

My Family's Story (By Gregory_pup2, my Gelert)

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This is a story told by my Gelert Gregory_pup2. You can read it, if you can bear pain and sadness. Go ahead. No one's stopping you. But then, if you prefer, you can go read someone else's happy-all-the-time story. Gregory really doesn't care.

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Chapter 1 - Pain and Sadness

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1 - Pain and Sadness

MY FAMILY'S STORY

Well, it all started about seven years back, when I was...seven. (How old am I? Do the math! Don't expect me to tell you EVERYTHING, you lazy humans!) I had 2 siblings: Sapphira, my older sister, and Benny, my younger brother. I lived with both my mom and dad, too. They say I'm lucky now. Most kids live in a divorced family or something similar (Grievous does).

Ah, well, anyway, we had it great. We went to the park, we ate junk every Saturday night, went to movies, it was a real blast.

(Just so you know, I wasn't in my dark mood back in those days. I was a normal, peppy, happy Gelert. And I am NOT goth. I just like the color black and Zomutts happen to be cool petpets. To tell you the truth, it's because of what happened to my family that I'm like this. I miss them so much, and the pain hurts worse and worse every day. Causing me to be pretty irritable. Anyway...)

I had the best lifetime I could ever have. I thought nothing could EVER go wrong, until one day...

Darigan, that old-well, never mind...I shouldn't start. I'll get WAY off the subject.

As I was saying, Darigan was plotting an attack, little known to my family and I (We were Meridell inhabitants). I remember it clearly-the sky was a dark black, the moon shone in through the window clear and much more beautiful than the sun ever could be. We were watching "The Matrix" when it happened. (Okay, so we were ADVANCED Meridell inhabitants. We ordered a TV from Neopia Central!)

I was glued to the TV screen along with my family. The only sounds that reached my ears besides the television was the munching of popcorn and fingernails. That was until-BANG!

My whole household jumped from their seats as soon as the "bang" had stopped. My dad looked outside the window. Meridell citizens were fleeing in terror and Darigan minions were slaughtering them and terrorizing everyone, down to every last Doglefox. "Let's get out of here while we still can!" Dad explained. "If we hurry, we can-"

Dad's voice stopped short as an arrow was launched through his back. Benny began crying. Mom held him tight. Before any of us could begin to grieve, Sapphira shouted, "Mom! Gregory! We need to get out of here before they reach the house!" That sister of mine. Always thinking. Maybe THAT'S why I had admired her so much as a kid.

We escaped through the window and made for the countryside. "If we can make it past through Drackon Ridge and past the Shadowglen Woods," Sapphira explained to me, "we should be able to get along safely." My sister and I followed our mother (who was still clinging tightly to Benny,) swiftly and quietly.

"There it is!" I shouted. "The entrance to Shadowglen! We've nearly made it! Come on, Sapphira! Come on, Mum! We can-" Just as I said these words, a pair of Darigan Skieths jumped from the bushes. "What do you reckon we should do with 'em?" asked the first, a really ugly and squinty eyed creature. I'll never forget those eyes.

"What do you think?" the other one laughed, "Knife 'em, I say!" The two Skieths chuckled.

They aimed for me. How I WISH they would have hit me! But no. My mother pushed me out of the way. She tried to get Benny out of the way, too, but...

Sapphira grabbed my arm. The last thing I heard was my mother and brother's cries of pain. The tears that had been trickling down my face had left my eyes more red than the blood that Meridell was now laiden with. I cried so hard it hurt. My sister and I made it past the Shadowglen.

We sat and cried together, holding on as tight to one another as we could. Bad time to grieve. Up from

behind us, about four Darigan Myncis with clubs grabbed us both and bound us. As they took us off to their camp, we heard their high-pitched, yet growly voices. "The boss will be mighty pleased with us!" the first one snarled.

"Yes! Why are we waiting, though? Why not kill 'em now?" said a second.

"Because," the first one replied, "It'll be WAY to easy to kill 'em tonight! They would hardly know whcih way they was goin'! What about you boys...how'd you like a nice hunt tomorrow mornin'?" The many Mynics jeered and laughed their evil laughs as they reached their camp.

"But," said a third one, "What if they escape while we're sleepin'? What then, eh? The boss would be VERY angry!"

"Oh, they won't escape!" the first one quietly chuckled to himself. "We'll bind 'em so hard that they'll be beggin' for death before the end!"

Later that night, we were bound tightly and the little minions were fast asleep. Sapphira and I were wide awake. We couldn't let them kill us. We needed to escape. But how could we? We were sitting ducks! I tried hard to think of a plan.

Hours, and hours past. I couldn't come up with anything. Just then, in her normal, thoughtful, intelligent brain, Sapphira came up with a plan. She handed me her nail file. "Start filing." she commanded. "If you work hard enough, you should be able to get free before they awake."

"But...what about you?!" I asked her desperatly. "You'll be killed!"

"I'll manage." Sapphira answered softly. "You start filing. Don't worry, I'll think of a way to escape."

We debated for a few minutes, but in the end, I was filing. I filed with all my strength. If I was fast enough, maybe I could free my sister. I worked at the rope. I even tried biting it.

Eventually, I got free. I walked toward my sister. "Go!" she whispered sharply.

"But you!" I answered.

"Go, Gregory! I'll be fine, just-just get lost!"

I wanted to cry, but I didn't. I stuck the nail file back in her pocket.

"Now, get outta here!" she whispered a little bit louder. "Scram!"

I hugged my bound sister. I didn't want to say good-bye. But, I had a feeling deep down that this wouldn't be the last time we'd meet. Eventually she ended up kicking me off, snarling and sneering at me to go.

With that, I took off into the woods. I ran, and ran, and never once stopped. I cried hard as I ran. My stomach ached in grief. That was the last time I had ever saw any one of my family members. I miss them more at every passing moment.