

Stars Can't Shine Without Darkness

By : Ophelia Autumn

As you grow into your teen years, you are meant to receive a power that will help you at some point in your life, whether it will be in a year or 50 years, no one really knows. Some people are telepathic, some have the ability to heal themselves quickly, some have extreme mediumship, but not Charlotte Miller. Her power is much more powerful than anyone else would have ever imagined, and what becomes of her is unknown...



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Chapter 1: The Beginning of It All

"So... What is going to happen to her? Do you even know where she currently is?" Marie asked, scared for her daughter, as any mother would if this happened. It's been eight months since her daughter, Charlotte, had received her first power, a power that shouldn't be possessed by any living being. Ever since that day, everything possible that could go wrong, has gone wrong.

"No, we don't know where she is." Indie said, and sat in the big, red velvet chair across the room.

"Is there any way to find her? At all?" Jared asked, and walked around the room, trying to figure out how to get his little girl back.

"I'm not sure. For all we know, the only way for her to return is on her own, and we're not exactly sure if she has the capability to do that. We'll keep you updated, as we have been, and hope that she'll return, safe and sound." He got up then, and silently walked out of the room.

Marie looked at Jared, and started crying. They held each other and wept, feeling the pain of having to realize the fact that their daughter may never return home.

Nine Months Earlier...

I hit the snooze button on my alarm clock as soon as it went off, and sat up in bed. Last night was the third night in a row that I hadn't gotten any sleep, even with the sleeping aids that my mom had given me. Maybe it was just the stupid teenage hormones that are working 24-7 that were keeping me up... Anyways, I got up and pulled on a dark blue t-shirt, a grey pull-over sweater and my favorite pair of light blue jeans, and went downstairs.

"Hey, sweetie." My mom, Marie, said to me when I sat down at the dining table.

"Heya. What are you making?"

"Well, I thought on this cruddy Monday morning, you'd like your favorite homemade blueberry pancakes and sausage." She smiled at me and went back to making breakfast.

"Thanks mom", I smiled and hugged her from behind, "you're the best."

"I know". We both giggled a little, then I headed upstairs to my bathroom. I looked into the mirror and stared at my reflection. Even at 16 years of age, I looked older than I should. According to my dad, I've "matured" quickly. Honestly, I look just like my mother, only younger (I'm not saying that she's old or anything, but you get what I mean). We have the same long, naturally wavy, chestnut brown hair, the same electric blue eyes, the same perfectly shaped, pink lips, etc.

I brushed my hair and put it into a neat side braid, and put some chap stick on. My mom yelled up the stairs at me that breakfast was ready, so I sprinted down the stairs, almost killing myself in the process, and quickly ate breakfast. After that, I finished getting ready, grabbed my backpack and started walking to school.

Once inside, I walked to my locker and shoved my math and biology book inside, and shut it. Leaning against the locker to my left was my best friend, Alyssa.

"Hey girl." She said with a sweetsmile.

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"Hey. What's up?" I started walking to my world history room with her in tow.

"Not much, but guess what?"

"Yooou found 10 bucks in your bra this morning."

"I wish! But no. I got my power over the weekend." She practically squealed and scared the crap put of a person who was passing us in the hallway.

"Lucky! Everyone I know is getting theirs, but I haven't yet. What is it?"

"I have psychometry!"

"No way!" I smiled and put my backpack at my desk. "That's awesome!"

"Right?!" She squealed again, and spun around. "What do you think yours will be?"

"I don't know, but I wish it'll show up soon."

"It will!"

The rest of the day was too uneventful to gawk about. I went to my classes, attempted to catch my crush's, Andrew, attention-which worked very well actually, after "accidentally" dropping my binder in front of his desk and letting him help me pick my papers back up-, and went out to lunch with Alyssa. I walked inside my house to see my dad sitting in the living room, chilling on the couch.

"Aren't you suppose to be at work?" I said and sat on the opposite couch from him.

"I took the day off to finish cleaning the house for your mother." He sat up and turned the TV down.

"Ah, Gotcha. Hey, can I ask you something?"

"Sure, hun. What's up?"

"Well, Alyssa got her power yesterday, Trenton got his last week, and Darcy got hers last month. Do you, like hit a certain age before you get yours? Or is mine being delayed for some reason, or what? Cause I know a lot of people who have gotten theirs when they just barely turned into a teenager, but I've read online that some get theirs when they're about to turn into an adult. What about me? I want mine! I feel left out daddy..."

"Honey, you'll get your power soon enough, when you're ready. It depends on the person. You'll just have to wait. I didn't get mine until I was almost seventeen, and I haven't had to really use it yet." He chuckled to himself a little. "You'd think having the ability to sense some ones emotions would be useful... Well not yet, except with your mother. I use it a lot on her, especially since she's really good at bottling up her emotions."

"Daaad..."

"Sorry Char... Anyways, the only thing you can do is wait." I sighed.

"I don't want to wait though."

"You have no choice." Just then, my mother walked in.

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"Hey Charlotte." She said and smiled at me. "Hey honey." She kissed my dad's cheek, then went to the kitchen. "So I was thinking after you get your homework done Char, we can all go out to dinner tonight. Just to get out, you know? Does that sound all good with you guys?" We agreed, and I went up to my room to do my homework.

After about 10 minutes, I started feeling... a burning sensation inside me. I was strangely craving to cause pain to someone or something. It was unlike any other feeling I've had before. I glanced into the mirror across the room, and my eyes looked extremely bloodshot, like I was high or something. I went extremely pale, and I caught myself snarling into the mirror. I couldn't stop the thoughts that were rushing into my mind, the thoughts of pain, death, hurt, sorrow... There was something wrong with me, I knew it. I screamed my dad's name and turned away from the mirror to avoid looking at the horrible creature inside. My dad came rushing into the room a few minutes later. "Charlotte?" He said, quietly and cautiously. He gently shut and locked the door behind him and took a step forward. "Honey, you need to calm down. Your aggression is going through the roof." I squeezed my eyes shut and screamed as loud as I could, hoping to force out the feelings I have inside.

I collapsed onto the bed, and I could feel the burning sensation inside me fade away. My dad rushed to the side of the bed and shook me. "Charlotte? Charlotte! Are you ok?" I started crying, and there was a pounding at the door. Suddenly, my mom transported into the room and sat next to me on the bed, and took my hand. "What happened?"

"I don't know, I came in, and she was practically screaming kill and murder at me with her emotions." He stroked my hair.

"Charlotte, what happened?" I sat up and wiped my tears away.

"I was just doing my homework when I started to feel like I was on fire, and I wanted to hurt someone really badly. My eyes were bloodshot, my skin was cold, but I felt like my insides were thrown into a burning fire. It all went away just as fast as it came..."

"Is this the first time this has happened?" I nodded, and for some reason, I knew it wasn't going to be the last.

Chapter 2: Alone For The First Time

I went to school the following day, with a sick feeling in my stomach. I knew that I was going to end up doing something horrible today, I could sense it. When I woke up that morning, I glanced into the mirror, and my eyes weren't bloodshot this time, but flaming red. Instead of them being the electric blue they always have been, they were a deep, dark, blood red. I almost screamed when I saw what I looked like, but I knew that wouldn't have done any good. Besides wearing sunglasses all day, there was no good way to hide what had happened to me.

I tried to act as normal as possible throughout the day and not make any eye contact with anyone, but of course, Alyssa got in the way.

"Charlotte, what happened? Are you wearing contacts or something?" She asked me when we reached our secluded area at lunch.

"I wish." I said, then sighed. "I don't know what's happening to me Alyssa, something's wrong. Last night, I like... went into demon mode or something. I almost ripped my dad to shreds."

"Is there anything I can do?"

"I don't know yet. I just hope I don't do anything horribly bad today..."

I walked into my drawing class after lunch and had a horrible feeling of disaster in me. Frankly, I didn't care what I looked like or what I did. I angrily drew a small knife on the table until class started and instructions were given. After gathering paints, pencils, and a piece of paper, I sketched a woman, lying dead in a pool of blood on the floor, her dress torn to pieces and a deep cut to her throat. There was a masked man wearing a black hat, cape, and black eye mask, and had a bloody knife in his left hand. You could see a devilish smirk on his face as he watched the young woman dying in front of him.

"Well... That's a quite... interesting picture you've drawn Charlotte." My drawing teacher, Mrs. Macy said to me as she passed me by.

"Thanks." I said flatly and grabbed the scaple off the table. I started slicing off the edges of the paper, when Jack, the school's most popular guy as well as the biggest jerk in all the US, came up behind me and looked at my picture.

"Damn girl, you're more fucked up than I thought." He said and shoved my shoulder, hard. I spun around in my chair, slicing his wrist with the scaple in the process. I threw him against the wall and held him above ground with my hand around his neck. He grabbed my wrist, pleading to let him go, but I kept squeezing my hand tighter around his neck. "Who's fucked up now?!" I screamed at him and dug my fingernails into him. Mrs. Macy pulled me away from him and shoved me into the other wall. Immediately, I felt the demonic pain in me fade away, letting me realize what I had done.

"Principal's office, Charlotte Miller. NOW!" Mrs. Macy yelled at me. I couldn't move. Why did I do this? What made me do this? Sure, Jack was an asshole, but I'd never intentionally hurt him. I heard the faint sound of sirens coming toward the school. Mrs. Macy told her student teacher, Mr. Hannah, to help the paramedics when they got here for Jack, and pulled me to the principal's office.

I was thrown inside Mr. Stewart's office, with Mrs. Macy walking in after me.

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"What happened?" Mr. Stewart asked, and looked at the both of us.

"Charlotte just tried to kill Jack O'Connor." Mrs. Macy said and folded her arms.

"I did not! I had no idea what I was doing! I swear I never intentionally meant to hurt him!" I said, and looked at Mr. Stewart.

"Sadie, please explain what Ms. Miller did." And there she went, saying what happened, how I tried to kill Jack. They called my parents, the police took me down to the police station, and I sat there, in a jail cell until my parents came to the station.

Over the course of the next week, many things go wrong. I ended up sitting in the jail over night because the police had evidence of me assaulting Jack, but released me to my parents until the trial (Jack's family pressed charges against me), I had four more freak out moments, almost killing our cat, Adagio, I crashed my mom's car, sending three people to the hospital (all of them survived, thankfully) and I was expelled from school, as well as put on house arrest. I'm always alone now, my parents are always somewhere out of the house, my neighbor watches Adagio when they're gone... I've never felt so abandoned before... What's wrong with me? Why was I doing this?

A knock came at the door, sometime around three. I quickly got ran from my room, happy to finally not be alone anymore. I opened the door to find Alyssa standing there, with a box of chocolates and two bottles of Coca Cola. "Hey!" She said sweetly and walked in.

"Hey!" I said, and hugged her tight. It was good to see her again. She acted like nothing was wrong, nothing happened, like the way she acts when I go through a bad breakup. We headed upstairs to my room and settle in.

"Alyssa?" I asked after a while.

"Mhmm?" She looked up at me.

"You're my best friend, and I don't know what I'd do without you. Why are you still friends with me?"

"Because, Charlotte. You've been my friend since we were in diapers, and we've been through sooo much together. I can't leave you now honey. You need someone, messed up or not, and I'm here for you when no one else will be. Now shut your trap, eat the chocolate, and watch the movie." I sat there for a minute, then hugged her again. She was the only person I have now, no one else could help me as much as she could. Whatever happened, whether I end up killing half the population in the next three months, I know she'll be there for me. Always.

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