

# Oh Dear II: A Sequel

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*Patrick has finally set up a place for n00bs, though its a day away from Varrock, so he and Aay hardly get to see eachother, and a new power has arisen.*

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# 1 - Chapter 1

## The Sequel to Oh Dear!

**Disclaimer: I do not own Runescape... duh... Jagex something does. If I did...: D**

**There are 16 people that wish to be added to the story. Lets see how this turns out: D**

**If ya gonna read this and you haven't read the first one, read that story first. Thank you!**

## Oh Dear 2

The sun shining, the food, friends, and busyness of Varrock center was all a buzz. I passed through it, trying to squeeze through the crowds. The sun was beaming right down on my back, and I wiped the sweat from my brow. This was one of the hottest days of the year so far.

I've been here a couple months now. I had made a lot of profit from just random things to make a living - mining, fishing, cooking, and crafting. I still lived in the small house that Patrick bought for me.

A cool breeze picked up, and I held my long blonde hair up so it could blow on my neck. It felt so good!

I headed over to the Al Kharid mining place. The scorpions bothered me a little at first, but when I got stronger they would leave me alone. I mostly mined iron, but it was a pain in the butt because they always seem to fail when I smelted them.

I arrived and started hacking away at the ore.

Patrick had started up a new place near the Tutorial Island for people who still needed help after finishing it. It was also a place where little children could go to before they eventually came to Runescape. I helped out when I could. Patrick could be gone for a few days to a week because it was mostly a day's walk away. He could teleport, but that was one of his weak spots. He couldn't do that much magic.

“Mining again, Aay?”

I looked up from my bag where I was placing my ore to find Blitzer hacking away next to me. “Yup,” I said.

“When is Patrick going to get back?” he asked.

“Uhh...I think maybe tomorrow or the next day,” I said, scratching my head. It was always hard to tell when he would get back.

I finished mining and said goodbye to Blitzer. I walked over to the smelting place, which was sort of crowded. I tied my hair back away from my face and leaned down to put the ore in the fire.

Maybe smelting today wasn't a great idea today. It really added to the heat. I sighed and finished what I had. I got ready to go, then someone appeared in front of me and said, “Wait here.”

“Uh uh... ok,” I stammered out.

The guy left towards the bank and then came back in like a minute. He got down on one knee and held up a ring towards me. “Will you marry me?”

My face turned deep red and I backed up a little. “WH—att?”

He grinned and bellowed out a loud laugh. People around him laughed too, and I looked around in embarrassment. “What is going on?”

He got up, seeming to wipe his eyes because he had laughed so hard. He turned to another guy. “Pay up,” he said. He held out his hand and the guy put a bag of coins in his hand. “Told you I would do it.”

Ah... I see... It was a bet. I calmed down a little and gave a little smile. “Yes... well... thank you for the surprising little act right there... And I'll, uh... be heading off now...” I stammered and headed out the door.

“Wait miss, keep the ring. I don't need it anyways,” he said and thrust the ring into my hand. He then ran off with some buddies.

I looked at the ring in my hands. It was gold with a small emerald on it. I put it on my pointer finger; it seemed to be the right size.

I heard small clapping behind me. I turned around and Otaku stood there, with a gothic guy and a Chinese guy.

Otaku laughed and stopped clapping. “That was a good show,” she said.

I blushed and just laughed.

Otaku pulled her friends forward. “Aay, this is Nick Yang,” she said, motioning to the gothic guy, “and this is Ozzy.”

“Hello,” I said, shaking their hands.

Nick Yang had black armor trimmed with gold and seemed to have a scowl on his face, and Ozzy was dressed as a monk and was carrying a rune long sword. He grinned and excitedly shook my hand.

I turned back to Otaku. “How are you today?”

“I'm fine, though today has been really hot and long. All I wish to do is go home and take a long nice bath.”

“Oh, that sounds good, I think I might just do that,” I said. I said goodbye and went on my way to smith in Varrock.

I didn't have much ore; I only got about half of what I started with. Pretty soon I think I could start making steel, though mining coal takes awhile. Coal was also hard to get because of the miner hogs out there.

I made an iron plate body, plate skirt, and a long sword. I was also going to make a helmet so I could sell the whole set, but I guess the helmet will come later.

The sun was going down, and it was getting dark. Varrock center was mostly empty, but it still had the smell of great food. I waved to the people I knew and headed to my house.

Once I arrived, I set down the things I had made and got out my tub. I heated some water and poured it in the tub, and soaked in it for more than an hour, reading a book I had taken from the bookshelf.

After I was done sitting in the tub, I dried off and dressed, then fixed my dinner of mashed potatoes and fish. It was a very delicious dinner.

I finished cleaning the dishes and laid down to sleep. These days were getting tiresome. I needed some excitement. I sighed and closed my eyes.

What I didn't know is that my life would soon get exciting.

**Sort of short, but it's only the beginning chapter, so oh well. I hope you will like this story if you liked the first one.**

**And I was finally able to get on mi sisters computer and put this up! And the “will u marry me scene” actually happened to me in the same place on rs. So I decided to add it in lol.**

**Sayonara!**



## 2 - Framed

**Thank you peoples for all the lovely reviews!!! And sorry that it's a bit late. Expect the same for the other chapters that will come up.**

The sun woke me up bright and early, and I got up slowly and started to heat up some food for breakfast. I fixed myself two eggs and some bread that I had made earlier in the week. I crossed my fingers hoping that Patrick would come today. It could get awfully lonely sometimes.

After I ate, I dressed for the day and headed next door to the church to pray. After I finished, I headed over to Varrock center to find some of my friends.

A blur ran in front of me. "Gopher, you idiot, GET BACK HERE!" Shouted, it seemed like, Kid Mental.

I saw Kid Mental chasing after a person that seemed to be holding some beers, it looked like. The person had bright neon blue hair, rune platebody and Rune platelegs. He looked rich, because I think he was also holding Poisoned Dragon Dagger... Nice.

Kid Mental didn't seem to be able to catch up to him. The guy with neon blue hair, or "Gopher" had gotten away.

I walked over to Kid Mental who was leaning against a wall huffing and puffing, clutching his side. "What just happened, Mental?"

He straightened himself up and put on a pout. "He stole my beer."

"Does he always steal your beer?"

"No; he's just drunk."

"Ah... I see..." I said, scratching my head.

"Patrick's coming today!" Mental shouted, taking a drink of a beer in his hand that I had no clue where it came from.

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Silver."

"Silver? Then how does she know?"

“She can... predict things sometimes...” Mental said.

“Hmm...” I murmured.

I said goodbye to him and walked on. Varrock center was once again crowded and I tried to squeeze through, though not without bumping into many people.

I finally saw an opening in the crowd and jumped for it!! Though, I didn't make it very far, because I ran into some guy, knocking the book that he was holding over.

“Oh dear!” I said and picked up his book. “I'm sorry!”

The man was taller than me and a bit older. He had long white hair and a long white beard. He shrugged his shoulders. “No big deal.”

I turned the book over that I was holding. It was the book of Saradomin! I gasped and handed it to him. “I'm sorry! I didn't mean to drop this kind of book.”

“If you're sorry, then you're forgiven,” he said, taking the book from my hands. “If you ever need help about learning about Saradomin, you can ask me, or if you need help selling things, you can sell them to me too.”

“What's your name?” I asked him.

“Megamickel, lady,” he said, giving a small nod of his head and going away. I could see that he was a very good man, he seemed like he went through a lot in his years.

I kept walking through the crowd, bumping slightly into people here and there; glaring at those who wanted asked every girl to be their girl friend...

I walked down one of the bare walkways in Varrock, and I heard something coming from a house. I walked up to it silently and put my ear to the door. I heard muffled speaking and it heard like a person was getting beaten up.

I crept to a window and looked in. It seemed like three people were ganging up against one person.

I pulled out my sword and pushed open the door very quietly and put the sword tip to the back of one of the person's neck. “Stop!” I yelled.

The men all turned around fast and held their swords up. I kept my sword the mans throat. “What are you doing to this poor man?”

One man spoke up. “Aye, it's a lady, she can't do anything.” The man had a creepy look, his nose bent and his eyebrows that had several scars across it.

The man that had my sword to his throat spoke up. “Umm... I think she can do something to us,” he stuttered out.

I pressed the blade harder to his neck. "Leave."

He nodded and slowly moved to the door, and then when he got there, he sped out the door. The two other men still stood there. They pulled out their swords and came closer. The creep one said, "Aye, miss, if ya want to live, and then put down your sword."

"Never," I said.

They just grinned and sped at me. The creepy man aimed at my throat and I leaned back and did a small flip to dodge it. I kept the swords from coming any closer and eventually was able to knock one of the men to the ground.

I thrust at the other man still standing up. "You want to rephrase what you said?"

"Aye, miss, ya good fighter, but are you good *enough*?" He asked, and his moves with his sword got must quicker.

I began to fret. I wasn't that fast of a fighter and it seemed like I could take these guys. I parried and spun away, but he was able to nick my cheek.

I cringed and held my cheek. It cut deep, and blood seeped through my fingers.

I didn't notice that the fallen man had gotten up and was behind me. I felt something hard it my head and I collapsed to the ground, though was jerked back up by the man grabbing my hair.

"Now miss, I don't like picking on ladies, but when they get in the way..." He dragged me over to the man whom they had beaten up. He let go of my hair and I hurriedly moved toward the man. He was deadly pale and I could see that he was dead. I didn't even need to feel for a pulse. He had been stabbed several times in the back. I tried mopping up the blood, but it was so much that eventually it started to get onto me.

"You... you *killed* him!!" I shrieked. I looked back to where the men were standing and they were gone. I gasped and slowly got up. I was about to open the door but it thrust open and about ten guards stood there.

"Oh good," I said and motioned to the back, "there's been a mur..." I stopped when they aimed their weapons at me.

"You are under arrest for the murder of an innocent man, drop your weapons quickly and we will not harm you."

What in the world is happening? Slowly I laid down my weapons and they tied my hands behind my back. I can get out of this. Mostly everyone knows me, and even the king probably knows I wouldn't do this.

But I'm wondering... was I framed?



Duh duh duh... ok, sorta a cliffie, but not that big... Um... please write if you want to be evil, i already know that Li and anohter person, Rancor who most likely will be evil, but i need some more! please state now if you wish too! And i'm accepting no more characters to be in the story. SORRY SORRY! i feel bad if i dont put u all in, and i already have more than enough. um... Patrick is going to appear soon! dont worry! I'm hoping that i can get more chapters in this story than the last one. If you have read all my stories, you'd maybe have noticed for some reason all my long stories are 11 or 12 chapters long. wierd, aint it? i always get stuck with those numbers...

And if you want to read Oh Dear 1/4, the stupidist thing that i've written related to Oh Dear... go to and look for the user MustardGirl or the story Oh Dear 1/4. Aay, Patrick, and the rest of the gang get stuck in a computer, with two fictional characters, Lazylazydu and Warriorfreak, two normal runescape stories. and for some reasons davs in it. i cant post it on here cause its in chatting format, so yah...

And i think that is about it. thank you!

### **3 - A Talk with the King**

**Yo peoples!! How are ya'll?**

**Well, thank you for the reviews, and I forgot to say this in the last chapter of the first story...**

**THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR OVER 100 REVIEWSSSSS!!!! I like, love you all!!!!!!**

**Well, erm... onto the story then, shall we?!**

They walked me up slowly to the castle, where I thought we were heading too. I just looked straight ahead, looking for people that new me. Mostly everyone just gaped at the site of me, drenched in blood and surrounded by guards.

I noticed Otaku coming along, laughing at something Nick Yang or Ozzy said. She stopped when she saw me and her face became grim.

I didn't know how to respond.

I saw Spirit heading towards me, Blitzer behind him.

Spirit stopped in front of the guards. "Where are you taking Lady Aay?" he asked, crossing his arms, Blitzer doing the same.

"She is the murderer of an innocent person," the guard at the lead said.

Blitzer laughed and I glared at him, for I know what he was going to say. "Aay?" Blitzer started saying. "Yah right, she can't even aim her sword correctly."

The guard brushed him off. "Step aside, or you yourself will be taken into custody for ignoring the kings demand."

“The kings demand?” Calladus asked, stepping beside Blitzler.

“Everyone, move away,” I said quietly. I gave a small smile. “I’ll be fine.”

They nodded reluctantly and I was slowly on my way again.

Before I walked through the doors, I heard a, “Hey! What you doin’ with Miss Aay?” Kid Mental said, walking over with two beers in hand. Didn’t he ever get tired of drinking?

I was pushed through the doors, and they closed. King Roald came up to us and I gave a small curtsy. “Your majesty.”

He waved the guards away. After they were gone, he said, “Lady Aay, I am very against believing that you murdered that man.”

“If I am allowed to say... I did not kill that man,” I said quietly. “I was walking through the place and I heard someone getting beaten up. So I walked in and cornered three men. I was able to chase one away, but I fought the other men and I lost.”

“Lost?”

“Yes. Though I was able to get to the man that they were beating up that they killed. He was dead, and I got covered in his blood. By the time I looked at the other men, they were gone.”

“What do you think happened?”

I thought about this for a minute. “I think... I think I was framed.”

“By whom?”

“I don’t know.”

King Roald nodded and paced a little. “I believe your story, but will the public?”

“I don’t know.”

“Alright, here is this idea. You will get your own body guard, though to the public it will be a person to watch you. I feel that whoever framed you is out to get you, yet they hardly knew what you were like and what type of friends you had.”

I wanted to hug him. Though my hands were tied behind my back, and my front was bloody, and if I did hug him, he would look wounded and I would be dead in a second by the guards most likely. I wouldn’t want that death... would you?

“Thank you...” I said.

King Roald summoned his guards back in. "Guards, lead the lady to her home for her to get a change of clothes, and lead her to the white knights castle."

I smiled and turned around towards the door.

King Roald walked out of the room and the guards started to lead me out.

"Wait," King Roald said, walking back into the room. He handed a piece of paper to the main guard. "Give this to the white knight's captain, and untie Lady Aay's bonds, please."

They did untie my bonds and I finally calmed down and realized how much I stank. I looked awful.

I walked out to find Blitzter, Calladus, Spirit, and Kid Mental standing there. Otaku and her friends, Nick Yang and Ozzy, stood underneath a tree in the shade.

Blitzter ran his hand through his spiky blond hair and smiled when he saw me coming out alive.

Kid Mental ran towards me. "You're alright, then?"

"Yup," I said.

Kid Mental gave a grin. "You worried me so I drank all my beer." He pouted and turned both of his beer glasses upside down, not even a drop dripping.

"What was all this about?" Calladus asked.

"She'll explain it later, we have to escort her to her home right away," a guard said and moved me along.

"I'll tell you guys later, ok?" I said over my shoulder and gave them a smile.

I arrived at my house and slipped in quietly, peeling off my stinky clothes. It was disgusting... the blood had soaked through the clothes and it had rubbed off onto my stomach. I cringed and bathed myself quickly with a sponge.

I changed into black baggy pants and a loose tank top that was blue. I started brushing my hair but it was painful. I realized where they had hit me on the head and where they had pulled my hair, it had bled a little.

I poured a pitcher of cold water and dunked my head into it, rubbing the blood out. I then just partly dried my hair with a towel and put it in a pony tail, water still dripping, and I went outside.

"Thank you for waiting," I told the guards, and we were on our way.

We were partly there, and on the pathway a guy ran into my shoulder.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said. I seem to run into everyone.

The man turned around, and I cringed inwardly at his face. It was covered in scars, and the smile he gave was creepy. "No harm done," he said, turned and walked away.

It might have just been me, but he sent major chills down my spine.

The man turned around and said. "My name is Ragetti," and then I thought he said, "Remember it."

**Any complaints, things you want to let out? Oh, and happy easter!! Its now 12:44 AM when I right this.**

**Sigh... Patrick still hasn't appeared... I'm disappointed in myself...**

**I love turning into a rabbit/ egg on Runescape!! - sort of random, but oh well! I'm full of random things...**

**Thank you a lot Otaku for the help on Runescape!!**

**Sayonara!**

## 4 - A Visit to the White Knights Castle

...

I followed the knights to Fallador. I kept on wondering about Ragetti. I haven't seen him around Varrock any, or around any other towns I have gone too... hmm... I still would have to ponder on this.

I walked through the shining Fallador, in its white glory splendor. It was so pretty here... They had just redone Fallador, and they must've used some type of powerful magic since it was up the next day.

The White's Knights Castle was beautiful too, though sort of scary, because of all the white knights walking around in there... I guess I just sort of feel like a weakling to them...

We walked up several stair cases and entered a room that only one white knight was in. The guards walked up to him and handed the piece of paper over to him. He read it over and looked up at me.

He put the paper in his pocket and took a step closer. "Lady Aay, I presume?"

"Yessir," I said.

"My name is Sir Amik Varze, and I understand you witnessed a murder?"

"Yessir," I said again.

"And so the king of Varrock wants some White Knights to guard you," he said, raising an eyebrow.

"I assume that, sir," I felt like I was being interrogated for some reason.

He seemed to sense my fear. "Don't worry, Lady Aay, you're not being interrogated," he said like reading my mind.

"Yessir."

He started to walk down the stairs. "Follow Lady Aay."

I followed close behind him. "Just call me Aay, please."

"Alright, Aay," he said. We reached the second floor and walked some ways to the other side of the room. "I will have two guards with you. One at nighttime, one at daytime."

"Why two? Wouldn't I just be safe with just my friends around me?" I asked.

"I think the king might know more about who the people are. It is unusual he would have a white knight guard a person," he said.

"Hmm..." I murmured.

We stopped and Amik Varze pointed to a man standing by the window. "That is Assassin. He is a brave and honorable man."

The man he was pointing to was dressed in full white, duh, and he carried an Elemental shield and a Dragon Long sword. Around his neck was an Amulet of Glory, and I could sense he served Saradomin. He seemed alright.

Assasin walked over when Sir Amik Varze motioned him over. "Assasin, this is Lady Aay, and you have a new job."

"Sir?" Assasin said.

"You must protect her at nighttime. She witnessed a murder and might be in need of protection."

Assasin nodded. "I'll be proud to do any duty."

I was to report to my home every night at nine O clock so he could switch with another guard.

Assasin was dismissed and I followed Amik Varze to another man downstairs.

Amik Varze stopped and turned to me. "I warn you, Aay, that this man is very powerful, and disliked by many. If they see him they will most likely stay away from him because he is so strong, but the stronger people will try to challenge him.

"I must admit this is going to be a test for the man. In the end, if your situation turns out soggy, I want to see if he will protect you, or do something else. So I advise you, when you are going alone for a long time, have someone strong with you. A friend, maybe."

I thought of Patrick. Who could defeat him?

He continued on. "This man is also a follower of Zammorak, and we are trying his best to let him see the light. That is another test, that I think you, Aay, can do. Maybe you can soften him."

I sighed. I don't know if I could trust the man. I wanted Patrick back, real soon.

Amik Varze called a man over. "Shadow, this is Lady Aay, and you are to protect her during the day time."

Shadow grunted and glared at me.

I sort of shivered under his gaze. He was wearing full white, duh again, a legends cape, an amulet of

glory, and on his finger I could see a ring of wealth.

“Fine. I’ll do it,” Shadow said after awhile. He walked off mumbling, “I need to get out of this place fast.”

Amik Varze held two thumbs up and backed up backwards. “Don’t let me regret this, Lady Aay.” Then he turned around and descended up the stairs.

Shadow appeared again and stood about ten feet away from me.

I decided I was free to go, so I walked out of the castle, digesting all that happened. So I had a slightly evil man being my guard and I’m just supposed to try to change him. I sighed and closed my eyes slowly. This was sure different.

I opened my eyes again to see Patrick, yes, Patrick, walking towards me.

“Patrick!” I yelled and rushed over to him.

He grinned when he saw me and opened his arms to receive my huge hug that I was going to give him.

“Aay!” He said and kissed my head. “I’ve missed you.”

“I’ve missed you too,” I said.

Patrick seemed to notice the guy standing behind me. He put his hand on the hilt of his sword. “Why is Shadow…”

I shushed him and said, “He’s my guard.”

Patrick looked at me in disbelief.

I dragged him into the bar and sat down. “Let me explain it.”

So I did explain it too him, his face first turning into sympathy for me for witnessing a murder and getting hurt a little, then a serious face when I told him I talked to the king, then a confused face about when I talked about Shadow. He seemed to be ok with Assassin guarding me.

Patrick sighed and leaned back. “A lot happened while I was gone.”

I nodded and drank a little of my Wizards Bomb. I felt totally strange.

Patrick laughed. “You should’ve checked what it was before you drank it.”

I shuddered and laughed with him. I didn’t take another drink of it again.

We started to get up. “Well, Aay,” Patrick started to whisper to me. “I’m not going to leave your side, ok?”



I smiled. "Really?"

"Yes. But I do need to get back to my... clan, I guess I can call it, so I was wondering if you would like to come help?"

I nodded. "That'll be fine."

"Aay!" Somebody said. I turned around and Otaku was rushing up to me. She was dressed in full white beautiful armor. "I heard what happened," she said when she came up to us.

"Nice armor," Patrick commented, I agreeing.

"Thanks, and welcome back," Otaku said.

"Did you just become a knight?" I asked.

Otaku shook her head excitedly. "Yup."

"Nice."

Otaku laughed. "Well, I got to go, but take care, ok Aay? Oh, and you too Patrick!"

"Thanks," Patrick said sarcastically, and I waved goodbye.

Otaku walked away and Patrick and I headed the way towards Draynor. Something in the corner of my eye caught my attention. I turned and saw several bunny rabbits. "Patrick, look! Rabbits!" And they were carrying.... "They're carrying eggs!"

Patrick laughed. "Watch this person over here," he said, pointing to a person who had a blue with yellow strips egg. He ate the egg and transformed into a rabbit, going into the hole beneath him.

I gasped. "Wow."

"You want to do try it?" Patrick asked.

"What?"

"Become a rabbit and get a magic ring."

"Sure! Do you know how to do it?"

Patrick nodded. "Yup. Some friends of mine told me how to do it."

I grabbed his hands. "Lets do it, then!" It would be nice to do something with Patrick. I needed some enjoyment. And chocolate!!

**Wooo...turning into an egg is fun, but I'm still learning how to roll :D I really hoped you liked the chapter!!**

**Please leave a review!!**

**Ok people! READ THIS!! News update:**

**1) Accepting NO more people to add in. Already more than enough. Please don't even ask if you can. I'm not trying to be cruel!!**

**2) If you are NOT added into the story, I'm sorry!! I either forgot... (yah I forget things a lot) or I couldn't fit you in.**

**3) You may get a semi big part, or just a small part. Patient! You'll have to see when you appear, ok?**

**4) Please enjoy this and I hope I didn't ruin anything for you. I just need to get things straight for now.**

**5) Assasin\_910, I changed your name to just Assasin. That ok? And I made you a white knight, same for Shadow 097, who will be sort of a different white knight, very different.... Otaku, I made you a new white knight.**

**6) I'm not that good at weapons at all, so if I get something wrong, hit me or something. Same with names of people/places...**

**7) oh, and Shadow, would you mind if I did make your character evil later on? (remember the IF people lol)**

**8) Thank you soooo soooo soooo much everyone!!! I like, still love you all!!**

**9) I'll go ahead and do a disclaimer. Runescape does not belong to me, it belongs to Jagex, only the characters Aay and Patrick, whom I created, belong to me. Spirit, Silver, Calladus, Blitzzer, Otaku, Nick Yang, Ozzy, Kid Mental, Gopher, Shadow, Assasin, Ragetti, Webbu, and Megamickel, do not belong to me. :D :D :D now to fit more people in!!**

## 5 - Hippity Hop

**Sorry it wasn't posted earlier... Beware, short chapter, because I fear I'm having writer's block.**

I slung the shovel onto my shoulder and wiped the sweat from my brow. So far I had collected five eggs, as Patrick told me. I needed to get ten more.

“Having fun?” I asked Patrick after he succeeded in finding an egg.

“Yes,” Patrick said. “At the clan, the kids went berserk over this activity; we had trouble getting them all back, because they had fun turning into bunny rabbits!”

“You turn into a bunny rabbit?” I said, excitedly.

“Yup!”

I finished digging all the other eggs out. Patrick told me to give them to the kids around me, and finally, after I had given ten away, Patrick gave me a blue egg with a yellow stripe.

“Here is the magic egg you need to eat,” Patrick said.

He went to go stand over a rabbit hole, and he gobbled it down. He started transforming into a bunny rabbit. “Last one there is a rotten egg!”

Boy, Patrick was in a good mood.

I rushed over to a hole and hurriedly ate the egg down. Soon after I swallowed it I felt my arms and legs begin to shrink, and fur grew all over. Finally, I was small enough, so I fell through the hole.

My eyes adjusted to the darkness, and I saw some bunnies passing by holding eggs too large for them.

“Patrick!” I tried to say, but it came out as a squeak.

Oh what the heck! I started hopping around until I came upon where tons of bunny rabbits were. There were a lot just looking at something, and I gazed at what they were looking at.

So interesting... I sat there mesmerized.

My head started to become dizzy, and I shook my head to get out of it and hopped away towards the building like thing in the middle.

I entered and still discovered no Patrick.

So I went and started talking to the Easter Bunny who was in the middle. Since I had given eggs to the children already, I was able to get the magic ring.

I hopped back out and found Patrick hopping towards the exit of the hole carrying an egg.

I hopped as fast as I could toward the exit, bypassing him, and jumped through, turning back into my human self.

I was thankful that I was back in my human self. Being a bunny rabbit was tiring; it put a whole lot of work into your legs.

Patrick sat down beside me. "Ok, Aay, you won. But here, I got an egg we can share."

He broke it in half and handed a piece to me and I nodded my thanks.

Eating the egg I peered at the ring. "So, this turns you into an egg?"

"Yup, I guess so," he said and slipped on the ring.

And he became an egg!

"Sweet!" I said and slipped on my ring to follow after him.

I turned into an egg. It felt sort of weird, I felt like I was in a small cramped space, but it smelled of chocolate.

Patrick reverted back into a human and I soon followed after him.

"We can't stay long like this over here," Patrick said. "But in Varrock or some other place we probably could do it longer."

I just all the sudden remembered my body guard. I turned around and there he sat, glaring at me. I held up a piece of my egg. "You want some?"

He shook his head and continued glaring.

I just shook my head and leaned against Patrick. "Its nice to have you back."

He laughed. "Miss me that much?"

"You bet," I said, closing my eyes.

I felt him kiss me on the lips, but then I heard laughter. We broke our kiss and looked around. Next to us sat an egg.



**Thanks for all the reviews guys!**

**I am hoping to get a lot more exciting things happening in the next chapter.**

## 6 - Stolen Banana

**Otaku!! I'm SORRY FOR LEAVING U HANGING ON RUNESCAPE!!**

**My computer conked out on me. (teardrop)**

...

**And as for there are no sponges in Runescape, I'm trying to apply my story as it takes place in a real place, `cause how else would they get clean?**

**And it seems my writers block is passing. WOOHOO!**

We were almost half way towards Patrick's clan. We had left early in the morning, and I was dog gone tired from walking. I had told Assasin to meet me where we were going, and Shadow was following us grumbling.

"Patrick, how about we stop for a little while?" I suggested.

Patrick nodded and motioned to the side of the path. "Let's eat our lunch over there, then."

I grinned. I had brought along some chocolate eggs, and it would be down right satisfying. I sat down and got them out of my pack.

"Hey Patrick, you want some?" I asked him.

Patrick shook his head. "No thank you, I'm not hungry for chocolate eggs right now."

"Aw," I said and dove into the eggs. I stopped when it began to dissolve in my hands. "What's happening?" I asked.

Patrick laughed. "It's too far after Easter. Once Easter has passed, they'll melt."



“Ugh,” I said, because I now had chocolate goo all over my hands. I sighed and looked for a stream.

“There was a stream not far back from here,” Patrick said as if reading my mind.

Well, what was on my mind was sort of obvious.

I walked back down the path and found the stream. I knelt down and began washing it off, and I had a hard time getting it off. It just seemed to stick.

After the chocolate was finally off I walked back and noticed that someone had begun talking to Patrick.

It was an old man, wearing a cloak that covered his face, and he carried a huge rune battle ax in his hand.

“Aye, Patrick, are you going back to your clan?” he asked him.

“Yes, Anton, I am,” Patrick said, seeming nervous.

I walked to Patrick's side. “Hey,” I said to the old man and held out my hand.

He just snarled and stood there.

After a few awkward moments I pulled my hand back and took a glance at Patrick and gave him a questioning gaze.

“Well, Anton, we must be going,” Patrick said and picked up our stuff.

I said goodbye to Anton and followed after Patrick. “Who's he?” I asked once we were out of hearing distance.

“Anton,” Patrick began. “He's against my clan being where they are.”

“Ah,” I murmured.

I reached into my pack for my for a banana that I had brought along and found it was gone.

“Patrick, did you eat my banana?” I asked him.

“No, I didn't,” he said.

I searched more deeply into my pack. “All my food is gone,” I said a bit annoyed.

Patrick gave a grin. “It's your welcome from Tigerlilly,” he said.

“Tigerlilly?” I asked.

“Yup. She's one of the best thieving ladies around here, and everyone that is new to this part of the

land, she steals something.”

I growled. “Will she give me back her food?”

“Of course. We just have to find her,” he said.

We heard a scamper in the bushes.

Patrick grabbed my hand and pulled me along. “There she is.”

We ran for about five minutes till we came to a dead stop, right in front of a dead end.

“Here you go... Aay, I presume?” a voice said.

We turned around and there stood a group of girls, and one of them walked toward us.

She held out my food and handed it to me. “Here you are,” she said.

“Aay, this is Tigerlilly, and those girls over there are her clan called Bandit Girls,” Patrick said, grinning.

“Hey Patrick, is this the Aay you've been talking about?” Tigerlilly asked. Tigerlilly had shoulder length blonde hair, blue eyes, and was wearing a blue tank top and a mithril plate skirt.

I shook her hand. “Please to meet you, Tigerlilly. Patrick was just telling me of your... thieving abilities.”

Tigerlilly grinned. “Had to find some way to live when I was a young girl.”

We headed back out and Patrick asked about Anton to Tigerlilly.

“Anton has gotten a little rowdy over here, he's been threatening to burn down your building,” Tigerlilly said.

“Burn it down?” Patrick asked.

Tigerlilly nodded. “You'll need to watch it around here Patrick, it's getting rougher.”

She looked toward the sky. “Aye, its time for me and my girls to go now, Patrick. Nice meeting you, Aay!”

“Bye!” Patrick and I said.

“She's nice,” I commented about Tigerlilly.

“Yeah, she is. She helps around a bit with the children,” Patrick said.

“Are we going to meet any other of your friends?” I asked.

“Yah, there's Twaksak, and then there's a group of friends. Crimson, Greenwolf, and Lta,” Patrick said.

“Is that all?”

“No, actually there's some more. There's Jackbmck, and he has very nice white armor. And then there's Sara, who's one of the best dancers around.”

“Cool,” I said.

“And I think we made it just in time for the championship.”

“What championship?”

“A tongue twisting championship.”

“Really?” I asked. I had not heard of that kind of championship before in Runescape.

“Yup. The last round is that you will have to say a tongue twister in a different language.”

“That's hard. I know nothing other than this language,” I said.

“And I think I might have it picked out already. This thing is going to be a blast.”

“Great!” I said.

Not only would this be great, it would be fantastic. I get to spend a long time with Patrick, but I would have probably a fun time at the tongue twisting championship, and I would get to meet all his friends!

**Woo! Its done! Well, the chapter at least, but oh well.**

**I finally added all the people I think!! Wait, there might be one more... (looks at reviews) Ok, I still have some more. But I will introduce them, don't worry.**

**SUBMIT YOUR TONGUE TWISTERS!!**

**Have any? Hard, funny, in a foreign language...?**

**Thanks for all the reviews and please review again!!!**

## 7 - The Twist of the Tongue

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<head>
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<title>
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:looks apologetic: sorry, peoples, about get the chapter up late, but I've been busy... I'm hoping to get this finished before school finishes... So today, I think its going to have 2 new chapters
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</head>
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<b>I've been writing in this first perspective too much! I had problems trying to write in 3</b><b><sup>rd</sup></b><b> perspective in a recent story I did... :shudders: </b>
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<b>Disclaimer: I own nobody except Patrick, Aay, Pez, Calina, Alica and mostly every other child. I also own none of the tongue twisters, and the last tongue twister I got from the Inuyasha Drama CD off of ear-tweak which gave the tongue twister from the Drama CD, then some from you guys and some from the largest tongue twisters sites on the web with foreign languages.</b>

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<b>:sigh: long disclaimer</b>

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"Patrick's back!"  
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"He brought someone along with him!"  
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Some kids ran out of the building that we were coming close too. They looked to be between the ages 10 to 15. One was a girl who appeared to be 13; she had long blue hair and matching piercing blue eyes. She was holding a wooden sword that she seemed to be practicing with. Another girl, who appeared to be the oldest, had short blonde hair and green eyes. She had a frightful look on her face, like she didn't know what to do. The last one was a boy who appeared 10. He had black hair and was a little chubby around the stomach, but I would assume he would loose his chubby stomach once he trained enough.  
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"So... Patrick... You spend all your time with these kids?" I asked.  
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“Yea... These kids will become one of the best fighters in all Runescape!” He proclaimed, grinning.  
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“Going a bit overboard, are we?” I said, giving a smug smile.  
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“Can't we at least hope?” Patrick laughed and waved to the kids who stopped right in front of us.  
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The boy took my hand and gave a little bow. “Miss, my name is Pez.”  
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“You're very polite for your age,” I complimented him.  
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I noticed his face got a little red and he backed away a few steps.

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Patrick gave Pez's head a few pats. "He's one of the most polite ones around here." Patrick motioned to the blue haired girl. "This is Alica, and Calina, the oldest student I have around here. Everybody, this is Aay."

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I shook their hands and gave them smiles. "So you guys ready for the competition tonight?" I asked them.

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Alica grinned. "Been workin' all night to get ready."

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"You good at them?"

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"Good? No, she's great," Pez said. "She's one of the best ones here."  
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Patrick nodded, agreeing with him. "Calina, who are we competing against?"  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
"Its going to be us kids against you, Miss Aay, and your friends against us kids."  
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"That's harsh," Patrick said. He looked at me. "The kids are the best at tongue twisters."  
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I've never really done a tongue twister in my life, so I didn't have a clue about how good I was.  
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Patrick started walking toward the building. "Has the guest room been prepared for Aay?"

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"We did prepare one for her," Calina said.

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Patrick handed my bags to the kids. "Would you take this then and I'll introduce Aay to my friends."

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The kids agreed and Patrick and I left.

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We met one fellow along the path, and Patrick pointed out that this fellow was Twaksak, one of his friends. He had shoulder length brown hair and blue eyes. He was wearing flashy clothing that sort of... made him stand out.

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“How'da do,” Twaksak asked me.

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I said I was just fine.

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“Ready for the competition?” Patrick asked.

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“You bet! Crimson, Greenwolf, and Lta are ready too and waiting by the fountain down there, where it'll take place, and Jackbmck an Sara are going to meet us down there. Some people all the way from Varrock joined us too.”

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I froze. “From... Varrock?”

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Patrick also had a shocked expression, and a smile came to his lips. "This'll be great."

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I gave a small laugh. I expected that I would see some very familiar faces once I got there...

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<b>Later that night</b>

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"Go for it Webbuu!" I screamed. All around us were our friends from Varrock, who all seemed to be

enjoying themselves, except for Shadow, who stood scowling by the wall. All that had joined from Varrock was Otaku, Blitzer, Webbuu, Silver, Spirit, Calladus, and Kid Mental. Most of them didn't compete but Webbuu, Blitzer, Otaku, and Kid Mental wanted to give it a try.

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For Patrick's friends over here, the people competing were Tigerlilly, Twaksak, Crimson, Lta, Greenwolf, Sara, Jackbmck, Patrick, and myself. Calina, Pez, Alica, and many other kids were competing against us, and we were losing, sadly.

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The number one rule about this game: If you mess up more than five times, you're disqualified.

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Webbuu opened his mouth to speak. "Do we have to say the translation after this?"

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"Yea, that sounds about right, but only if you know it... actually, you'll get an extra point if you say the translation, and you have to say it in one try," Alica said, grinning and crossing her arms.

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Webbuu groaned then cleared his throat. "All right, here goes nothing..." He looked at a piece of paper in his hands. "Bituka binili sa butika ng, ng..." he shook his head and tired again. "Bituka binili sa butika ng ospital binasura dalinas..." He groaned and started again. "Bituka binili sa butika ng ospital binasura dahil nasira at tinapon sa basurahang bakal." He grinned. "There! I said it."

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"Go for the Basic translation!" Crimson said.

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Webbuu cleared his throat again. "Intestine bought from a hospital boutique and thrown away because it decayed and thrown away at a metal trash can."

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"Feh, that wasn't so hard," Alica commented, frowning.

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"But you said so yourself that they would be an extra point! Two points for our team!" I said.

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It was now Pez's turn. We handed him a piece of paper and I could see he took a nervous gulp. "Ok, here goes... Sumomo mo momo... momo, mo momomo, ack!" Pez started again. "Sumomo mo momo, momo mo momo, sumomo mo momo momo... gah!" He kept on messing up, but on the fifth try, I think he succeeded. "Sumomo mo momo, momo mo momo, sumomo mo momo mo momo no uchi."

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I smacked my head. He got it.

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His group cheered him on for an extra point by saying the translation. He cleared his throat and started: "A Japanese plum is a kind of peach, a peach is also a peach, both Japanese plum and peach are kind of peaches."

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He got it. The Basic translations for the foreign ones weren't that hard.

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"Alright! The teams are tied!"



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“ME NEXT!” Kid Mental shouted and jumped up.

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The other group handed him a piece of paper. “Alright! Zeven Zavenemse zotten zullen zes... how in the WORLD do you pronounce this? Zeven... Zavenemse... Zotten... Zullen.. Zes...”

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The kids started shouting, “You have to say it as fast as you can!”

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Kid Mental looked at them angrily. “Shh!! How am I supposed to get this if I don't sound it out first!”

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“You aren't supposed too!”

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Kid Mental took a sip of a beer and looked angrily at the kids. "Who says so!?"

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"You're disqualified," Alica declared.

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Kid Mental threw a fit and we had to drag him down.

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"That's enough beer for you, Mental," Bitzer said, Calladus who was helping drag Kid Mental down nodded, agreeing with Blitzer.

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Twaksak came up. "I'll go in his stead." They handed him a piece of paper and he cleared his throat.

"Sannie se Sarel sal sewe sakke sout sleep, swew sakke sout is swaar so waar."

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I grinned. "It seems you know that one."

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Twaksak laughed. "Its my own language."

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The kids shouted, "What?"

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Twaksak continued on with the translation, "Sannie says that Sarel will drag seven bags of salt, seven bags of salt are really heavy."

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We easily got two points thanks to Twaksak.

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It was Calina's turn next. She didn't want to try a foreign twister so we just gave her a Basic one.

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Calina started: "Bitsy bits of burnt bear broiled by bubbly barbecued beef bones."

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She got it on one try and she got a point.

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It was Patricks turn next. He glanced nervously at me and then was handed a paper.

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"Come on, Patrick! You can do it!" I shouted.

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He coughed and looked at the kids. "You guys gave me a super long one."

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The just laughed.

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"Ok..." Patrick began.

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It was hard to make out what he was saying, and this was the farthest he got on his tongue twister: "Er waren eens twee nachtwachten, een voor-middernacht-nachtwacht en een na-middernacht-nachtwachhhht. De voor-middeancu..." He sighed. "I give up. I can't pronounce this."

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Some people in our group booed but the kids cheered. "At least try to say the translation!" some people shouted.

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Patrick said it perfectly: "There once were two nightwatchmen, a before-midnight-nightwatchman and an after-midnight-nightwatchman. Thee before-midnight-nightwatchman said to the after-midnight-watchman: " " If you take the before-midnight-nightwatch, I'll take the after-midnight-nightttwatch." " " "Okay" " said the after-midnight-nightwatchman to the before-midnight-nightwatchman " "I'll take the before-midnight-nightwatch then you take the after-midnight-nightwatch." " and so it happened that the before-midnight-nightwatchman took the after-midnight-nightwatch and the after-midnight-nightwatchman took the before-midnight-nightwatch."

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"Wow," I commented after everyone was silent. "You're pretty good at the Basic ones."

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Another kid went that didn't make it through the first try. I volunteered to go next, and I could hear the kids giggle as they gave me the paper.

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I looked at it and sighed. I didn't even know how to pronounce it. But I sighed and started. "Sen-goku-goku-go-tsu-bu-tsu... ack..." I started again. "Sen-goku-goku-go-tsu-bu-tsu-bu-tsu-bushi-o-o-o ACK!" I couldn't get it. I failed after the 5<sup>th</sup> try and sat back down next to Patrick.

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Otaku was next on the list of our group, and once she got to go, I started to smell smoke.

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“Patrick... do you smell that?” I asked him.

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Patrick sniffed the air then his eyes opened wide. “The clan house!”

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Everyone shouted and the kids screamed once they noticed the smoke. The smoke did indeed come from the direction of the clan house.

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Patrick shouted to the kids, “Stay here! Calina, you stay here and do NOT let any kids out of your site. Aay, you stay...”

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“Patrick, I’m a grown woman. I’m going,” and with that, I headed off, Otaku and Blitzler following me.  
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Patrick soon caught up with me and we raced toward the burning building.  
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<b>I had much fun writing this chapter! Thanks for the foreign ones people! And if you see a typo with two ee’s its because of this computer, the E key sticks. </b>  
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<b>Please review!</b>  
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<b>:grr:</b>  
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<b>I saved this on a floppy disk and now the floppy disk wont open so now I have to write some more again... </b>  
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<b>Sentrosi: you asked people if they sat on their computers? I sure some have, but that's a weird question</b>

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<b>Please comment if you have any questions, I'm open to any! I think... </b>

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<a href="http://wwware.sourceforge.net/"></a>

<a href="http://validator.w3.org/check/referer"></a>

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1.0.0</a><br>  
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## 8 - Fire

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:dances: another chapter for your enjoyment people
</title>
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<b>:dances: another chapter for your enjoyment people! </b>
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<b>O! And a note on the last chapter, the tongue twisters with symbols above the letters, I didn't use
them `cause I don't know how to get the symbols there... :cries: and also because I couldn't fit some
in.</b>
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We grabbed the buckets we could find and we raced toward the fire. It was already huge, and it would take most of the night to get it out. We formed an assembly line, passing the water from each other, and it didn't seem to be doing any good.

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I kept watching Patrick's face. His face was set hard and stern, and I could tell his dream had been ruined, at least, for awhile. It was rather depressing. All the kids stuff was in the building, including my stuff.

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Shadow kept close to me and finally got the butt to help out instead of just standing around watching out for me.

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Patrick ran toward me, covered in sweat and soot. "Aay, go check with Calina if all the kids are there and hurry back."

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I nodded my head and wiped the sweat from my brow. I sprinted toward Calina and saw her searching around. "Calina?"

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"Oh, Miss Aay," Calina came over with tears in her eyes. "I can't find Pez! I can't find Pez!" She started freaking out and repeating it over and over.

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I put her at arms lengths and held her by her shoulders. "What?"

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"He's gone!"

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One of the youngest kids walked up to us. "I think he went back in to get something for the competition."

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"What?" I repeated again. Pez? In the burning building?

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Calina started sobbing hard. "I don't know what to do," she said.

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I put an arm around her and screamed at Sara, who was coming over to probably check to see if the children were alright also. "Sara!" I called.

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She ran over and she gathered Calina in her arms. "Stay here with the kids," I said and ran back to the fire.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I didn't hesitate. I started running to the nearest door that wasn't on fire.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
Jackbmck and Tigerlilly seemed to notice me going in. Jackbmck ran after me and Tigerlilly shouted, "Aay! Get back! It's too dangerous!"  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I escaped Jackbmck grasp to pull me out of the door and I was in. "Pez!"  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
"Pez!" I walked through burning archways and walls that were collapsing.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I stopped and heard Patrick's name. I know I heard Patrick's name. It had to be Pez.  
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"Pez! It's Aay!" I screamed, my voice raw from the smoke. I tried covering my mouth but my vision was already getting blurry.

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I then heard sobbing from behind a door to a closet. I tried touching the door, but it was hot. "Pez? Can you hear me? I need to stand away from the door!"

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I heard some scrambling, and I stepped a few paces back and jumped at the door, it easily giving away, for it was almost all black and turning into ash.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Pez rushed into my arms and I ripped off a piece of my shirt to cover his mouth, what I should have done to myself in the first place. I didn't have time to do it, so I just picked him up with all my strength and looked for a place to get out.

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I saw a small opening and took the chance and jumped through.

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But I didn't make it.

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Something burning hit my leg and I fell to the ground, trying to land on my back so Pez wouldn't land on the ground.

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Pez got up and shouted, "A piece of wood landed on your leg!"

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And the wood was on fire. "Pez, get out of here," I mumbled through the pain.

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Pez tried to lift the wood, but to no avail. He must have gotten burned on his hands from trying.

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I then realized something shiny beside my face. I turned and noticed it was a star of Saradomin. I grabbed it and prayed, reaching up and pulling Pez down beside me. "Pez, we might not make it, but pray, with all your might."

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

I thought of the one priest in my life. Chadrizard. <i>Chadrizard, if you can hear me, help, please... </i>

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<i> </i>I felt my eyes roll up and I saw darkness, but I was still conscious. Pez was sobbing into my neck and clenching hard to my shirt.

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At last I passed out.

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I slowly became conscious. I couldn't open my eyes because they felt so heavy, and I felt someone holding my hand. I tried to breathe in but that only resulted in coughing. And that hurt. My eyes hurt so much, from being affected from the smoke, so I felt my eyes tear a little bit more, and I had another coughing fit.

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I then tried to open my eyes. I saw Patrick, I think... but... I couldn't keep my eyes open any longer. I closed them and fell back unconscious.

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I awoke again to the sound of sobbing and someone still holding my hand, saying something like, "Aay, you're so stubborn, you can fight this..." or it was, "Aay, why did you do such a stupid thing?"

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I opened my eyes slowly and everything still fuzzy. I breathed in deeply without coughing, and I heard Patrick say my name and I regretted that I made him worry. He already had enough on his mind.

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“How are you?” I thought he asked.

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“Tired... water...” I croaked and fell back asleep.

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I woke again. This time I heard Patrick talking with someone.

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“How'd she survive?” Someone said.

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“We don't know, but we found her clenching the star of Saradomin,” Patrick said. I could tell he was weary. You could hear it just in his voice.

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“Do you think it protected her and Pez?”

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Pez! Where was he?

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“That is one idea about how they survived. In fact, it's the only idea,” Patrick said.

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I coughed and tried to sit up. “Where's Pez?” I asked.

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Patrick looked over and a look of relief appeared on his face. He rushed over and gathered me into a hug. “He's fine,” he said.

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I tried speaking again but it came out as a croak. Patrick handed me some water and I drank a whole glass.

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After I finished drinking I leaned back and closed my eyes. "Thank goodness."

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"Aay... how did you survive? It took us hours to get to you."

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I opened my eyes again and shook my head. "Chadrizard," was all I said.

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"Chadrizard?" Patrick looked deep in thought. "He protected you."

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I nodded and said slowly, "After I found the star I prayed that he would protect us, for he was a priest. And it worked."

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"Thankfully," Patrick said and leaned back, holding my hand.

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"How is Calina?" I asked him. "She was pretty freaked out."

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"Her... history with her family has left her feeling alone and scared, and when she came over to my clan, she slowly began to regain friendship and bravery, and Pez helped bring that out of her," Patrick said, then sighed. "When she found that Pez was gone, she went ballistic, as you could see. Poor girl."

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I agreed. And then I added silently, "And of the clan house?"

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Patrick looked away and said painfully, "All lost."

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"I'm sorry," I said.

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He shook his head. "Nothing for you to be sorry for."

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I nodded slightly and then heard a thump at the door. Shadow then barged in and walked over to my bedside. "Miss Aay, that was the stupidest thing you've ever done, and if you'd had died I would've gotten blamed for you're death."

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Patrick stood up defensively. "Now see hear, Shadow, she is alive and will get better, and she did save a life. Is your life all that you care for? About you getting blamed?"

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Shadow didn't answer but glared daggers at Patrick. He turned back to me. "Miss Aay, I'm not going to let you out of my sight now. How am I supposed to protect you when you throw yourself into burning buildings? For now on you are to stay in your room until we get this whole thing solved."

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I started to speak back angrily but Patrick beat me too it. "You're. Not. In. Charge. Of. Her."

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Shadow sneered. "Neither. Are. You."

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Patrick didn't say anything but kept his shoulders square.

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I had had enough. "Shadow, would you step outside please?"

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Shadow scowled and complied slowly.

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I sighed and leaned back on the pillows. "How is everyone else?" I asked Patrick as he sat down beside me again.

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"They're fine, they're just worried about you," Patrick said.

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"Can you tell them I'm alright?" I asked him and he nodded and gave me a quick kiss on the forehead and left.

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I sighed and leaned back into the bed. I closed my eyes and tried to fall asleep. <i>Thanks, Chadrizard,

*I added silently, and sleep finally claimed me again.*

... **I had to rewrite the ending `cause I lost it, and I hope that it went smoothly. But anyways, I would love it if you could review even more!! And if you do... free cookies and coffee! :yum:**

**Chadrizard: yay! I added you the way I was originally gonna add you! I couldn't bring you back in a physical body, and you didn't get a speaking part, but you got the main idea, right?**

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<b>And as for the evil people, they're gonna be added soon, don't worry :grins: </b>  
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## 9 - Aay's Dangerous Secret

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:sings: another chapter, another chapter...
</title>
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<!--Section Begins--><br>

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<b>:sings: another chapter, another chapter...!</b>
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White; ">
<b>:cough: maybe I should stop singing now and get on with it, eh?</b>
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
<b>No, no, wait... NO COFFEE? Are you OUT of your mind? I can't live without my coffee! </b>  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
<b>But anyway, :sigh: if you don't like coffee, you can just have cookies and milk</b>  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
<b>And thanx to the 2 people who reviewed on my story Mystic Wind. I'm considering taking it off and rewriting my own story into it, making it into a longer short story, cause it didn't really fit anyways ;) </b>  
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I opened my eyes, the light from the window shining brightly down on me. I felt better, so I tried to sit up a little bit. It didn't hurt that much, so I got up and stretched out a bit. I could breathe a little easier now. I yawned and went to go look for Patrick.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
When I opened the door, I found nobody standing around nearby.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
"Patrick!" I called. "Otaku! Webbuu! Blitzer!" Nobody was there.  
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I groaned and began searching for them. When I got to the door that led outside, I heard some talking. I looked out the window and there stood everyone, all in a group. They were talking to some people I didn't recognize.

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I was about to walk out when I heard my name being spoken. I crept to the window and leaned up close to it. I didn't like spying, but I had to find out what they were saying.

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"You leave Aay and the others out of this. You have no business here," Patrick was saying.

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"Hmph," growled an old voice. I peeked over and saw it was Anton. Anton? What was he doing here?

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"Oh, yes we do," Anton said, a smug look on his face. "You don't know what her family has done to us and everyone else."

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My family? I gulped, trying not to think of them. I didn't want that secret out. I glanced worriedly at Patrick.

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“Aay's family?” Patrick asked.

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“If you're against Aay, then how come you are tormenting Patrick's clan?” Blitzer asked, taking a step closer.

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“What is Patrick's pain, is Miss Aay's pain,” a woman explained who was standing next to Anton. She held a fire wizards staff and had mid length silver hair.

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Next to her I noticed standing Ragetti. “What Li said is correct,” Ragetti said.

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I could see it plain written on Patrick's face. That was true. Mostly. I do not know what it quite feels like to having what Patrick worked on for awhile all burned to a crisp. But I am pained because Patrick is.

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I looked over at Blitzer and the rest of the group. They were probably all confused, and I would want them to stay that way. What my family had done was my business.

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But then Ragetti ruined it, almost. "Would you like to know what Miss Aay's family did? Who her parents really were?"

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Shut up, Ragetti. Shut up shut up shut up.

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He started talking again. "Aay's parents... they were..."

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I barged out the door, the door making a loud smack against the wall. I growled and walked in front of Ragetti and pointed my finger at him. "What has to do with my family is my business."

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"Ah, yes, that is only reasonable, right?" Anton said. "Protecting them?"

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I didn't look at anyone, just at the ground, clenching my hands tightly. "I. Am. NOT. Protecting. Them."

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"Then why hide it?" Anton said.

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It hurts. I don't want everyone to hate me for what I really am. That is why I have not spoken of it. I don't even want to remember it.

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But I only say: "You wouldn't understand."

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Li growled and took a step closer to me. "I worked with your older sister, until she turned. I know what she was. What she did." Li gulped and looked away. "How she murdered my parents."

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I glared at the ground. The whole story is going to come out.

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"That," Anton began, "Is why, we cannot allow the child of Sir Dark and Lady Scarlet live."

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Shadow, who was standing not to far away from me, gasped. "Sir Dark, and... Lady Scarlet?"

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“Oh yes, you would know them, would you? They murdered your family,” Ragetti said.

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Shadow cursed and I could feel his glare off my back.

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Li walked up to me and lifted my head with her finger, looking at me at eye level. “How do we know if she isn't some spy, trying to rebuild her parent's clan?”

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I knocked her hand away and backed up a little. “I'm not doing that.”

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Blitzer came up beside me. “She cannot change who she is. She may be...” Blitzer said to be saying it painfully. “She may be the child of Dark and Scarlet, but she is still Aay. Our friend.”

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I felt my eyes tearing up and I gave a small smile to Blitzter.

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I felt my hand taken by another's and I saw Patrick standing there, holding my hand. He gave it a squeeze. "I trust her."

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Anton growled and glowered. "How do you know? She could be just playing with you."

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I shook my head. "I'm not. And I have one point to make out: If you think I am that sort of person, and also burned Patrick's clan house down, saying that my pain is his pain when you think its not... You're just a sick person, making people miserable."

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"There might be one reason," Patrick started saying quietly. "My brother, Dav. He was also in that type



of clan. A killing, brutal, clan.”

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Ragetti laughed. “You hit the mark.”

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Li stepped in between Ragetti and Anton. “Time to go, boys.” She held out her arms, a purple light surrounding her, Ragetti, and Anton. They disappeared, teleporting somewhere.

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I took a deep breath. “Well, I had planned to keep this secret. I had disagreed with my family, and as brutal as they were, I was cast out. I didn't know how to fight, and so I went to go start over at the Tutorial Island.” I laughed. “And tried to bury everything and not think of it again.”

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Otaku stepped up. “Do you mind if I tell the story of your parents to the ones who don't know?”

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I sighed and nodded slowly. It's mostly out now. "It won't hurt to let them know, I guess."

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Otaku closed her eyes and began talking. "Sir Dark and Lady Scarlet were one of the best fighters of all Runescape. Once they had achieved of being the best, they wanted more. They became hunters. Mercenaries. Finally, they would kill anyone who came in their way. Some of our parents were caught in their lies and killed. We probably all know someone who was killed.

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"Then, your brother, Patrick, was accepted into the clan. Sir Dark began to train him himself, showing Dav his every move, hoping to make a successor. And once Dav had become stronger, Dav took advantage, and killed your father, Aay."

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"Hmph," I growled. "Not much of a loss."

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"How do you know about this, Otaku?" Patrick said.

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Otaku motioned her head towards Shadow. “We're both white knights. Shadow was a spy learning about the clan. We white knight's learn about everyone's story one way or another. I know Shadow wouldn't like explaining this.”

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Shadow just grunted and looked away, a hateful scowl on his face.

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It was silent for a few moments.

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“Well...” I began. “What of my mother?”

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Otaku glanced at Shadow. “We never found out what happened to her.”

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“Oh,” I said quietly, mostly to myself. I averted my gaze and looked up towards the sky. I sighed. “I hope you guys can forgive me for this.”

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Patrick gathered me into his arms. I rested my head against his shoulder. “Aay, we don't need to forgive you, because nothing is your fault.”

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I smiled and a tear fell out of my eye. “Thank you.”

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<b>WHOOPA!! WASN'T THAT EXCITING!?!</b>

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<b>:cough: ok, so maybe it wasn't... but were you expecting that? `cause I sure wasn't! I was just going with the flow... that was also sorta short chapter O.o</b>

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<b>:talking to self: ok, from now on, write a stinkin' outline!!!! </b>

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<b>:sigh: I don't know if I'll have this done by Friday, when school gets out. We'll just have to see, eh?</b>  
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<b>I'm planning for this to be two more chapters long. Maybe three. This is 9</b><b><sup>th</sup></b><b> chapter, right? So... 2 more... make it... 13? 12? OK OK I'm not that stupid... I think... ok 11 chapters. Same as last. </b>  
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<b>I want to see who actually reads this little chatting time of mine! Write zomg!!'vehadtoomuchcaffeine!  
</b>  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
<b>If you don't, I'll still love ya anyways!! </b>  
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<b>P.S. How do you spell teleporting? My computer says its spelt wrong and it wont give the correction... well.... Duh...it's a '98 computer...</b>

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<b>I'll leave now.</b>

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<!--Section Ends-->

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<a href="http://wware.sourceforge.net/"></a>

<a href="http://validator.w3.org/check/referer"></a>



Document created with <a href="http://wwWare.sourceforge.net/">wwWare/wwWare version  
1.2.1</a><br>  
</address>  
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</body>  
</html>

## 10 - Dark History

```
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Wow, first night after I posted the chapter, and I'm already typing the chapter...
</title>
</head>
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<!--Section Begins--><br>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
<b>Wow, first night after I posted the chapter, and I'm already typing this chapter...</b>
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White; ">
I followed Patrick back into the small house that I had awoken in. It was a tight fit, with all the children
there. Their belongings, if they had them anymore, were all stuffed in a small room. Blankets were
strewn about, and small, rough pillows accompanied them.
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Blitzer and the others left to go rest for the day. It was early in the morning, and most of us didn't get a good night's sleep. Maybe except for me, but that's an exception... right? I sighed and just followed Patrick into the kitchen. He had sent whatever kids that were still up to bed.

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He poured himself a glass of water and then poured one for myself. I could see the tension in his face and his shoulders were set tight.

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"Patrick, I'm sorry... If I wouldn't have met you, you probably wouldn't have had your place burned down," I said quietly, sitting down on one of the kitchen chairs.

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Patrick looked a little shocked, I have to say. He came over and sat down next to me and took my hand. He gave it a little squeeze. "Don't blame yourself. What's done, is done. Heck, it doesn't even matter. It's those peoples faults. They can't blasting get over whoever's death's they are mourning and they are just trying to take it out on other people."

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I sighed and didn't say anything.  
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Patrick leaned back and looked out the small circular window. "Aay... what was your childhood like? You heard about my family and my life... and now I want to hear about yours."  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
"You heard me back there. I was cast out," I said, looking down at my hands.  
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Patrick sighed. "Don't talk if you don't want too," he said.  
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I stayed silent, then shook my head. "Maybe I want to. Maybe I should..." I took a deep breath and started. "I had seen what my parents had done to people from a young age. My mother tried to bring me up like her. My older sister worshipped our mother, she would follow her footsteps everywhere. I think I remember the young boy following my father everywhere. I just never, never realized that it might have been Dav.  
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“As I said, my parents tried to raise me up like them. They tried to teach me to fight, teach me traps, teach me anything cruel hearted... I just didn't want to learn. I ran away a few times, escaping to my secret place that gave me peace. I could do anything there. But, my parents eventually discovered to where I was escaping too.”

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I stopped and looked out the window painfully. “They destroyed the whole place completely. I was left with nothing. That was when I was around ten. From then on till I was fifteen, I was put to work. My parents ordered me around, and even my older sister thought me of an slave. I couldn't stand it.”

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I then gave a laugh. “Then my father was killed and the group was split. I don't know what happened to my sister or my mother even now. I was left on my own and I wandered for a few years, working as a waitress at bars. Though once most men got drunk, I left, for I had seen what beer could do to my father,” I said, then gave a smile at Patrick. “Kid Mental has proven to me that not all drinking men are bad.”

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Patrick gave a little laugh and nodded his head, agreeing with me.

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I continued on. "And when I came to Varrock... I was surprised at it, really. I thought I would be greeted by this glorious town, but, I was greeted by some puking guy. And then, I met you later on," I said, smiling once again at Patrick.

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"And that's it," I said, folding my arms up and grinning. "Some life story, eh?"

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"It's about the same as mine, maybe a little more harsh..." Patrick pondered. He looked out the window again. The sun could be seen coming up. "Well, we better head off to bed, for we can still get a few hours of sleep."

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I nodded and stood up, Patrick doing the same. He walked me to his room, and I gave him a small kiss good night, and collapsed on my bed, falling asleep almost immediately.

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I woke again. To the smell of... Hmm... Some type of food, I couldn't determine what. I groaned right after that, realizing that I had none of my clothes. I had to stay in what I had.

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I walked out the door, finding Shadow there. He had his usual glare on his face. "Hey Shadow," I said, walking past him. "Where is Assassin? I never see him around."

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"He hides well when he guards at night," was all that he said.

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I went outside, finding all the kids and almost everyone of my friends waiting in line for food. Ah-ha! I said quietly in my head. It's green eggs and ham. Wait, green... Where had that come from?

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I shook it off, going to the end of the line, giving smiles to everyone. Silver was at the end of the line, and she glanced at me worriedly.

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"Hey Aay," she said.

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"Hi Silver, how are you?" I asked.

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"I should be asking you that," Silver said, giving a smile. She looked around and her face turned stern.

"I want to warn you to be careful. I feel something horrible is coming up."



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A small knot appeared in my stomach. "Horrible...?"

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"I don't mean to worry you, sorry, just to warn you. I don't know... I'm just getting strange vibes from... something..."

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I waved it off. "Thanks for the warning. Don't worry, I'll be careful," I said, giving her a wink.

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She nodded and started talking with another person beside her.

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I saw Otaku, Ozzy, and Nick Yang sitting underneath a tree already eating. I waved to them and yelled, "HELLO!"

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Otaku grinned and just waved, as did Ozzy, but Nick Yang just gave a wave.

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<b>How do they write it? (A/N? anyways, my computer deleted from here on. I had to rewrite it again :sobs</b><b>: )</b><b></b>

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I looked around for Patrick, not seeing him in the line. I then noticed him serving the food, and when I finally got to him, I said, "Good morning, Patrick," and leaned up and gave him a small kiss on the

cheek.  
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“Gosh, Aay, you sleep forever! Everybody was up at least an hour before you. I swear, sometimes you can sleep like the dead,” Patrick said sarcastically.

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I gave him a small punch in the arm. “Oh, you just know how to make a girl feel better, don't you?” I said, grinning.

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“Of course, its my specialty.”

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I laughed and nodded my head, really not agreeing with him. After I got my food, I asked Patrick, “Will you come eat with us?”

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“Sure,” Patrick replied.

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“Great,” I said. I walked over to sit near Otaku. I sat against a tree and took my ham to begin eating.

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But I never did.

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An arrow came flashing by, taking the ham from my hands and pinning it to a tree. I yelled and my poor stomach grumbled. But then I noticed a note tied to the arrow.

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“What's this?” I murmured, taking it off and opening it up. Patrick had come running and was by my side.

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“What's it say?” Patrick asked breathlessly.

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“ `Dear Daughter of Sir Dark and Lady Scarlet. Get ready for the battle your life. Revenge will be ours.' ”  
I looked up from the note and looked at Patrick.

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“Oh dear.”

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<b>I know there will be an 11 chapter, well, there better be, right? Most likely even a  
12</b><b><sup>th</sup></b><b> one. </b>

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<b>Thanx to the people who said: zomg!ihadtomuchcaffiene! it gave me a good laugh and I appreciate it ;)</b>  
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<b>I think there will be no sequel to this sequel, or whatever its called. Instead, there will be one-shots. Told in Aay's POV and Patrick's POV. If it all comes out good, Aay's one-shot story will be called Oh Dear : Aay's Story, and Patricks: Oh Dear : Patrick's Story.</b>  
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<b>I want to know who wants to die in the story. `cause I'm gonna need at least five, just in case  
:sweatdrop: </b>  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
<b>And votee! Do you want the ending of this story to be tragic???'</b>  
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<b>Yes or no???'</b>  
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<b>Thanx for the reviews guys! I like, love you all! Let's try to make it to 100 reviews and beat the Oh Dear record of 122 reviews! If we do, I'll give out rewards!!</b>  
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Document created with <a href="http://wwware.sourceforge.net/">wvWare/wvWare version  
1.2.1</a><br>



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</html>

# 11 - Betrayed Again

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["http://www.w3.org/TR/REC-html40/loose.dtd"&gt;](http://www.w3.org/TR/REC-html40/loose.dtd)

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I'm sorry for the people who haven't seen their character appear much... I'll try to add them more, but you have to understand, that mainly the characters from the first story have a bigger part

</title>

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<!--Section Begins--><br>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

<b>I'm sorry for the people who haven't seen their character appear much... I'll try to add them more, but you have to understand, that mainly the characters from the first story have a bigger part. Thank you so far for the reviews!</b>

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I ran my hand through my hair. A battle, already? I wasn't ready for it. There is no reason for there to be

a battle. What Patrick said was right: what's done is done. I can't help that. Nobody can. Why can't Ragetti and all them realize that?

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I sighed and put my chin on me knees, holding tightly to my legs. I guess they would never see it. There probably will be a battle.

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Patrick was up and walking around, talking to everyone about the battle preparations.

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I got up and walked to him. "Why do we need to prepare? We don't even know when it is going to occur!" I said to him.

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Patrick shook his head. "We *have* to be prepared, no matter what. So far everyone is with us."

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I crossed my arms and looked around. Otaku was standing with Ozzy and Nick Yang, there was Tigerlilly and her friends, Crimson, Lta, and Greenwolf. There was Kid Mental, excitedly throwing his Mithril daggers at a tree, practicing his throw. They were all gathering their weapons and shields. I even noticed Megamickel, who I had not noticed before, was preparing his weapons.

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Everyone, was here. Twaksak, Assasin, Shadow, Webbuu, Calladus, Spirit, Silver, Gopher, Jackbmck, Blitzer, Sara... were they all prepared, to go a battle? Maybe even lose their lives?

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I wish that they all are, and I also regret them having to go into a battle for a cause some of them didn't even really know about.

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Blitzer and Calladus came up beside me, Spirit following them.

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“We were with you in the battle against Dav, Aay,” Blitzer said. “We will fight with you.”

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<b>(A/N: Anybody thinking of Lord of the Rings The Fellowship of the Ring? `you have my bow' `you have my sword' I'm so tempted to put something like that in, but I wont XD)</b>

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<b> </b>Calladus nodded. "All of us probably have suffered from a death or two by your parents, sadly, but anyone trying to kill a person who had nothing to do with the killings..."

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"We will defend," Spirit finished for Calladus when he wandered off.

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I looked at the ground, tears once again welling up in my eyes.

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"Aye, Aay, you have all of us," Kid Mental said, offering a small beer to me.

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I laughed and refused his offer, and saw that everyone had a small smile on their face and a look of confidence also upon their face.

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“Yes, what Kid Mental said here is right,” Crimson said. “I hardly even know you, but Anton and his gang has been bothering Patrick and also us around here. It will be good to see him gone.”

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Behind him, Lta and Greenwolf both nodded, agreeing.

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Patrick wrapped one arm about my shoulders. “I see the doubt written on your face; we all see it,” he said. He tapped me on the nose. “Let it go, Aay. We'll go to this battle...”

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“To the death!!” Gopher and Kid Mental screamed.

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We all laughed at that, for some odd reason.

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Patrick then spoke to all the people standing there. "Let's finish eating, but be prepared. If you even hear a single soul screaming, come with a weapon running toward the scream. We have to be careful."

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Everybody nodded and went to go finish their breakfast.

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I sat back down, leaning against Patrick's shoulder. "Patrick...?"

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"Hmm?"

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“Isn't it weird how we all have these friends? I mean, I started out with none, but...” I counted on my fingers slowly. “1, 2, 3, 4... 20, a mixture of really good friends and people I've hardly met... 23 including Pez, Alica, and Calina.”

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“Wow...”

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“Yeah, I'm surprised too.”

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“No, not that...”

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“What then?”

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“You can count!”

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My mouth dropped open. “You’re so inconsiderate!” I shouted and punched him in the arm playfully.

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Patrick laughed and cowered while I just sat there punching him lightly over and over again on the arm.

“Ok, ok! I’m sorry!”

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I laughed but didn’t stop punching him.

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“You know, Aay, I’m eventually going to get a small bruise if you keep on doing that, and I’m going to get annoyed.”

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“Wow, that's new. The almighty Patrick; annoyed.”

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He caught my hand. “Guess I deserved that.”

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“You bet you did!” Though my remark wasn't as smart alecky as his...

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“Its amazing how both of you are still a couple,” Webbuu said, who had sat down near us.

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“Why?” I asked.

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“You two fight all the time,” Webbuu said, taking a sip of his drink and lifting his wizard's hat back.

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I gave a small laugh. “You wouldn't understand.”

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Webbuu looked at us with a sparkle in his eye and he just grinned and looked away.

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I took a drink of my apple cider that Patrick had passed out before the note. Well, at least I tried to take a drink of my apple cider. I missed my mouth by half an inch and spilt it all down my front.

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I gave a little shriek. The apple cider was hot. It wasn't burning, but it surprised me.

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“Um, Aay,” Patrick started to say.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“What?” I said quickly looking at him.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

He pointed to his mouth. “Your mouth is up here.”

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“Oh, really?” I put a stupid look on my face. “I didn't notice!” I got up and ran toward the small house.

“Going to look for a cloth, be right back!”

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

I found a small kitchen and searched for a cloth, eventually finding one. I was almost about to wipe the front of my shirt, when all the sudden Shadow walked in, a weird look on his face.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:

White; ">  
"Yes?" I asked him.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
He grabbed the hilt of his handle. "Give me the cloth."  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I looked at him confusedly. "What?"  
</p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
Shadow finally grinned. An evil one. "You're going to regret being the child of Sir Dark and Lady Scarlet. I've been requested by Ragetti to bring you to escort you to him."  
</p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I looked at him, dumbfounded, then it began to sink in. "How can you do this?" I asked him, my voice barely a whisper.  
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White; ">

He ignored me and motioned for me to come closer. "Give me the cloth."

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I realized I had left my weapons in Patrick's clan house, which I hadn't had time to see if they had survived the fire. I reached behind me, my hand searching for a weapon of some kind. I came across a cutting knife. I gripped it tightly.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"Sure, I'll give you the cloth," I said, coming closer, holding the cloth out.

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I knew where he was trying to get out; he was trying to gag me with the cloth.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

As I got in arm's length of him, I handed him the cloth and then I had thrust my hand with the knife with all my might at Shadow's head. The point of the knife was headed for his eyes.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

He was fast. He had a addy arm guard on, and he was able to parry my attack. He had blocked it.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“Oh dear,” I whispered and tried to jump away, but he had already swung his sword and had created a thin long line across my stomach, blood already seeping out a little.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

I don't know why haven't I haven't screamed yet. I opened my mouth to shout for Patrick, and I felt someone appear beside me and place a hand around my mouth.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“Don't you even think of screaming, Miss Aay.” It was Li. She had teleported just in the knick of time. She had a dagger at my side.

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Li looked at Shadow. “I thought you said you could handle this?”

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
"I could've."  
</p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
"Luckily I came up to check on you," Li said, shaking her head. "You walk back out like nothing happened, I'll take Miss Aay to Anton."  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
Shadow nodded. "Good, because they must be wondering where she is."  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I began thinking, I won't get caught again, I won't get caught again... I clenched my fist and looked down angrily, shook my head to rid of the hand covering my mouth, saying, "I won't be caught again!"  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
Li smirked. "Wanna bet?"  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

I grinned and looked at her. I gave her my `dangerous' grin. "Yah," I said. I grabbed her hand that was holding the dagger, as fast as I could go. I was able to grab it and was able to yank away from her, but she still had a good grip on the dagger.

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"Dammit," Li had cursed and looked angrily at me. She took a free hand, and grabbed her wizards staff that was attached to a string on her back. She pointed it at me. "Let go."

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"No," I said. I had both hands on the knife, and she only had one. She was pretty strong.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"Then you asked for it," she yelled and I saw power collecting at the end of the staff.

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Right then I knew I had to let go, so I did and ducked.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

The attack went right above my head, crashing into the wall behind me. The wall crashed down, and I grinned and stood up.

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"Hmph," Li smirked then gave a snarl. "I suppose you can't be taken captive." With that, a purple light swelled around her and she disappeared.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

I heard my name being shouted and I turned to see Patrick, Blitzler, and more people trying to crowd in.

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I guess the sight of me with a cut on my stomach and the wall destroyed wasn't that good of a sight.

"Patrick..." I whispered and gave him a hug, not so far as to leave a trace of blood on his shirt.

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He kissed my on my forehead. "E gads, Aay, what happened?"

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I shook my head and sighed, a tear escaping my eye. Finally I spoke. "We had a betrayer among us."  
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Patrick took a harsh intake of breath in. "Who was it?"  
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I looked around gravely at everyone. "Shadow."  
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Assasin looked surprised and ran out with Otaku following him. With a fellow white knight becoming a betrayer, it was a big thing. They ran back in after a few minutes.  
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"Shadow's gone. We can't find him."  
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<b>Ok, so I made Shadow evil...</b>

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<b>Oo! My favorite song is on! </b>

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<b>Ignore that. Anyways, yah, I made him evil, I had sort of planned on that once I did it.</b>  
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<b>There will definitely be a 12</b><b><sup>th</sup></b><b> chapter, then an epilogue, then a loooonnnnggg author's notes and thank you's to all you wonderful people out there, but that might not be up till another 15-16 days, for I don't know if I'm going to finish the story by June 15, when I'm leaving for 5 days. (Washington D.C. yaya!!)</b>  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
<b>I don't know if I'm going to make it a tragedy... how can I make it into a happy tragedy? Is that possible?</b>  
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<b>Ah man, the song is over. Almost.</b>

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<b>:cough: ignore that too. </b>

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<b>And if you do have </b><b><i>any </i></b><b>questions, complaints, state them, just NO character complaints anymore about not being in the story much. It is just about how the story flows, live with it, sorry to be blunt. </b>  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
<b>Asante sana squashed bananas... I forgot to add that into the story XD but I had it stuck in my head for awhile!! I haven't seen that movie in a long while, it makes me tear </b><b>:( (XD don't make fun of me, I get sad when Mufasa dies, ok?) </b><b></b>  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
<b> This author's chatting time got a little longer than intended, but I felt like talking. </b>  
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<b> And wish me luck! Finals tomorrow! (when I post this it'll be today, Thursday)</b>

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<b>I'll leave now! </b>

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<a href="http://validator.w3.org/check/referer"></a>



Document created with <a href="http://wwWare.sourceforge.net/">wwWare/wwWare version  
1.2.1</a><br>  
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</body>  
</html>

## 12 - Scream of Fury

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<title>
Thanks for the reviews guys n girls ><
</title>
</head>
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<b>Thanks for the reviews guys n girls >< </b><b></b>
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White; ">
I shuddered. So Shadow was gone. I looked over at Patrick. "What are we going to do now?" I asked
him.
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Patrick shook his head. "I don't know. We'll just to wait and see."

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I sighed and started to motion people out. "Thank you for coming, guys."

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They mostly nodded and left, closing the door behind them. Assassin and Otaku stayed behind, watching all the people filing out. Then they walked up to me.

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Assasin started speaking first. "Miss Aay, we are White Knights, and therefore, we will hunt down Shadow and bring him down for you."

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Otaku nodded. "I don't think he should have ever been entrusted to you."

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I shook my head. "The head White Knight thought he could change, and after awhile, so did I. He probably could've if I didn't have my parent's bloodline in me."

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Just then, we heard a door slam, and the door to this room was swung open quickly. Jack (A/N There, I changed it Jack. Sorry `bout the mix up) ran in and stopped in front of Patrick and me. "Patrick, Aay, they're here. Anton, Li, Shadow, and Ragetti and there are even more people that I don't know."

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Patrick looked sharply at him. "Already?" he asked.

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Jack nodded.

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Patrick grabbed my hand and gave it a little squeeze. "Ok," he said, then looked at me. "You ready?"

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I squeezed his hand back. "As ready as I can ever be."

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We walked out, Assassin, Otaku, and Jack following us.

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What Jack said was right. There were possibly even more people than us. At least ten people outnumbered us. Patrick had unsheathed his sword, and Patrick handed me another sword that he had with him. He only had one shield, and he gave me that. "No arguments," he said, commenting about giving me the shield.

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I nodded my head, taking the shield from him. I had a nervous feeling deep down in my stomach. It was unsettling.

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Kid Mental was arguing with one person on Anton's side. He seemed very upset and had several Mithril daggers in his hands.

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“Ah, and there they are now!” Anton said, grinning evilly.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Patrick walked up to him. “What are you here for?”

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Ragetti stepped up. “What else would we be here for? We are here to kill the daughter of Sir Dark and Lady Scarlet.”

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Geez, did they have to say `daughter of Sir Dark and Lady Scarlet' so much when they talked about me?

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Patrick shook his head. "I'm afraid that is not, by any means, possible."

Anton laughed. "Really?" he asked. He brought out a Rune battle ax underneath his cloak. "Then, we have to get rid of all the obstacles."

Patrick lifted his sword in the air. "Who's with me, maybe even to the death? Aye or nay!" he shouted.

"Aye!" I screamed, along with every one of my friends.

Anton scowled and sprang at Patrick, fast for an old man of his age.

Patrick parried his attack and pushed him back, fighting one handed.

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Li came towards me, and she brought out her wizards staff, collecting power at the end. Li yelled something that I didn't understand and shot a huge fire bolt at me.

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I jumped to the ground, landing in a roll to get away. I sprang back up and ran towards her at my fastest pace. She shot another bolt at me, this time a lighting bolt. I did a side flip to miss it, and I continued running toward her.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

She saw that her bolts wouldn't work against me, so she grabbed a sword at her side.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

I came upon her a split second after she grabbed her sword and swung my sword to her stomach. She barely had enough time to block it and my hit swung her back a few paces. I swung another few blows, making her even go farther back.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Li growled at me and shouted a name. "Shoeman! I need you to take over this fight, NOW!" She then jumped away from me and ran toward her staff, which she had thrown to the ground. She picked it up and disappeared. She had teleported somewhere.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

I saw someone I didn't know coming toward me. He must have been Shoeman. He wielded a dragon long sword. I could see that he was more advanced than I.

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He sprang at me and I defended myself against his attack. His thrusts with his sword were hard. I could feel my sword vibrate a little bit. I growled at him and ducked under his attack, rolled, and landed behind him. I swung my sword at his back, but he had blocked it by putting his sword over his head. He then flipped back, landing behind my back.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

I heard someone scream my name and I saw a silver blur out of the corner of my eye land on Shoeman. It was a puma.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

The puma backed off Shoeman, who was dead. The puma then turned to me and transformed into... Silver?

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

She grinned and ran off and jumped, turning back into a puma. She landed on the back of a person, taking him to the ground.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Ok, so that was cool. "Thanks!" I shouted and held my shield in front of me against another person who had gone against me.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

While I was fighting, I heard Webbuu talking to Blitzer and Spirit. "Get rid of the wizards over there. They're all in a group planning a big attack. Rangers against wizards make them seem like pincushions."

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I was able to whack off the man's arm and I cringed at the sight of blood rushing down his side. He fell to the ground. I didn't want to kill out of cold blood, though I wanted to end his misery, even if he was good or evil.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
He saw what I was planning to do. "Don't bother," he sneered. He picked up his sword with his only hand, and stabbed himself through the heart.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I cringed even more. He possibly could have lived, actually. I just shook my head sadly and looked at the evil wizards. Spirit and Blitzer was doing their best to shoot them down, and they succeeded in getting some down. The wizards took the chance when Spirit and Blitzer were grabbing another arrow. They lifted their wizard staffs and shot a rain of fire bolts coming down towards us.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I gasped and shouted, "Take COVER!" I sheathed my sword and grabbed Spirit and Blitzer, running under a tree.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
Blitzer shouted over the fire bolts that fell like meteors, "This whole place is going to catch on fire!"  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I looked toward the sky. "Saradomin is with us!" I said, and pointed to the sky that had very dark rain clouds.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

It began sprinkling after I said that. The fire bolts finished coming down and Spirit and Blitzer ran back out, shooting arrows like lighting at the wizards.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

I looked around and saw Shadow. He was fighting against Assassin, who had a wound at the side of his stomach. Assassin locked swords with Shadow with his left hand, and with his right he aimed a punch at Shadow. Shadow ducked and dropped to the ground, kicking Assassin off his feet. Shadow then rolled away, then sprang to the ground.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

I started to rush over, for Assassin had hard time getting up, and Shadow was coming upon him. I saw Otaku closer to Assassin than me. "Otaku! Help Assassin!" Otaku looked surprised and turned around. She then began to run at top speed toward Shadow.

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But she didn't make it in time.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
Shadow had run a sword through Assassin's stomach.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
“Assasin!” I screamed and tried to run faster but was blocked by a sword that landed in front of my face.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
“Miss Aay, you ain't goin' anywhere,” a voice said. It was Ragetti.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
“Oh, yah?” I said and grabbed my sword. I jumped about a foot away from him and he sprang at me, his sword aimed for my shoulder. I parried and glanced worriedly at Otaku.  
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She had rushed as fast as she could. Even as Assassin crumpled the short ways back to the ground, she kept on running. She jumped on a rock near by and jumped off that, high into the air, and did a karate kick on Shadow's face, sending him spinning.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I couldn't see anymore, for I had a big fight on my hands right now.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I was able to lock swords with Ragetti and I had to keep both hands my the swords handle because I could barely handle it.  
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Ragetti just had one sword on the handle. He grinned. "Aye, where your Patrick, Miss Aay?"  
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I didn't know where he was. But I didn't say that.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
Ragetti pushed his sword against mine, throwing me off balance, and I spun a few times before landing to the ground. I landed painfully my already cut stomach.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
He stepped over me and grabbed a handful of my hair, lifting me up by it. I whimpered and tried to grab his arm with my free hand.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
He pointed with his sword to a spot on the ground. "See that?"  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I did. It was a person lying on the ground. He was on his back, a sword straight through his stomach. I could see he was covered in blood. And I could see his face.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I gasped, and tears came to my eyes, and I growled such a fury, that I couldn't even begin to describe it.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
I screamed.  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
"Patrick!"  
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<b>XD :hides in corner: hate me, hate me, I don't care, you'll see what happened in the next chapter, maybe posted tonight, or tomorrow, or soon after I post this one.</b><b></b>  
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<b>And Otaku, as I've said before in my Author Complaining/Talking Time, my computer blocks a wholeeeeeee bunch of things, and your profile happens to be one of them. Sorry! It's the same for a lot of people on fanfiction.net. So I can't p.m. you back :teardrop: Hopefully you get your computer fixed!!!!</b>  
</p></div>



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<b>Please review for this chapter, please, because I want to know how the fighting scenes went.</b><b></b>

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<!--Section Ends-->

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<address>

<a href="http://wware.sourceforge.net/"></a>

<a href="http://validator.w3.org/check/referer"></a>

Document created with <a href="http://wware.sourceforge.net/">wvWare/wvWare version 1.2.1</a><br>

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## 13 - Final Finale

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<META NAME="GENERATOR" CONTENT="wvWare/wvWare version 1.2.1">
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If you listen to `Like a Prayer' (I don't know by who) it helps with me making this story for some reason...
</title>
</head>
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<!--Section Begins--><br>

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White; ">
<b>If you listen to `Like a Prayer' (I don't know by who) it helps with me making this story for some
reason..... I love the song!</b><b></b>
</p></div>

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<b>Also... there aren't any horses in Runescape, are there? Well... since this story is more applied to real
life, I'm going to have horses in this story, k? </b>
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The tears poured down my face. I bit my lip in my fury, and I could feel it bleeding. “<i>What</i>. Have. You. <b><i>DONE</i></b>?!” I screamed

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I felt cold metal against my neck. “I didn't, sadly. Old Man Anton did. Who'd know Patrick would be such a loser?” Ragetti said.

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I clenched the grass, the grass not standing a chance against my strength being fueled with fury. The grass came out and I clenched it in my hand. I looked back over my shoulder at him. “You won't, and will never, live again to see the next day,” I growled and lifted my hand as fast as I could to grab the sword against my neck. I grabbed hold of it, the sword cutting deep into my hands. I knocked it away and turned onto my back, moving my legs in order to trip him. I was able to make him fall, and I sprang up, and held my sword with my left hand. My right hand was no longer able to hold the sword.

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I rushed at him, and he rolled and quickly got up, parrying my blows. I swung my sword left and right, him barely able to block my attacks. I finally got him up against a tree and I aimed a final blow to his head. I swung with all my strength, but failed. He had ducked immediately after landing against the tree, and jumped at me, grabbed me around the waist, and pushed me the ground, knocking the air out of my lungs. He landed a few punches across my face, and my vision was getting blurry.

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He got up and then I heard him yell and sag against the tree.

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I felt someone rush up against my side. He grabbed me by the arms and lifted me up. It was Kid Mental. He had thrown some daggers at Ragetti, pinning him to the tree. There were several in his hands and throat.

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Kid Mental was saying something. "Where's Patrick?" he was asking me.

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I wiped the blood from my mouth with my left hand and then held my face in my hand. "He's dead."

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Kid Mental looked shocked. "What?"

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"He's dead!" I screamed and ran toward to where I had saw Patrick. He wasn't there, but I saw Anton sprawled on the ground, a sword through his stomach. If Patrick wasn't here, was he alive?

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"Patrick!" I screamed and looked around.

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I didn't see him at all.

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Tigerlilly was leaning against a tree, a little blood coming out of her mouth. I could hear very slow breathing.

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I wanted to keep looking for Patrick, a new hope in me that he might be still alive, but I had to check on Tigerilly. I ran over to her and put my hand on her shoulder.

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“Tigerlilly, are you alright?” I asked worriedly.

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Tigerlilly slowly shook her head. “I don't... I don't know, if I'll make it...” she said, coughing her words.

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I peered at her wounds. They were terrible.

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She shook her head again. “Just, try to tie my wounds...”

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So I did as best as I could with my left hand. My right hand was beginning to throb. After I did my best, she laid onto her side.

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“Let me... rest... and if I don't make it... thanks for the fish...” she said, smiling, and her eyes closed.

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“Tigerlilly?” I said, scared. I felt for a pulse and felt one that was going very slow. “I'll be back for you,” I said.

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I walked off, ripping a piece of my shirt off to cover my hand. I looked up and saw Otaku rushing toward me, and I could see she wasn't that wounded, though she had a black eye and some blood across her arm.

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She ran over and helped me wrap my hand. “Aay, thank goodness you're alive,” she said.

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“You too,” I said.

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“Where's Patrick?” she asked.

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“I don't know... I saw him...” I struggled to get the words out without tearing a little, “I saw him lying on the ground covered in blood, but once I got over there, he was gone. So I'm thinking he's alive.”

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Otaku finished wrapping my hand. “Let's hope so.”

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“I'm going to keep looking,” I said. I pointed to Tigerlilly. “She needs help really bad,” I said.



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Otaku nodded her head and rushed to Tigerlilly.

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I believe our side had won. We didn't have that many deaths. In fact, it was only Assasin, I believe, so far.

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Whoever that was left on the other side had escaped. I could see the bodies of Li and the wizards covered in bow and arrows.

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Kid Mental had a few bruises on his face, and blood on his arm. Crimson and his friends weren't that hurt, them working as a group. Twaksak was limping toward us.

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I ran back to Otaku to ask about Assassin.

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She shook her head. "He's almost dead. He told me to go help other people. I don't know if he's alive still."

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I nodded and ran to Assassin. I fell to my knees and inspected his wounds.

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"Who-s there-e...?" Assassin sputtered.

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"It's Aay," I said, tears beginning to well up.

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He gave a chuckle, but it was rough, and it ended up as a cough. "I did my duty, Lady Aay, and I hope

that you-u will succeed-d in you-ur ways...”

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I grabbed his hand. “I thank you, Assassin, for being my protector. I didn't talk much to you and I hardly saw you, but... Thank you...”

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“I was hon-onnored, to guard, a per-son, like you,” he mumbled and then breath left him.

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I closed my eyes and a tear came out. I then opened my eyes, put Assassin's sword in his hand, and rested it on his stomach. “Rest with Saradomin, Assassin.”

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I stood up and walked toward the others.

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I heard a crack, like a bone breaking, and I turned to see Ozzy fighting the last person. He was using Kung-fu against him, and he had broken the man's neck. He headed over here, but not before picking up a body. I looked at him sadly. It was Nick Yang. I don't think Nick Yang was dead, but he had a wound on his stomach. Megamickel survived with hardly any injuries, as had Webbuu, though he had a little wrap around his arm, which he had probably been shot with an arrow. Jack was carrying Gopher on his shoulder, whom seemed unconscious, but not dead. Silver was coming upon us as a puma and she transformed back into human and rushed over to help the wounded. Sara had stayed close to the children who couldn't do anything but watch the bloodshed. She had protected them with all her strength, and with that, none of them had been wounded. She herself didn't have that many wounds. Blitzer and Spirit were the last one coming up to us, carrying Calladus, who was passed out with a wrap around his head. Twaksak was a little ways behind them, and he was holding his arm, which appeared to be broken.

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“Where's Patrick?” Blitzer asked. I could hear the worry in his voice.

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I shook my head and was about to burst into tears.

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“I'm here.”

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I turned and saw Patrick standing there, holding his side. He was still covered in blood, and he had tons of bruises upon his arms.

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“Patrick?” I whispered, and then finally tears did come. I ran to him and gathered him in a hug, careful not to hurt his wounds.

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He coughed and tried to hug me back. He sort of sagged against me. “Aay, thank goodness you're alright,” he said. He sighed and looked at the others. “Thank you, all of you.” He looked gravely toward Assassin and whispered thank you to him.

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I inspected Patrick's wounds. He had a deep cut at his side, and his arms had little burn marks everywhere. Those must have been from the fire bolts. His face was swollen, most likely from having a fistfight with Anton or somebody else.

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Patrick started walking with an arm about my waist. He stopped in front of everyone. “We need to get to a medical center,” he said.

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Tigerlilly, who was alive and awake, said groggily, "There are none around here, Patrick." Tigerlilly was leaning up against Otaku, who was struggling to keep her upright. Silver went over to help carry her.

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Patrick sighed. "Let's just make use of the supplies in the house," he said.

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The rest of the day, we spent bathing wounds and tried to find some sort of bandage to wrap all the wounds. We brought Assassin on one of the beds, and we piled the rest of the beds into the biggest rooms so we could watch over all the people who were wounded. Tigerlilly, Gopher, Calladus, and Nick Yang were all on the beds, bathed and their wounds had been covered.

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The kids stayed in one room all together.

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Patrick decided that he would close his clan. He decided it was all to early for them to come to Runescape, and they would just have to come to Runescape as normal noobs and learn on Tutorial

Island. Patrick had looked pained when he said all this, but he said it was for the best. He should do it.

The rest of the people, on the other hand... They would go living on their normal lives. They would still live around here or go back to Varrock. Megamickel and Webbuu had left to find some horses to pull carts with their belongings. The ones who could teleport back were going to do that, and the ones who couldn't were just going to make the day long journey back to Varrock.

The children were sent home, some crying when they found out it was going to be closed. But as Patrick said, it was for the best. Alica, Calina, and Pez were the most heartbroken. They were the last ones to leave, and they were the most emotional. It took them forever to leave. All the kids would give us a note to say if they arrived at their homes safely, and eventually, they all did arrive safely.

We were all headed to Varrock not a week later, Calladus, Gopher, and Nick Yang who had all healed safely. Tigerlilly would stay there, for it was her home, and she had her own clan to co-run. Sara, Twaksak, Crimson, Lta, and Greenwolf would also be staying there too, because they also lived there. We all said an emotional goodbye to them, for we had been through a lot together.

Now Patrick, Ozzy, Megmickel, Webbuu, Blitzter, Spirit, Silver, Kid Mental, Gopher, Calladus, Nick Yang, Jack, Otaku, and I were headed to Varrock, to home. We were all very excited about being back.

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Patrick and I talked to the King of Varrock, and he apologized for everything that happened, and he congratulated all of us for the final defeat of the clan that started with Sir Dark and Lady Scarlet, and eventually ended with Dav. Amik Varze apologized greatly for me for letting Shadow go with us and protecting me. I said it was alright, for I and him both thought that he could change.

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And now, it was just Patrick and I, walking through the bare Varrock. The sun was setting and everyone was off to bed. It had been several months since I met Patrick, and it seems like they have just sort of passed by. But I'm grateful for the days that I've spent with Patrick and the others. They became my friends, and stayed my friends even after they learned the truth.

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"Patrick," I asked him. "Are you glad it's over?"

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Patrick sighed. "Greatly," he said.

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I leaned my head against his shoulder. "So am I."  
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"But there is one thing I'm not satisfied with," Patrick said.  
</p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
"And what's that?"  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
"I'm trying to get the guts to ask a certain lady if..."  
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
"If...?"  
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He stopped and looked at me. "If she'll spend the rest of her life by my side."

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My face turned a deep red and I looked down at my feet. Then I gathered the courage, and looked back up to him.

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Patrick's piercing blue eyes looked questioning, and he stared intently in my eyes. "What would her answer be?"

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I stood on my toes and kissed him lightly.

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"Yes."

</p></div>

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<b>Gah! Corny ending!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!</b>

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<b>Since the `new story' thing says not to submit author note chapters, I'm going to add them here. It. Will. Be. Long.</b><b></b>

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<b>:cough: here we go!!!! (in no particular order)</b>  
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<font color="Black">Revan Jast: Owner of Assasin. WEEEEEE!!!! I loved ur character!!! At then end mostly, `cause he was great. And I made, at ur request, for your character to be stabbed through the stomach instead of the heart, and he had a small sad chat with Aay. Thank you!!!!</font>  
</p></div>

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<font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/1036938/"></font><u>jhonertwert</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: Owner of Shoeman. ok, so ur character wasn't in there much and he was evil, but at least he was in there, right? Thank you!!</font>

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<font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/955202/"></font><u>abcdinoman</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: wow! You brought my oh dear story to 122 reviews! Well, at least I think you did. XD thanks so much! </font>

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<font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/1010308/"></font><u>Darkness Knight</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: </font><font color="Black"> Owner of Jack.</font><font color="Black"> sorry again for the mishap of your name XD hopefully your satisfied with it! Thank you!</font><font color="Black"></font></p></div>

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<font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/896051/"></font><u>Otaku93</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: </font><font color="Black">Owner of Otaku. </font><font color="Black">how was this last chapter in detail? I thought it sort of went ok... but anyways... I realllllllyyy hoped your ok with your character in the fighting scenes.... Its hard to do those since I'm in first character. Thank you!!!!</font></p></div>

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<font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/881200/"></font><u>Blitzer boy1</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: </font><font color="Black">Owner of Blitzzer.</font><font color="Black">I haven't talked to you for a long, long time. I need to get back on Runescape and have a chat, no? anyways, thanks for the reviews!!!!!!</font></p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; "><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/932122/"></font><u>Kimiko's Cousin</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: </font><font color="Black">Owner of Tigerlilly.</font><font color="Black">woozee! You're such an awesome reviewer XD </font><font color="Black">I didn't kill your character, and I think you might be more happy with that! Thank you!</font><font color="Black"></font></p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; "><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a

href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/853917/"></font><u>Sith</u> Worshipper</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: </font><font color="Black">Owner of Calladus. </font><font color="Black">nooooooo! Sith worshipper? Who's ur fav. Sith? I liked the most original one - Darth Vader XD and also Darth Malak from the game and Xanatos. He was awesome! But anyways, enough about Star Wars... XD thanks for all the reviews! :Cough: back to Star Wars... did you delete your star wars stories? Didn't you write one with Mace Windu living? -\_- if you did, plz continue it! XD rock on! And ur RS story is cool too ;) love it</font></p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White;"><font color="Black">Chad: </font><font color="Black">Owner of Chadrizard. </font><font color="Black">I haven't talked to you for awhile either :tear: but I hope I will soon! I'm sorry your character wasn't really `in' here, but I hope you enjoyed the story! Thank you!</font></p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White;"><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/1000968/"></font><u>questionmarkX4'n'Mr.Mental</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: </font><font color="Black">Owner of Kid Mental, and



owner of Nick Yang. </font><font color="Black">well, what to say? XD I loved ur funky reviews!!!  
</font><font color="Black">I didn't make Nick Yang die, and I'm sorry I didn't add him in much. Forgive me? And I had a hint for me not to go tragic, for some odd reason... it was just a feeling... ?: No. If necessary, Nick Yang can die...Mr. Mental: Not Kid Mental though. THE WORLD NEEDS HUMOUR. CAFFIENE ADDICTED HAMSTERS COME TO ME! COME MY CRAZY FRIENDS! BRING ON THE PARODIES! XD still love the idea. </font><font color="Black">Thank you so much!! </font>  
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<font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/857379/"></font><u>Sentrosi</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: </font><font color="Black">Owner of Lars and Anton. </font><font color="Black">see how hard being a chick on RS is? You can't go one day when getting asked to be ur gf... :sobs: someone even thought I was a guy, and asked me to be their bf... :sobs more: I even was wearing girl clothes... I'm forever scarred from that... thanks for all the reviews!!</font>  
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<font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a

<http://www.fanfiction.net/u/945690/> Owner of Webbu. holy crap, you're so random. Especially with that sugar rush review :sweatdrop: NOOB ATTACK! THEY ARE ARMED WITH TOILET PAPER, SPEAKERS, AND MATH HOMEWORK! NOT THE MATH HOMEWORK! NO-

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<font color="Black">anyways, this is the one time I would attack the noobs. Because they are armed with math homework, and I want to think of no math because its summer now.  
ATTTTTTTTTTTTACCCCCCKKKKKKK!</font>  
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<font color="Black"> Thank you!</font>  
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<font color="Black">Reviewer: :sweatdrop: I know, I know, no sponges, but as you maybe have read in my notes that my story is more applied to life like. Thanks anyways!</font><font color="Black"></font></p></div>

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<font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/953101/"></font><u>Kaiser Aldamon</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: Owner of Crimson, friends owner of Lta and Greenwolf. sorry about you n ur friends not getting in much, it was hard to decided where to put anyone. Thank you!</font></p></div>

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<font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/934862/"></font><u>Zana</u> Magus Taru</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: dammit, I forgot to add your character! I'm SO SORRY! Forgive me! If I write another RS story, I'll include you in it! :sobs: Thank you anyways... :runs off and dies from shame:</font></p></div>

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<font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/570539/"></font><u>Megamickel</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: Owner of Megamickel. I'm sorry about your character too, I didn't add him much. :sobs: Thank you for the reviews!!</font></p></div>

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<font color="Black">Lion of Nightmares: Owner of Silver. I liked the idea of making your character turn into a puma, its really sweet. XD hope your happy with the outcome and thank you!</font><font color="Black"></font>  
</p></div>

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<font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/991973/"></font><u>He-Yan</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: Owner of Sara. I didn't get to know you very well, but anyways, I hope you like your character in this story. Thank you!</font>  
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<font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"></font><font color="Black"><a href="http://www.fanfiction.net/u/891906/"></font><u>Iced Perfection</u><font color="Black"></a></font><font color="Black">: Owner of Li. Yah! An evil chick! They are mostly the

best! (lol no offense guys) I love female villains. </font><font color="Black">And I reallllly hope too that you liked what I did with your character, cause if you don't.... \*sobs\* thank you!</font><font color="Black"></font></p></div>

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; "><font color="Black"><b>And thanks to the wonderful people on fan art central . net!</b></font><font color="Black"><b></b></font></p></div>

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<font color="Black">Twaksak: Owner of Twaksak. Sorry, I didn't add ur character in much either :bows head in shame: but I hoped you liked it! Thank you!</font>

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<font color="Black">Shadowdude: Owner of Shadow. Man, your character was sorta twisted, but I liked him XD Thank you!</font>

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<font color="Black">Rancor125: Owner of Ragetti. I have to say ur character was also sorta twisted, and he was really evil in this story :shivers: </font>  
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<font color="Black">I had 21 people in all review I think... for the Oh Dear II story... but there's more if you include the first Oh Dear story. </font>  
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<font color="Black">DID I MISS ANYONE? JUST SAY IF I DID AND, if I did, I'll bake you some cookies! You pick what type! Though don't ask me how to get them to you... O.o</font>  
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<font color="Black">And I am really thankful to all you guys, sticking up with my complaining and all that.  
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<font color="Black">I really, really, glad I sort of lasted through this, cause this Freshman year has been harsh O.o and my MSN just kicked me out XP anyways, in the Oh Dear story we had 19273, words, 11 chapters, not including the `surprise chapter' aka author's note at the end, and 122 reviews. </font>  
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<font color="Black">For this story, Oh Dear II, I have received 103 reviews, and we might surpass the 122 reviews. But that's just a maybe, because that's a lot of people... This story is around 20, 607 words long, including all the author notes :tears: if only I didn't talk so much, I could give you a precise amount.

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<font color="Black">I started Oh Dear on 01-17-06 and finished 03-15-06. It lasted not that long, didn't it? I started Oh Dear II on 03-30-06 and finished 06-10-06. :tears: again: I strayed too long from it. </font>

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<font color="Black">I will not continue this, I think. Instead, I'll restate this again, that I will make a Oh Dear 1/2 : Aay's Story, and Oh Dear 1/2 Patrick's story. They both have tragic backgrounds, so expect some tragedy, k? Bring a hanky maybe... And they will both be one-shots.</font>  
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<font color="Black">And thanks again for the reviews in Mystic Wind, I know it wasn't related that closely to Runescape, so I need a vote: To remove it, or not to remove?</font>  
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<font color="Black">You choose!</font>  
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<font color="Black">This is close to ten pages... </font>  
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<font color="Black">So I'll end it with these words.</font>  
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<font color="Black">It all started with one lady. \*coughnoobcough\* Her name was Aay. She survived

through tragedy, through pain, through action, and through love. This time in her life, the book is closed. Yet another glance at her childhood, that book will be open. Her life has been harsh, and she has learned still learning several things: Try, *\*coughdoordonotyodasayscough\** and keep trying, until you succeed. Never give up, never surrender, and when you're in trouble, turn to your friends, and learn to love life as much as possible.

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<font color="Black">warrioraayla has signed off.</font>  
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## 14 - Epilogue

**Eh, sorry for all da mistakes in the last chapter& :runs off embarrassed: this is short, cause it is an epilogue ;) it may look long, but half of it is my Author Chatting/Complaining Time!!**

**Well, I also thought the story was complete, but Otaku suggested adding an epilogue of the wedding, so I tried my best.**

I rubbed my hands together. They were sweating greatly underneath my pure white gloves. I had tons of butterflies in my stomach, and I felt like I was going to throw up. I was waiting for Otaku to come in announce that we were ready, and I wasn't being very patient. I was pacing around, moving fast for a person who was in a poofy and heavy dress.

I heard the door open and I swung around. Otaku walked in, grinning. About five minutes till its time.

I groaned and sat down on the chair.

Nervous?

I nodded, cracking my knuckles.

Otaku laughed. You need to calm down. It ll all be fine.

You think so?

Yeah.

With her voice full of reassurance, I felt a little better.



I got up and looked in the mirror, making sure that all was in place. My hair was up in a bun, my bangs all curled and reaching down to my chin. My arms had a long white gloves, and my dress was pure white, as it should be. It poofed out about a foot on each side at the bottom of the dress, and my dress flowed back onto the floor for about two feet. I wore a matching cape that was the same length. My dress was smooth, having no ruffles. It was a short-sleeved gown, only reaching my shoulders. The front wasn't low, thank goodness, but went just below the clavicles. My veil was short, only reaching to my chin. It was held up by an air tiara.

I sighed and looked at Otaku. She was dressed in a light green, the dress almost the same style as mine, just not at all poofy like mine. Her long dark brown hair wasn't up in a bun; it was all curled and put into a braid that flowed down her back.

A knock on the door and Silver opened it. She was dressed in the same attire as Otaku. She grinned and looked at me. Its time.

I was almost sweating buckets and I looked at Otaku. She was smiling and she handed me my bouquet of roses. I cracked my knuckles for the last time, and took the bouquet.

I closed my eyes and breathed deeply. Ok, let's go.

I was a little saddened that I didn't have any father to walk me in. I sighed and stood, waiting for all the maids to go.

I felt someone touch my shoulder and there stood Webbuu.

Why you here, Webbuu? I asked him.

Webbuu looked at me with a gleam in his eye. Since you have no father to walk you down the aisle, will you allow me the honor?

I smiled and tears began to well up. Thank you.

I put my arm through his, and it was my time to go.

I walked through the grand chamber. People were seated to my left and to my right, all standing and smiling. I had a big smile on my face and butterflies still in my stomach.

And then I saw him.

Patrick.

He had a huge smile on his face. His black hair was slicked back, and he was dressed in full rune. He had a flowing green cape that almost reached the ground, and his hands were bare.

I blushed a little, taking my place beside him and smiling back to Otaku, who was my maid in honor.

**(A/N: I don t know much about the wedding stuff& XD and btw my computer wants to change maid into house cleaner &should I let that happen? lol)**

Webbuu stepped off to the side, giving my arm a squeeze in reassurance.

I gave a small smile to him and gazed back to Patrick. He smiled, and held out his arm to walk me up the stairs to the alter. I slipped my arms through his, and we ascended the stairs.

The rest just seemed to be a flash for me. I repeated after the priest, said my vows, as did Patrick, and then the time came.

And do you, Aay, accept Patrick as your husband? (A/N: uhh& I want to write the original thing, when its close to awful umm& I don t think And do you, Aay, accept Patrick for your awfully wedded husband? sounds that great. How is it spelt? :runs off embarrassed again: )

Patrick has already said he did. Now I would follow suit.

I thought of all that happened in my life. The experiences, the friends, the enemies, the hardships, the pain, the betrayels the joy& the friends who ve all been there for me: Otaku, Silver, Spirit, Blitzzer, Kid Mental, Webbuu, Sara, Tigerlilly, Twaksak, Greenwolf, Crimson, Lta, Nick Yang, Gopher, Jack, Megamickel, Ozzy, Calladus, Alica, Calina, Pez& and then I thought of the people who had died when they were with me. Chadrizard and Assasin, people I hardly knew, yet at times I was pained thinking about them.

I thought of the enemies I had, Dav& Lars& Vevil& Shoeman& Anton& Li& Ragetti& Shadow& finally, they were all beaten. I realized that there had been many betrayals in my life. Lars, who betrayed me first, and then Shadow& then another, who appeared early in my life. Whom I didn t want to think about right now.

I thought of how now my life was going. It was going as if anyone would mostly want it to go. Surrounded by your love, your friends& just everything.

Aay&? I heard someone say. It was Kid Mental, standing there with a confused look on his face, looking at me. He had been the ring bearer for our wedding.

I snapped out of my thoughts and saw Patrick gazing into my eyes, never looking away. I realized that I had just been standing there, doing nothing. I gasped and looked around.

Oh dear! I laughed and squeezed his hand. Tears welled up in my eyes, tears of happiness.

Yes, I do.

Patrick grinned and we kissed even before the priest said that you may kiss the bride. That s it then. We were married.

Yes.

I would live the rest of my life with Patrick, my friends& and now, my life& it felt complete& but I know& that it will continue. My story will continue.

I had thrown my bouquet, and I didn t know who caught it. Patrick and I were running down the aisle, him then picking me up, and the doors opened, and we walked out& into our new life.

**READ THIS IF YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT FUTURE PROJECTS OF MINE!!**

**OMG I had no clue how to end this. I struggled greatly with it and am not at all pleased with it. Tell me what you think!**

**Oh Dear: Aay s Story is ALMOST complete, I just need to edit it and the info I need I can t access on this account, so I ll do it tomorrow, I guess. Patrick s will probably soon follow after Aay s.**

**Oh Dear III? Possibly. I actually have a storyline for one& but FIRST I want to finish the rest of the one-shots, I have 4 to complete, including Aay s and Patricks, the other two being from the Knights of the Old Republic game, both going to be humor packed, I hope. And then I want to start my Inuyasha story that I have started to plan out. I m hoping that Inuyasha story will be my first 20 chapter one and over 100,000 words. Its going to be full of detail and tons of plots, I hope. Its mostly of a project for me. Though, I have to say, that 100,000 words is a HUGE goal, and so I m aiming for 50,000 instead. I ve only achieved about 90,000 words on this thing& poeey.**

**Well, I appreciate all your reviews. After I was gone for 5 days in D.C. the total amount of the reviews raised to 134& I mean, wow. Thanks all you guys n gals, that s the most I ve received, ever. And when I began Oh Dear I thought in the 30 s was high ;)**

**Ah, man, I hate that damn backspace key& its going so slow& XD and I think Blitzer might know how annoying it can be, cause I always used to mess up and get out of the miniclips page.**

**This is getting long again& so, review, and cookies and coffee for all. (ok, for those of you who don t like coffee can having something else. You choose.)**

**If you want to see a picture of Aay, by me, go to my profile (on fanfiction.net) and look at the links at the bottom, and I ll also link to another drawing I got, drawn by Twaksak, a beautiful pic of Aay and Patrick. (if that s ok with you, Twaksak!) I tried to draw Aay in her dress in Oh Dear, but I haven t succeeded in getting what I wanted. I did once, but that was on a whiteboard and huge.**

**Thank you fanfiction.net and fanart-central.com for not blocking the updating story thing, but I hate Integrity for blocking the new stories button on both sites, and for blocking the art submissions in any way. And for blocking almost every single button on fanfiction.net. In truth, I HATE YOU! (Integrity) :runs off, cursing and crying:**



**If you have drawn your character or wish to make your own character story related to this story, go ahead. :D**

I woke up Sunday morning and looked up on the wall. The skeeters and the bedbugs were having a game of ball. The score was 19-20, the skeeters were ahead, the bedbugs hit a homerun and knocked me out of bed! I'm singin'...enney meeny and a miny moe moe moe moe, catch a wiker-waker by his toe and if he HOLLERS, HOLLERS, HOLLERS, let him go, I'm singin' enney meeny and a miny moe! My dad gave me a nickel, my mom gave me a dime, my sister gave me a boyfriend that kisses me all the time. I'm singin'...enney meeny and a miny moe moe moe moe, catch a wiker-waker by his toe and if he HOLLERS, HOLLERS, HOLLERS, let him go, I'm singin' enney meeny and a miny moe! My dad took back the nickel, my mom took back the dime, my sister took back the boyfriend and gave me frankenstien! I'm singin'...enney meeny and a miny moe moe moe moe, catch a wiker-waker by his toe and if he HOLLERS, HOLLERS, HOLLERS, let him go, I'm singin' enney meeny and a miny moe! My mother was a robber, my father was a spy, I opened up my big mouth and told the F.B.I.! I'm singin'...enney meeny and a miny moe moe moe moe, catch a wiker-waker by his toe and if he HOLLERS, HOLLERS, HOLLERS, let him go, I'm singin' enney meeny and a miny moe!

**XD that s a crazy review. What s the tune to it like?**

**Warrioraayla has logged off.**

