

Over Shadow

By Alexander O.

Erick yelped. He thought he saw eyes deep in the bushes. He tapped the small gray rock embedded in the side of the knife. He had learned the stone actually held a small source of magic, and he always kept a small amount inside in case of an emergency. The stone glowed, and the sword formed in his hands.

“Whoa, whoa, mister. It’s just wildlife,” Mallory whispered.

He looked at her, and then nodded. He slowly sat down, keeping his eyes peeled. He finally relaxed enough to lie down and close his eyes. As his head hit the ground, he tried to block out the noise of the forest and its dangers.

It didn’t work.

Only an hour after Mallory fell asleep, Erick was kidnapped. He had been staring at the stars, trying to find the Big Dipper, when he heard the clank of metal. He sat up, his hands fumbling with his sword. He heard the sound again, yet closer and louder.

He turned to Mallory, who was blissfully snoring. He jostled her, trying to wake her from her slumber. But before he could call her name, a small hand reached around his throat and covered his mouth. He groaned, trying to get her attention. But of course, she slept like a hibernating polar bear. He felt another hand press against his collarbone, and he slumped to

the ground, not making a single sound in the noisy night.