

Her True Calling. . .

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Pandia lives with her adopted mother and father, and her life is changed forever when she is washed into the sea, and rescued by the sea god himself. Now she must discover her true calling when she discovers her true family, and realises where her heart lies. (This is about the Greek Gods, etc. I might change some information, etc, and I don't know the full plot JUST yet)



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Chapter One

The waves crashed against the side of the steep cliff as the storm swept even closer to the land. Rain came down like wet bullets, hitting everything in reach. The wind grew stronger and began to howl like an angry banshee, whipping at the short stubby grass on the clifftop, and churning up the sand on the beach that circled around the edge of the small bay. Dark gloomy storm clouds blocked out the life giving light of the sun, and lightning struck somewhere to the other side of the bay, closely followed by the almighty roar of thunder. Amidst the chaos of nature walked a solitary figure clad in dark waterproofs, hood drawn up to deter the rain. The person's face was obscured from view. The cliff edge led back into a sloping field, which went on until it reached a gate and a fence, which separated the field from a small narrow road, which circled up to a cluster of small houses. Nobody could see the lone person walking dangerously on the cliff edge in the storm, but if they could, they probably wouldn't care. The person looked out over the churning bay, and imagined that it was full of an assortment of sea monsters, making the powerful waves themselves. It was an idle thought, but it amused them for a moment, until the wind jerked the hood off the person's head, to reveal a smooth, narrow face, startling sapphire oculars, voluptuous lips, and long silvery grey hair. She looked startled for a moment as her face was pummelled by rain, but then she cursed under her breath and walked away from the cliff edge, tugging her hood back into place. With her hood on again, the girl went down the small incline that led down to the beach, which was mostly hidden with the sea. Sea spray coated itself over her, but this did not alarm her in any way, until finally, she reached the beach, and stood watching the waves come closer and closer. . . . As if in a daze, she stepped closer, away from the protection of the grass, and further onto the sandy beach. Her hood jerked free again, but she had a melodic expression on her pale face, flushed with red from the bite of the wind, and her feet didn't seem to stop. Slowly, she reached contact with the waves, and suddenly snapped out of her trance-like state. In a demure manner, she tried to step backwards, but she couldn't. Gasping outloud, she tugged at her feet, but they seemed to be stuck to the ground. The waves crept closer, teasing her as they pounced on her like a playful kitten, then drew back like a snake about to go in for the kill. The girl cried out loudly, but with the howling of the wind and the crashing of the waves, nobody would be able to hear her. She started to give up hope, and she lessened her struggling as she tired. Finally, a wave pushed her free of her hold in the ground, but she was thrown down onto the wet sand. Her head hit a smooth rock hard, and her vision blurred for a moment. Her head began to throb like a pulse, it was like she had another heart in her head, and her mouth was dry and crisp with salt. Licking her lips, she choked on the salt, and tried to scramble to her feet, with little success. Finally, with brimming eyes, she watched as the biggest wave of all came darting towards her at the speed of light. It seemed out of this world, impossible, incomprehensible...and yet, it still came like a cheetah tracking down its prey. She braced herself, closing her eyes tight, holding her breath. The wave struck her, and the shock and the cold

made her clench up and cry out, filling her mouth with sea water. As she spluttered and coughed, another wave, even bigger, struck, and this one dragged her out like a hand draws out a sword.

When she opened her eyes, shivering in the freezing water, she gasped and gave a dry sob. Already, the cliff and the beach were far away, and she was near the other side of the bay already. Her logical mind refused point-blank to believe that they could travel so far in such a small amount of time, but her eyes were not to be deceived. The girl realised with fear that her shoes had come off, and her bare feet felt like ice blocks. With a sudden realisation, she closed her eyes, and waited for death. . . .

It never came.

The sound of creaking timbers reached her ears, as they tried to work again properly, after being filled up with water. Her sense of hearing improved, and she could hear the slight tired breath of a person, and the strain of oars as they were pulled through the choppy waters. She could smell the salty ocean, the wet timbers of the rowing boat, and the musky, slightly stale smell of the rower. Her mind begged her to see, and so she obliged. Opening her eyes, her heart missed a beat when she looked up at the stormy night sky. The clouds had lessened and dispersed a bit, and the sea was not as rough. The wind howled more gently, and the rain had stopped altogether. As she looked up, the rower coughed and stopped rowing. The boat began to drift on the waves, bobbing up and down.

She managed to raise herself on her elbows, and looked cautiously at her saviour. She had very little memory of being rescued, only of strong hands grabbing her shoulders, and of a scratchy old blanket wrapping around her, then...nothing. The man gave her a toothy grin, revealing yellow teeth. He had a trimmed grey beard, wrinkled tanned skin, strong, calloused hands, and wore a navy blue jumper, brown trousers, and leather boots. Their eyes connected, and she studied them impassively, noting that they were a sea green colour, and that they seemed to be full of knowledge and wisdom. In fact, they seemed to old and wise for the mere body of a sailor.

He laughed, as if he had heard her thoughts. "Well, Pandia, I'm not just a sailor, you know," he said in a gruff, deep voice that sounded slightly scratchy around the edges. The girl flinched as if he had struck her, and began to tremble slightly.

"H-how d-d-do you know m-my name?" she whispered, teeth chattering slightly. Her silvery locks whisked around her face as she spoke, and one struck her eye. Wincing, she forced her hair back, and turned back to look at the sailor. He still wore a small grin.

He tutted as if she had done something wrong, and answered in a cheery tone, "Why, I'm your uncle, of course! Don't you recognise me?" he wiggled his eyebrows slightly, which made Pandia want to laugh, but she suppressed it and gave him a blank expression.½

The man reunited his hands with the oars, and began to pull the small wooden boat through the waves. Pandia looked around fully for the first time, and discovered, to her surprise, that they were still in the bay, quite close to the beach in fact. Then, a beam of moonlight fell on her, and she looked up to see the clouds part in way for the crescent moon. For some strange, unknown reason, the moon always filled Pandia with hope, hope that one day her life would turn around and become better, and that one day she would find those true to her. She blinked back tears, and looked at her supposed

uncle warily. He was watching her with a mellow expression.

Sighing, she asked, "How are you my uncle? I don't even know my parents so-"

"I know them." interrupted the wrinkled man. With a small gesture, a photo appeared in his hands. Pandia gaped, astonished. No, he didn't just do that, did he? Did he? Her mind began to whirl, but luckily, she just swallowed, and pursed her lips slightly, in disbelief.

"Who were they then?" she chided, and she surprised herself with the sudden bitter, angry tone in her voice. This too seemed to surprise the man, for he raised an eyebrow, but said nothing. Instead, he passed her the photograph, and she held it gingerly, as her eyes looked at it intensely.

The picture was taken on a sunny day, in a city somewhere, because Pandia could see the outlines of skyscrapers above the tree line. There was a group of twelve people in the photo. She looked from left to right. There was a big, burly, ugly sort of man to the far left, who was standing next to an impossibly beautiful lady wearing a simple, yet elegant white lawn dress. Beside her was a leather clad man with a few scars on his face, and he was next to a curly haired youth, whose arms were around what seemed to be his twin sister, for she had a similar face. The woman looked familiar, but Pandia didn't think anything of it. To the far right of the picture was a fleet footed young man, who was next to a rather pudgy, drunken looking man with a grumpy expression on his face. He was standing next to a middle aged woman with deep lines in her face. Beside her was a kind, gentle looking woman with dazzling eyes, and beside her was a wise looking young woman, with dark hair and a pair of glasses. Then, seated on a bench, was two men and a woman. The woman had beautiful long brown hair, and a cheery face. To her left was a big, important looking man in a business suit, with a well trimmed beard and sapphire eyes. To the woman's left was...no, it couldn't be.

Pandia looked up at the man, who looked back at her with slightly raised eyebrows. As she stared at him in disbelief, he clicked his fingers, and the picture vanished out of her hands. Gaping, she nearly fainted.

It was then that something hit the side of the boat and capsized it.

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