

Death. Life. Lost. (Part 1)

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Two angels, each with four mortals. Only one group can win. 'Death. Life. Lost.' is a three part story. No, it doesn't make much sense until the second part. Yes, this is intentional.



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Part 1

DEATH.

Gail fell as a forceful punch to his chin hit him like a lightning bolt.

“Take that in your face, you miserable idiot,” Maddy exclaimed as she wiped the blood off her lip and stormed off, closely followed by two of her friends.

Winded, Gail stood up and looked around him.

“Why the hell didn’t any of you stop that crazy-,”

“Not much we could do, Gail. You know what those guys are like!” interrupted Rhea.

“Yeah, well, thanks a bunch!” Gail shouted. Looking up at the sky, he groaned, “And we’ve only got an hour...”

“Plenty of time,” Liam began, “Well, as long as they don’t come back,” Hope joined him in nodding, her silver hair glinting in the sunlight as she moved her hair. Sighing, Gail began to move, closely followed by the others.

“If Gideon ever finds out that she got the better of you, Gail, you’re screwed,” stated Hope in a calm, cool voice.

“Thanks for the reminder...”

In the distance, the four of them could just make out the fading silhouette of the castle. Lights were on, as the sky was beginning to darken. Even from this distance, the structure was so big that they could see their own quarters.

Faint screeching was not an irregular sound as they approached. It didn’t alarm any of them; in fact, none of them even seemed to notice it.

After what seemed like hours of silence, Gail began to speak,

“Look guys, I know we’re all tired of what happened last time, but we haven’t got long. We can’t let them succeed...”

“Says the one who let Maddy, of all people, get the better of him. Look, Gail, I’m sick of this. Ever since Gideon, things haven’t been the same!” Liam put in.

“I agree, it’s ridiculous! I mean, he’s this all powerful being, why can’t he do his own dirty work?” Rhea’s tone was of pure disgust.

“Look, I don’t get to make the decisions. You want to live, you listen to Gideon. You wanna die, go and join Adreal. I don’t care anymore!”

“You don’t mean that!” Hope sounded astonished,

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â Yeah, I do! I value my life, and, if you donâ t, then I donâ t have time for you!â

â What the hell is wrong with you, Gail?â Rhea asked.

â Whatâ s wrong with you is the question! Youâ ve never questioned an order before. When we started this, we all agreed, no matter what the consequences! In fact, I recall that you, Rhea, said-,â

â Shut up!â Hopeâ s scream was slightly louder than she had intended, and they all stopped in their tracks. â We cannot, and I mean cannot, stop now. If we do, weâ re dead. End of story. Now, letâ s just get on with it!â

They all silenced, even Gail, although you could tell by his expression that he wasnâ t happy. As they continued, the screeching became louder until they finally realised who it was...

LIFE.

A fuming Maddy Stock stormed down the corridors toward Lauraâ s room, her loose jet black hair flying behind her. The cut on her lip was still bright red, but she didnâ t even wince.

Upon reaching the door, she knocked. Without waiting for an answer, Maddy entered the room.

The first thing that hit her was the stench of dried blood, but this wasnâ t unusual in Lauraâ s room. The walls were plastered with diagrams for all sorts of things in at least ten languages. Books and textbooks were scattered over the bed, but it was plain that Laura didnâ t sleep there, as there was a blanket and pillow chucked in the only clean corner of the room. Spilt potions and brews had stained the carpet all sorts of colours, with the most prominent being red, but Maddy knew that wasnâ t any potion.

It was blood.

Stepping over the mess with all the carefulness of a sledgehammer, Maddy reached Laura, who was bundled up in one corner of the room. Her dirty blond hair was tied up in a pony tail, and her face was grubby. The robes she wore were stained almost as elaborately as the carpet. Before her was a cauldron, within which a bubbling mixture was being heated by a mysterious fire on the floor. Maddy didnâ t even bother to ask what it was.

â Whereâ s Tyler?â she snapped. Laura looked up, surprised, as if she hadnâ t even noticed Maddy in the room before.

â Errr...â

â Out with it, Laura!â

â Last I heard he was downstairs in room seventy, but I really donâ t know. When he didnâ t show up, I thought heâ d seen you first...â Maddy bit her lip and began to move out of the room. She only paused at the door to say,

â If you see him, let me know...â

â Wait! Maddy, what the hellâ s going on?â It was a minute of silence before Maddy answered.

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“ I haven’t heard from him in two days. Neither him nor Adreal. Tim hasn’t seen them either...”

“ Gail would know if...well, you know. And, knowing him, he would have thrown it straight in our faces. Well, either that, or have had Gideon kill us,” Despite the fact that the sentence was true, Maddy smiled for the first time in two days.

“ I’m sure they’re doing something important...” Laura nodded.

“ Now, get out of my room!” Maddy laughed and pushed the door closed behind her. But her smile vanished the second she left the room. She slid down with her back against the door, head in hands.

What had they gotten themselves into?

LOST.

High above them, in a now starry sky, sparks flew in the air faster than lightning. Dark shapes were the source of the petrifying bolts, and they hissed to each other as they battled ferociously.

"So, Adreal. Where are your little slaves now?" Adreal didn't answer. "Gail is coming soon, Adreal. You're finished if even just one of them reach here, and you know it!"

"I could say the same for you, Gideon," Gideon laughed viciously.

"You really think that they'll come to your rescue a second time? I was wrong, you really are as stupid as you look!"...

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