

Shadow

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This is just something I thought I'd work on when I'm not drawing. Even so, I'd still like your opinion and criticism. Also, this story will involve different anime, videogames, and even a few books.

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1 - Nine Cloaks

No one had gone outside today. No one ever does. It was never safe here. Silence enveloped the entire city. It was so quiet you might think you could here someone else's thoughts. The city itself looked ominously simple. All the buildings were colored in a dull gray, and had perfect square bases. They were also all exactly the same distance from each other, making it look like a grid map from the top. The only thing that made these buildings different from each other was the fact that they were all different heights, some sprouting out several yards, while others towered over the others for five or six stories.

A strange figure appeared as if from nowhere, leaving behind a trail of black miasma. He had been walking around the city for what seemed like ages. On the other hand, maybe it had been. Time was difficult to distinguish here. Centuries could pass by in a second, while seconds could last an eternity. That is how it always was in this city. The sky constantly tinted in a midnight blue. The cloaked figure wandered through the city, searching. Finally, he had come across, something that was strange, even for this city. In the far corner of the city, two buildings were closer to each other than any of the other buildings ever were. This made a narrow alley, and at its entrance, was a gate, decorated with swirling moon patterns and laced with thorns. The strange man waited, for what seemed to him like an eternity. Then, the gates opened as if a phantom had done it. The cloaked figure entered briskly, and disappeared.

The cloaked enigma was now standing in a long and dark hallway. Even with the torches of blue fire dotted across the place, the man could not really make out his surroundings. He could only tell that there were several doors to his left and right, but he ignored these. Instead, he continued down the hallway. He finally came across a large ruby red door. A solitary eye had stared at him.

The man stated "Oblivion." Then the eye had snapped shut and the door swung open slowly. He entered the room heatedly. Inside was a small group of people with cloaks similar to his on. "Have you any idea as to how long I've been waiting outside!?"

"No, but I'm sure your just dieing to tell us." said a larger man with a sarcastic voice.

"Ages! Ages!! I felt like I was going to die before I got inside!"

"Really?" said a child's voice playfully. "It only felt like half a minute to me."

"Time is altered there and you know it!" snapped the outraged figure. "Limbo has no hold on time or reality!"

This time a rather fat man had spoken, "Please, spare us. We all know about limbo. This had to happen for all of us, not just you."

"You dare--!"

"Shut up," said the fifth figure. "You're getting on my nerves. Do not forget why you now have the body you do. If I were to get irritated, I might accidentally destroy it with your petty consciousness."

At that, the first cloaked man finally shut up. Well, not really. Now he just continuously growled.

“Is everyone here then?” said the largest figure.

“No.” said the seventh cloak. “There is still two more not here. And I already I grow impatient. We shall begin now.”

“Don’t be like that.” This voice had surprised most of them. They did not know from which direction it came from.

“I’m tired of your games. Come out now before I destroy you.”

“You’re no fun.....” and in an instant a short figure walked out of the shadows with another.

“And stop abusing your powers; you never know what may happen.”

“Who asked you?” snapped the child-like figure.

“It’s a good idea to listen to him kid,” scolded the man next to the child. “You never know when you will lose control over your powers; it’s amazing you still can handle it on your own right now. That kind of power can kill you.”

“Humph!” the child jerked his head. Once everything had settled down, all eyes had turned to the cloaked man at the center at the room. He was sitting on a chair that was colored charcoal black, and had blended quite nicely with the walls in the room. The throne was crowned with spikes and had dragon designs covering the arm rests.

“Let’s begin then. Oliver! Fetch the scrolls and distribute them.”

At his command, the plump figure got up immediately and grabbed the pile of scrolls on the table at the center of the room and gave them to each person the scroll with their name on it.”

“So when do we get to blow stuff up?” asked the only girl in the room.

“Focus. I need each of you to study your assignments carefully. If anything goes wrong, the entire operation will shatter.” He smashed his fist on the armrest. “And I will personally destroy anyone who fails, understood?!” he said this last part with a loud and terrible tone, eyes flashing blood red. Everyone in the room fell silent, nodding in fear. Even the first figure’s constant growling had stopped.

“Good, then go.” Everyone else in the room quickly left. One ran, leaving the apparent leader alone on his throne. “...all mine...” he whispered, “Very soon... it shall all be mine...”

2 - Abbot

Check again. This game was probably Artemis' toughest challenge yet. And that was saying something about his opponent. Artemis always destroyed his opponents in chess. However, against this one, he always won by the skin of his teeth. He took about three minutes before he made his move. "Check..." he paused, making sure he didn't miss a thing, "...mate."

"Darn," came a young girl's voice from his computer. "I was sure I had you this time." The young girl's face was visible by webcam and she had a frustrated look on her face. The fifteen year old was twirling her curly blonde hair with her forefinger. "I've never won a match yet!"

"Don't worry Minerva." Artemis replied modestly. Modesty however was not one of the black haired Irish boy's strong points.

"But I do!" Minerva said exasperated. "This is the tenth game in a row you've won. Even if you were saving demons from a timeless warp, three years past and I still can't compete with you."

Artemis' ring on his middle finger began to vibrate. "Please hold. I must take this," and then he removed the ring and placed it on his palm. He then held his three middle fingers on the ring and extended his pinky and his thumb. He then held his hand so that the thumb was positioned next to his ear, and his pinky next to his mouth. By all appearances, he looked like a silly teenager with a fake phone.

However, Artemis Fowl was far from a silly teenager, neither was this a phony phone. It was his own invention really. The ring is able to receive any communication signals that are trying to make contact. The caller's voice is then sent to his thumb and the sound vibrations are able to travel to his ear like a regular speaker. Artemis is then able to send his voice into his pinky finger, and then the vibrations are sent through his hand, into his ring, and sent to the other phone. This type of technology was decades, maybe centuries ahead of his time. Artemis answered the call. "Hello?"

"Hey Artemis," came another woman's voice. "I see your still using that ring of yours."

Artemis chuckled. "Whatever do you mean by that Holly?"

Holly smirked on the other side, "You know exactly what I mean Mud-Boy."

Holly was not normal either. At least, not to the average person. In fact, she lived in a place with people no one has ever seen before. Not for millions of years. Holly was an elf. She had brown skin, auburn hair, and hazel eyes. Well, one of them was hazel. The other was blue, because she had switched eyes with Artemis after an incident with the entire demon race.

When the humans (or, the Mud-Men) first came into creation, they had forced the magical creatures of the world to hide deep beneath the Earth's crust, and the demons into a time warp.

She was standing behind a centaur who was typing furiously at his computer.

“You know, if it weren’t for the fact that you helped save the world and the People four times in a row, we’d arrest you right now for stealing technology.”

It was true. Artemis was only able to create his ring by reverse engineering a couple of LEPrecon helmets he obtained while he was still a criminal genius. Yes LEPrecon. Apparently, being a leprechaun is a job, not a species. And Artemis was one of the extremely few people in the world that knew this.

“Please, even if you were to try to capture me, I have escaped from the LEP before.” Artemis replied.

The centaur scoffed. “Please! We have created sensors and scanners that can locate a specific spec of dust any where on the planet. There is nowhere on Earth that you can run Mud-Boy!”

Here we go, Thought Artemis. Same old Foaly. Foaly the centaur was a technological maniac. He’s the sole reason the LEP has all of the weapons, consoles, suits, vehicles, you name it. He could conquer the world if he wasn’t careful. What was most annoying about Foaly was that he would always brag and rant about his new toys. “So why have you called Holly?” asked Artemis. “I assume you didn’t call to reminisce.”

“Sharp as usual.” Holly replied. “We’d like you to keep an eye out. Nothing serious, but I want you on the look out nonetheless. Abbot escaped.”

“Leon Abbot?” Artemis almost burst out laughing. “A guinea pig got out of your dear centaur’s sensors?” Well, Abbot was technically a guinea pig because he was forced there. He was originally a cruel demon whose consciousness took over the body of another demon by accident. Once he was caught, his mind was sent to a guinea pig as his punishment.

Foaly fumed. He never liked to be teased about his toys. “It wasn’t the sensors d’arvit! He just vanished!”

“A rodent Houdini Foaly?” Artemis was clearly enjoying this, and poking fun at Foaly was too easy for him. “I assume your special scanners and sensors are saying that Abbot is no longer on this planet?” Foaly fell silent, “Your silence speaks volumes my friend,” Artemis said while smiling his creepy vampire smile that only he could.

“Leave him alone,” Holly, said, “You know he has superiority issues.”

Foaly was about to say something when his sensors went ballistic. Foaly turned his attention to his console and tried to find the problem. It was a breach. One of the fairy people somehow got onto the surface. What’s more, he was standing close to Fowl manor. Foaly was dumbstruck. According to his readings, it was a demon. “Look alive, Mud-Boy, there’s a demon right around your house!”

Artemis could not help but chuckle. “A demon, Foaly?”

Just then, a large, seven-foot man burst into the room, and he did not look happy. Of course, he rarely ever was any way. Butler had served as Artemis’ bodyguard for all of his life. And keeping a criminal

mastermind safe was never an easy job. "Artemis," Butler heaved. He was getting too old for this. Artemis could tell he ran all the way from the security room. "There's a demon that just barged onto the manor."

Minerva was startled, "A demon? What could one be doing over there? I thought they were all in haven."

"Believe me now Mud-Boy?" Foaly had neighed.

Artemis couldn't. For one thing, if Foaly was right, and he did just appear out of nowhere, then that would mean that this demon was probably a warlock. "Foaly," Artemis asked, "where are N°1, Qwan, and Qweffor?"

Foaly checked. N°1, Qwan, and Qweffor were the only three known demon warlocks. These warlocks had enough power to move whole mountains if they wanted. "All three of them are with us at the LEP. Why?"

Impossible, Artemis thought. If they are there, then we never met this demon before. Moreover, demons cannot just become warlocks. The thing about demons is that either they are born as warlocks, or they are just regular imps that warp into demons. They cannot just learn magic. "Butler, do we know this demon?"

Butler stared out the window. "Quite possible."

Artemis looked out of the window. His eyes opened wide, the color drained from his face. Outside the window, in full view, was a demon with the same curved horns, the same-layered plates on his limbs, and that same cruel, deranged face. Standing outside, was Leon Abbot.

3 - Revival of Baroque Works

Zoro woke up in the middle of the after noon yawning as usual. This was all the lime-haired swordsmen would really do on their voyage. Just sleep, unless there is a brawl going on. "Ugh, morning already?"

A red haired female who had a blue tattoo on her left shoulder swiftly hit him on the head. "It's past noon knuckle head. Now go help with the ship."

"Geez," Zoro said under his breath, "why do I have to be bossed around by this woman?!" He got up and looked up at a raven-haired woman with what looked like a black, old fashion western hat. "Hey Robin! Need any help up there? Nami's treating me like her slave again."

Robin grinned. "No Mr. Swordsman. Everything is under control."

"Good," Zoro yawned. "Then I guess I'll go back to sleep." Which he did.

"Ugh," Nami sighed. "I'm trying to get his lazy @\$@ to do some work Robin. You could try helping once in a while."

Robin gazed at the coastline. "Please, Ms. Navigator. Today is a beautiful day, no navy ships are chasing us, and we are headed in the right direction. Some people need their rest. Even us pirates."

"Yeah, but some people get so much rest its ridiculous."

The door to the gallows burst open, a blonde man in a black suit leaping from the entrance. "Snack tiiiiime!" He shouted in a merry voice. "Namwi my dear! Wobin, my love! Here are your drinks!"

"Why thank you Sanji!" Nami accepted gladly.

Sanji was easy to swoon. "No problem my dearest!"

"Hey!" came an annoying voice from the lookout point. "Where's my drink!?" Out popped a head that had long and black curly hair tied down by a green scarf on his head. He wore overalls and had goggles on his head.

"Get it yourself!" Sanji retorted, switching his voice from bright, mellow, to dark, cold, and sarcastic.

"HOW DARE YOU!!!" screamed the figure. "HOW DARE YOU DEFY THE GREAT CAPTAIN USOPP?!" then, lost his footing and then fell to the ground, face first. Hard.

"DOCTOOOOR!!!!" came a shrilly child-like voice. It had come from a reindeer. That was a human. It had the features of a reindeer, but had the body structure of a human boy. "Doctor! Doctor! Someone get him a doctor!"

Nami swiftly hit him on the head. "YOU are the doctor!"

"Huh?" said the reindeer painfully "Oh! Right, me!" He got up and started his examination. From what he could tell, Usopp was merely unconscious. "Nothing serious. He'll have a slight trauma when he wakes up, but otherwise, he should be fine."

"Darn." Sanji grimaced. "He's just lucky we got a doctor like you Chopper."

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOD!!!!!!!" This voice came from an extremely energetic youth, who was wearing a bright red sleeveless shirt, short blue pants, and a straw hat. "Food, Food, Food, Food, Food, Food, Food, Food!" If you never knew him, you'd say that the crew constantly starved their captain.

Sanji pressed his foot against his captain's face. "No Luffy, no meat. And if you take one morsel from the fridge in MY kitchen, I'll kick the living crap out of ya'."

"MEAT??!!!" that was the only word Luffy heard. "MEEEEAT!!!" and tried even harder to get into the kitchen. Sanji had actually kicked him across to the other side of the ship to keep him quiet.

All this commotion was unheard of. Well, anywhere else. This was pretty much daily. You would also think that the crew would treat their captain with the utmost respect. However, the only reason half the crew is even on the ship was because he had forced them on there.

Robin noticed an island far in the distance. "Mr. Cook?"

Sanji suddenly switched from cold and harsh to mushy and sweet. "Yes Wobin my sweet?"

"How is our food situation?"

"Well", Sanji replied sounding slightly more serious. Slightly. "Our gluttonous captain had consumed more than half of our food supply in a matter of weeks. We'll need to re-supply somewhere soon if this keeps up."

Robin grinned. "Well, I believe we can do just that. Ms. Navigator?"

Nami looked at the round compass strapped to her wrist. "Well, it's not the island we were supposed to go to, but if Sanji's right, and we do need to restock, then I guess we have to go."

Just as Zoro was about to sleep again, Nami hit him on the head again. "Come on lazy @\$\$. Steer the ship towards that island."

Zoro grumbled all the way to the steering wheel. The ship sailed all the way to the tiny island. The island had strange features about it. There were trees that they had never seen before, of course, they always experienced this, so the crew didn't give it a second thought.

"All right!" Luffy shouted, "Let's go! Adventure waits!"

Nami tended to her migraine. “Calm down, fearless leader. We’re only here to fill up your bottomless pit.”

“Chopper and Ms. Navigator will stay at the ship, while the rest of us go, correct?”

“What?!” Usopp squealed in surprise. “No! No, no no no no! I can’t go! You see, I have this disease, it is called, Death-By-Going-Onto-Island-Syndrome! I, the brave captain Usopp will bravely stay behind to guard ship.”

“No, fearful leader. You are going.”

Therefore, he did, and didn’t die by his so called disease. The group headed into the forest. There were so many strange things in here. First off, the trees weren’t really trees. They were solid rock, which was painted over. Everything was. Nothing in here was real. What’s even more amazing was the detail of it all, from the ridges on the leaves, to the gravel and twigs on the ground. Usopp was creeped out by all of this, needless to say. Then again, everything had scared him. “Strange,” Robin said, “who would go to all this trouble to make an entire island?”

Sanji noticed as well. “Yea, it looks like this took years to make.” He took note of the trees. “Look at this. I’ve never seen this kind of tree before, the leaves are of different colors, the bark is silky smooth on one, and so rigid on another.”

Usopp couldn’t help but notice a few things too. “Yeah, and the paint is nothing like I’ve ever seen. It actually makes the surface look real. It almost doesn’t look like paint at all.”

Luffy, in all his wisdom and understanding, said, “I knew it. A mystery forest.” Ok, fine, I lied. He didn’t get a word as to what was going on.

Usopp slapped him on the head. “We know that, captain obvious.” Robin was examining the surroundings more closely. She noticed a white cottage in the distance, and it seemed eerily familiar. “I think I have found something Mr. Captain.”

Luffy looked at the cottage, “Hmm. A mystery house.”

Usopp hit him on the head again. The group approached the house then Sanji and Robin froze where they stood. This was definitely familiar. Too familiar.

“Luffy! Zoro! Usopp! We need to be careful here.” Sanji warned.

Luffy, carefree as usual, said “What’s to worry?” then the door opened. What they had to worry about walked out into the open. A tall man, taller than everyone else, stepped out. Followed by four people. One was a slightly shorter man with tanned skin and a shaven head. He had an excellent build and looked like he could crush your skull. Next to him was a skinny woman, who wore leather clothing. She had blue curly hair, and was no taller than the tanned man was. The third person was of an average stature, but what was strange about him was that he tied his hair so that it looked like a three. Next to him was a child who looked no less than ten years old and was nibbling on senbei.

Luffy and his crew were obviously in shock, because they had dealt and defeated these people before. In fact, they were supposed to be locked in the navy base. Yet here they were, Crocodile, or Mr. 0 with his associates, Mr. 1, Ms. Double Finger, Mr. 3, and Ms. Golden Week.