan tilted his head and smiled. "What do you say to going home, changing, packing and getting ready for you devious plan."

Searching For Escape

My smile widened, my teeth showing though and I let a small laugh escape my mouth. "Yes." Was all I could say to that. He gave one good nod and locked our arms together as we walked through the night. The Day had shortened unlike any other. Or it was just that the day went by fast. I didn't know.

We walked the path back to my small, odd little home and we barged in. I ran into the bathroom and shut the door, pulling off my clothes and pulling on new, warm, dry ones. And oh did it feel nice. I heard Nathan from the living room, telling me he would be back when he got some warm clothes on as well.

In the meantime, I packed and thought. This wasn't going to be easy. I couldn't pack around a suitcase, and all I could really think of was my old backpack. It would be easy packing and easy carry. So I used it.

I packed as much clothes as I could, along with my toothbrush, hairbrush and anything else that a person could imagine for survival.

It wasn't long before Nathan was back, his escape plan slung over his shoulders as well. I smiled and saluted him as he shut the door with his foot.

"Ahoy, Nateo!" I spoke in a serious, but sarcastic voice. "Are you ready for our ship to set sail?" I straightened my spine, looking at him straight in the eye. He played along and saluted me in return.

"I think the question is, Captain, are you ready?" He tilted his head up slightly, not taking his eyes off of me. I gave a hearty nod, tightening the bag around my shoulders. "Ah, yes, good, good. And may I accompany you as being your assistant, Cap'n Des Des?" The nickname sent chills down my spine. I smiled.

"Yes, Nateo! You are my crew! And we will be the best!" I jumped onto the desk chair, gaining my balance and he laughed, grabbing the back, pushing me across the room until I toppled off of the chair, laughing so hard that I was coughing. He fell beside me, laughing as well, clutching at his stomach. All I could do was roll over and look at him from across the floor.

"The *very* best." He then corrected, giving a warm, loving smirk. We sat like that for quite a while. Just looking at each other. I don't think either of us were sure why.

The bell of my small alarm clock stuck midnight, and we both winced. It went by so fast. My heart started to race, and I wasn't really sure that I wanted to do this anymore. I pulled myself from the floor. No, no backing out now. I knew too much to stay stuck in this hell. Nathan stood with me, shaking out his arms and head.

"The clock tower, that's where they said the entrance was." Nathan looked at me, swallowing. I saw the worry written all over his face as he spoke. I could have mirrored him. With a shaky nod, I pushed out the door into the dark and set eyes on the clock tower. Nathan was right behind me, his arm pressed up against mine. I only thought of what I was getting into. I played so much games that resembled this, it would be easy with the gaming experience. I pushed forward, looking around, making sure no one was in sight.

Nathan began to lead me, taking me on paths that I never paid any attention to except for now. No one was around. I thanked God, looking at Nathan's back, watching him kneel down at the clock tower door, using his trainer's card to get in. He wasn't all that clueless about everything, it made me feel a little bit more confident about this whole ordeal.

We easily got into the main operation center. I knew nothing about this room, but Nathan did, so I let him be the manager for that moment. He looked back to me, his voice soft and quiet.

Searching For Escape

"It's most likely going to be guarded. If we can get in, get some ones gun, we will be set." He bit his lip and I replied with a nod. I read a sign above a door that flashed no entry, and I guessed thatâs where we were supposed to be going. Luckily, with Nathans card, we were through the door. "I know this, I have been here, they know me, they trust me." He held out his hands and I knew that meant stay.

I watched him as he turned the corner, taking a breath. I felt bad, I wasnât doing any of the work. All i would be doing was driving; but that was a big part, wasn't it?

I heard a faint gag and the sound of a body hit the floor. Worry grew inside of me until i seen Nathan turn again, gesturing for me happily. In his hand, he held a gun. Thatâs when I knew it was go time.

He lead me through the halls. Metal everything, cords hung from the ceiling and everything was the same color. White. Lights flickered off and on, the corridor blacking out, then lightening up. A door all the way down had big red letters above it that read "CLASSIFYED"

It sent child shooting up my spine. Nathan turned quickly, I slapped m hand to my mouth to hold back a terrorized gasp from the unexpected.

"Do *not* step on the cords, they will know, they *will* find us." He warned, pointing to the floor, gun held low. I nodded and looked down, there were cords literally *everywhere*. I fumbled through them with Nathan, on my tippy toes. Slowly but surely, we did make it to that door. I took a deep breath in and let my feet drop, tilting my head back. Nathan yelped and dropped the gun and the card, covering his ears.

A very irritating noise sounded through the corridor and I cursed, holding my ears. M foot landed right on the cord. Ironic as it was, I dropped to my knees, holding my ears tighter. I looked up and seen four men run towards us. Nathan cried out and I had no choice. I swung around, letting go of my ears, grabbing the gun that was abandoned and I loaded it, standing up, trying hard to ignore the screeching bell.

My finger pushed down on the trigger and one man was down. Surprisingly, it hit him and he was down. Nathan gained courage and ran to the dead mans body, searching until he got another gun of his own. We were both armed, we were ready.

The two men didn't coward, they raised their guns and began to shoot. I pulled the trigger, but something happened. My leg had a sharp pain in it and I dropped instantly. I had been shot. Nathan yelped and grimaced at the blood that began gushing from my leg. I handed him m gun and he took it. And yet again, he saved my life.

I watched as blood dripped from the white walls and the wires. I had never seen something like this before, and it was highly dramatic. The lights still flickered and the sound still buzzed. Nathan shoved through the door and dragged me in, shutting it behind him.

The sound was quieted and I could hear my panting for air. Tears engulfed my eyes and I cried out. Nathan lost it, he was pacing from wall to wall. We were safe at the moment, but not for long.

I looked past Nathan and seen something odd. It was metal, like everything else, with big long wings sticking out. There it was. What I had been waiting for my whole life, since I could have remembered.

"Nathan, look." I choked out, pointing to the vehicle. "Thatâs it, let's go!" I heaved myself up, my leg stung, but i didn't care, I was getting out of here. Nathan stood, moth gaped. "Nathan, come on!" I yelled, pulling on some sort of lever that opened the door. I pulled myself into what looked like the control center and without and hesitation, Nathan was right there by my side.

Searching For Escape

The doors shut and Nathan pushed a big green button. I didn't know what it was, but he must have because when he pushed it, something in front of us opened. It was Dark, and there were little bright things all over, similar to the stars on the screen.

The loud noise invaded the awe that I was staring at and gunshots pulled me away. I pulled a lever and looked down. Just like I studied. The gas, the break. I pushed the gas all the way down to the floor, and with a little bit of a kick, we were out and the door was closing behind us. Nathan laughed and looked around the glass roof, looking back.

"Nathan what does it look like." I said in pain, but in amazement. Nathan shrugged.

"A Giant..." He tilted his head. "A giant box.." He squinted. My hands gripped the small wheel that was there and I looked back. Sure enough, it was a giant box. Gray and big, just sitting there like waist. I faked a gag and yelled my excitement.

I searched the premises, there was the sun, and right under us, was something big, and blue, and white. I swallowed, picturing the books that I read. This was earth. I let out a long held in breath of air and looked up to Nathan.

"Look! It's Home!" I yelled, pushing the wheel up, feeling the abnormal change in placement. We moved closer, and we got faster.

I didn't know what it was, but until this day, I do not remember what exactly happened on the way down. What I do remember is that both of us were screaming quite loud and when we did end up laughing, everything was really hot, and on fire?

I stumbled out, my leg still in pain, only to see that the bullet had moved its way out somehow. It must have been the gravity, but I was able to pull it right out. Nathan helped with the stitching that he had made sure he brought along, just in case something like this happened, and we were mended and ready to look around.

I pulled myself from the ground, which smelled of something refreshing and wonderful. Nathan helped me up and we looked down from the hill we had landed on top of.

A big city, bigger than the village, rested, working right there.

"Nathan, We are home!" I laughed and my jaw dropped as I threw my hands up, tumbling over into the grass again. I sniffed in the smell and looked up to the sky. Real clouds, the real sky. No gears. I was in my really home. Nathan came close to me and we looked up at the sky together, ignoring the burning and broken ship that was right there.

It was like a happy ending, and not everybody gets theirs. I was grateful enough to be sharing this one with the best friend I ever had.

This has been Capn' Des Des and I bid you Fair fuckin' Winds!

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