



Forgotten

By Aria Marcellino

Pralogue

A

demon and a girl were sitting in a field of gray grass. The blood red sky was

dotted with black shadow birds taking flight above them. The girl stood up and leaned against a lone tree and stepped out into the fading light, looking at her reflection in the lake.

"Please, come with me. We can escape from all of this! We do not belong here," the demon pleaded.

The girl sighed. They'd had this argument several times before.

"Then where *do* we belong? We are The Forgotten, remember? We were abandoned from the only place that we could ever 'belong,'" she snapped.

He put his hand on the girl's shoulder, but she shrugged it off.

"My dear angel," he smiled, "you don't understand, where you belong is with-"

"Listen, Hellion. I do not want to harm you, but we don't belong together. For the love of Aoede, I still have not achieved my First Flight!"

"I can help you," he promised.

"You have helped enough, thank you. I'm sure my mother would agree with me if you hadn't-"

They both turned sharply when the alarm sounded from town. Her face growing red, the girl dashed to town as fast as she could, but the demon glided by on his golden wings. Mouthing "I'm sorry" to the girl, he soared over to the central plaza to hear the announcement.

Eventually, the girl made it to the plaza just as the demon was landing on the opposite side of the square. The plaza was split in half, directly in the center of the city, dividing the Celestials from the Hellions. On the Celestial side, the bricks were made of silver and sapphire, while the Hellion side was gold and obsidian. Angels and Demons by the thousands landed gracefully on their side of the city, most with two wings, others with as many as four or six. Angels like the girl, who hadn't earned their first pair of wings yet, were traveling by foot.

The girl looked up at the central fountain. As usual, half of it ran with blood and the other half had water. Hovering above it was the judge of all of the Forgotten World. Although he was a Celestial, everybody, including the Hellions, respected him. He was the elder of the entire Forgotten race, being over eight hundred Earth years old. He appeared old and frail, but he still had the strength to destroy the entire city while simply lifting a finger.

His six silver wings' quiet beating was the only noise until he finally spoke.

"Celestials, to the chapel with me! Hellions," he paused, as if he were holding back from

destroying them, “to Sallow’s Shrine. Now!”

Everybody scattered, panic filling the air. A blonde angel landed on the ground next to the girl.

“This cannot be good...” he said, retracting his four wings.

“Have they ever split us up for an announcement before?” the girl asked.

“No,” the angel looked down, “Not since the...”

“Oh... Do you think...?”

“Yes.”

He looked up at the girl with his solemn grey eyes.

“No,” she said, reading his mind, “I’m not running.”

“I’m supposed to look after you!”

“There has to be some other way!”

“You *will* run. It is the only way to ensure your safety.”

“No! I don’t want to be safe if it means being a coward!”

“You’re making this difficult for me...”

“Good,” she snapped, and ran to the chapel.

The angel groaned and ran after her, mumbling, “I didn’t want to have to do this, Elae...”

Chapter One

A decorative flourish consisting of elegant, flowing cursive lines that form a stylized, abstract shape, possibly representing the initials 'EP'.

ear a busy street was a fallen teenage girl, unexplainable deep scars marking

her entire body, nothing but a ragged cloth covering her. The filthy alley she lied in was abandoned, except for a few rats. There was no natural light, only the shine of hundreds of cars in the street. The girl's long, bronze colored hair reflected the lights, giving the area around her an orange glow.

For a split second, the air was filled with all too familiar screams. Silver and gold lights clashed against each other. Flames filled the girl's vision, snaking up her silk dress. At first she tried to fight, to help. But she was too young, too unpracticed, too weak. Helpless and afraid, she had crumbled.

The memory seemed too real.

But then... Was it a memory? Or just a dream?

The girl's eyes flashed open to the sound of her own shriek, one familiar word echoing in her head: *Elae*. She stood shakily, leaning against a slimey brick wall. She studied her arms, her delicate fingers tracing her wounds. Looking around her slowly, she took in the scene, absorbing every detail.

She was standing next to an old rusty dumpster. Her bare feet felt numb and cold on the pavement. Her small, destroyed garment was barely hanging on her thin frame. Dust was caught in her eyelashes, making it even harder for her to keep her eyes open. She felt exhausted, but couldn't remember why. Even now the memories seemed to be fading away. She strained to remember her dream. All she could remember was "Elae." What did it mean? Was it some odd language? A name? Name... What was hers? So many questions filled her head, increasing her headache.

Shaking her head, she looked up at the alley again. She watched curiously as rats scurried through the brick alleyway, accompanied by a boney cat. One end of the alley led to a busy street. Flickering street lamps added to the immense light of the dozens of cars' headlights. The light blinded the girl, so she shaded her eyes and turned the other way. The alley seemed to go on forever, with only a fading lamp lighting the way. Leaning on the wall, she stumbled out into the darkness.

It had now been several minutes of traveling blindly through the long alley. At times she

noticed doors and dim lights. She shaded her eyes as she stumbled into the sunlight. Now able to see properly, she observed the scars on her arms.

They were gone.

A numb sensation crept from the small of her back to all of her body. Her knees buckled. She had one last look up at the fading sun before she felt an arm wrap around her body.

The girl couldn't believe the courtesy of the woman that brought her in. The woman had taken her to the hospital, where the doctor, a short man with salt-and-pepper hair, had told her she collapsed of exhaustion and dehydration, and that she should recover quickly. The only bad sign was her amnesia. Now she was in her hospital bed, waiting to find out what they were going to do about her. They wouldn't keep her locked up in the hospital, would they?

She shivered at the thought. She needed to see the sky, and her four-by-four window didn't count.

Sitting up in her stiff bed, she felt as if she were in a prison. The girl roamed around the room, running her fingers along the edge of the light blue counter. She played delicately with a duck bobble head for a moment, but eventually grew impatient and strode over to the door. She quietly looked out the door and silently opened it, letting in the horrible stench of medicines and anesthetics. Brushing her hair back, the girl snuck out of the room and instinctively turned right.

Nothing seemed at all familiar, but she somehow knew exactly where she was going. Only one image was fresh in her mind: the setting sun casting an orange glow on the clouds.

She was starting to quicken her pace until she was running as fast as she could. She heard some voices behind her, including the voice of her doctor. Everything blurred together as she sprinted to the doors. Bursting into the clean air, she gulped it all in. Her short hospital gown blew in the wind, which hit her skin like a bunch of pins. She squinted at the sun as it was starting to leave for the night. She turned to see four people standing at the doors, the doctor, his expression unreadable, was standing next to an older woman, probably in her seventies, who was dressed in a yellow floral dress and white pearls. Standing on either side of them were two hospital workers, wearing blue shirts and white pants, breathing heavily.

Chapter Two

G

enerally, the hospital keeps their patients in the hospital for a while before they

let them out, but they had let the girl out immediately. Only nine days had passed since the incident at the hospital, and after being unable to find any relatives of the girl, they allowed her to live with the woman who found her. They had silently boarded the woman's 1966 Plymouth Fury. After a long silence, the woman had told the girl her name; Monica. They struck up a conversation, Monica revealing that she was married to a stubborn but loving man named Terrence, that she'd had difficulties growing her daffodils recently, and many other little things about her life. The girl listened intently to every word, every now and then smiling and saying things like, "I can't wait to meet him," and "I'm sure you'll have more luck soon." Monica had seemed genuinely enthused to be with her, which made the girl elated to the point of practically giggling.

The girl was now outside on the sidewalk. She strode along, listening to her sandals kick up small stones, her cream knee-length dress brushing against her fair skin. A few blocks away from the house, she looked back and enjoyed a deep breath.

She was now facing towards a quiet neighborhood. Quaint houses lined a vacant road. There were a few dim lamps outside. Many of the homes were decorated with flowers, except for one curious looking house. It was dark purple with a black roof and black accents on the windows and door. The grass in the small lawn in front was more grey than green. Nothing decorated the house but a small bush of brilliant red roses that seemed completely unaffected by whatever caused the lawn's death.

Next to the dark house, there was a more quaint looking home. It was a one-story, light yellow home with a white roof. On each of the windowsills there were lively daffodils that perfected the homey feel of the house. Monica exited the house with an oven mitt in her hand.

"Elae!" the woman called, brushing crumbs off of her apron.

The girl started back to the house. Along the way, she watched the local fauna flitting between pine trees, nibbling at grass, and scurrying around bushes. Hearing a breath behind her, the girl spun around and nearly knocked over an odd looking man. He was almost a half a foot taller than the girl, maybe about six foot two, and wore a well tailored black suit jacket with dark jeans. The girl was given the impression that on anybody else the outfit would look horrible, but it made the man even more attractive. On closer inspection, she saw that the man was actually a boy, about her age, maybe 16. His raven hair streamed through the air in the harsh

wind, and, in the shadows of his face mostly shaded by his hair, his eyes looked like a dark color, seemingly purple, with a few golden flecks. A snide smile crept across his glamorous features, making the girl jump back in embarrassment after realising how long she'd been staring.

"I-I'm so sorry! I just didn't see you and I-" she started until he cut her off.

"No, it's my fault. I didn't mean to-" he stopped abruptly when the girl brushed away her hair.

She looked curiously at him with her grey eyes.

When he didn't get the expected reaction, he asked, "Have we met before?"

"Not that I know of..." the girl responded, studying him for a moment. He did look familiar... Maybe he was a friend of hers? A relative?

"Elae! Dinner's ready!" Monica yelled.

The girl turned to the house for a moment, then back to the boy, "I should go."

"Elae's your name? Ah," he looked over to the house, "so you're the mystery girl who moved in with Monica. Well, I hope to run into you again soon," he started off towards the odd purple house, walking backwards and still facing Elae, "But hopefully not literally next time," He winked and turned gracefully, leaving the girl twirling her hair and biting her lip.

She laughed and headed off to Monica's house. She looked to the boy's house, and wished she'd asked for his name.

"Elae? Could you pass the chicken, dear?" Monica asked, taking Elae's attention from the window facing the violet house.

"Hmm? Oh, sure," she handed the chicken over Terrence, who was intent on reading his newspaper while eating instead of joining any form of conversation. Then again, not that Elae was doing much better.

She looked back out the window. The boy she met earlier was in his bedroom on the top floor just laying in his bed. Elae felt a bit like a stalker watching him, but she couldn't help absorbing every detail about his home. His bed sheets were gold in color and the bedframe was fancy and black. He had shed his coat and his purple undershirt was unbuttoned slightly, showing his lean but muscular chest. The boy had been intently reading a book since Elae saw him through the window. When he lifted his head, the girl quickly turned to her plate and tried to keep from blushing. He looked through the sliding doors leading to his terrace and smiled and Elae, then turned back to his book. She shyly looked back at him and was disappointed to see he wasn't looking back.

"That boy brings trouble everywhere he goes," Terrence mumbled.

"Huh?" Elae turned to him.

"Damon, that boy you've been so secretly spying on," he nodded to the boy, who was now smirking at Elae.

"I wasn't spying on him!" She defended herself and stood up. She peeked back at the boy, but he was out of sight.

"Well, it's getting late, so... I should head to bed now," she got up, placed her dishes in

the sink, and ran up the wooden stairs to her small closet of a room.

Sitting down on her mattress, she sighed and picked up her notebook. She started to sketch the image she'd seen in her head so many times before. Her dull pencil created a long, curving line sprouting from a man's muscled back. She looked outside her window and saw a raven perched on Damon's windowsill. Studying the bird's plumage, the sketch started to take shape, first the delicate but powerful muscles, then the details on the feathers...

And there. It was finished. Elae studied her work for a moment before laying down lazily on her bed and drifting off to a comfortable nap.

Chapter Three

E

agles!” preppy girls shouted, twirling their pompoms, “That’s right! Come on team,

let’s fight! We just cannot be beat! Yeah, we’re going for victory! Gooooo, Eagles!”

Elae looked around her in awe of the high school. Pulling at her navy blue and gold skirt, she observed the jocks flirting with chics who did nothing but suppress giggles and smack their bubblegum, goth loners rocking out to their ipods alone, and what must have been thousands of backpacks of different shapes, styles, and colors. Boys tried to impress the girls by jumping on top of the concrete walls of the stairwell to the school doors, many of them falling in the attempt.

“Have fun, Elae! And good luck!” Monica shouted as she drove away.

Grasping her book bag strap, Elae took her first steps into the cream walls of Olympic High. Blue lockers lined most of the hallway, except for the doors leading to classrooms and janitor’s closets. At the end of the hallway there was a mural of an eagle in flight, its navy blue feathers accented by a yellow beak and claws. Many of the students seemed to stretch the dress code as far as possible, girls adding jeans or tights under their skirts and sparkly scarves covering the professional school ties, and boys unbuttoning their shirts slightly to reveal muscles, or adding shiny belts and necklaces to attract attention.

“Elae!” A familiar voice called from behind her, making her whip around and smack into him.

“It appears we’ve run into each other again,” Damon stated, picking up Elae’s fallen bag, “But I had hoped it would be less damaging this time.”

She laughed and took the bag, her hand brushing his for a moment before a crowd of girls swarmed him. A hand grabbed her shoulder and tore her from the crowd.

“Listen, newbie! You are to stay away from my Damon. He’s *mine*, do you hear me?” a preppy girl yelled.

The prep’s red hair fell down her back elegantly, surprisingly not tangling in her large gold hoop earrings. She wore several jangly gold bracelets and a yellow belt around her waist.

“But I wasn’t-” Elae started.

“No! You don’t get to talk. Just stay the freak away from my man!”

Another, less-manicured hand grabbed the prep’s.

“Leave the new kid alone, would you, Kristi?”

Elae looked at the girl grabbing Kristi’s hand. She was a tall, sporty blond and her voice was monotone.

“And by the way,” the blonde added, “Damon’s not yours.”

Kristi shot the blond a glare before whirling around and prancing back to her clique.

“Thanks,” Elae said.

“No prob. You’re the new kid, right? Elle was it?”

“Elae.”

“Eh, I was close enough. Look, talking to Damon’s dangerous with his fan club here, so-”

“Fan club?”

The blond laughed, “Yeah, that prep’s the president. It’s insane.”

Elae nodded.

“Oh, you haven’t told me your name!” she blurted.

“It’s Dakota. I know, girly, right?”

“Not at all! I think it’s beautiful!”

Dakota grinned at Elae for a moment before the bell interrupted them. Dakota started off down the hall, then paused and looked at Elae, who was just standing there and looking around her.

“What class do you have first?” Dakota asked over the noise of the hallway.

Elae fumbled through her bag until she found a thick purple binder. Flipping through the binder, she found her schedule.

“Umm... Oh, here,” she pointed to her first hour class, “Art class in room... B127. With Mrs... Peacock?”

“Lucky you! I have art, too. Let’s go.”

She grabbed Elae’s arm and dragged her swiftly through the crowd in the hallway until they reached a wall almost completely covered by varying qualities of artwork. There were human and animal sketches, 3D home design drawings, abstract paintings, and tons of other crafts. Even the door was covered with so much art, Elae could not tell what the door itself looked like.

“It may not look it, but this is the art area,” Dakota said sarcastically.

They both walked into the room and were instantly met with the smells of paint and glue. About twenty other students were chatting at their tables and counters while who Elae assumed to be Mrs. Peacock sat at her desk. There were cabinets and shelves filled with pencils and pens, markers and colored pencils, paints and brushes, rulers and scissors, and even more materials. Several drawers were labeled “glue,” “paper,” et cetera. On each of the tables and counters was a large lump of grey clay.

As the bell rang, Dakota took Elae to a blue counter in the back corner.

“Good morning class!” the teacher said happily as she sat up onto her white desk, “As I’m sure you’ve noticed, we have a new classmate today!”

She looked down at her clipboard for a moment and twirled her dark hair.

“Ella?” she tried.

“El-ay,” Elae corrected.

“My apologies,” she said sincerely while getting down from her counter and brushing dust off her grey skirt.

She made her way to one of the front tables and took a piece of clay.

“Today, we will be learning to sculpt a three dimensional drawing, using the sketches you prepared last week. Elae, you can choose to either print off a picture from the internet or choose a student to work with.”

Elae quickly dug through her bag and pulled out her yellow sketchbook.

"I have a drawing with me I could use," she offered.

Mrs. Peacock looked at the sketch for a moment, then exclaimed, "Did you draw this?"

Elae blushed and shrugged.

"Well, you can certainly use this!" the teacher said, "Ok! Get to work, everyone! You have one week to get the sculpture done. Next week we're painting them."

"Nice angel drawing," Dakota said, kneading her clay, "But how are you going to sculpt something that detailed?"

Elae mimicked her friend's movements with the clay.

"I'll just figure it out as a go along, I guess. Why? What are you making?"

Dakota gestured to her notebook, which was open to a drawing of a lyre.

"It's beautiful!" Elae exclaimed.

Dakota shrugged.

"I'm sure it'll be lovely when you shape it," she continued.

Elae started creating the basic form of her sculpture, starting with the head in order to get the rest in proportion. A hot breath on her neck made her turn around sharply, destroying her progress with the clay.

"I see someone's jumpy today," Damon remarked and gestured to the stool next to Elae, "Mind if I sit here?"

Before Elae could respond, a blonde boy behind her snapped, "Yes, she does. Please get back to your project which you seemed to have failed to start, as usual."

The boy's voice showed no emotion, and it was as smooth as silk and gave Elae a warm feeling. His hair was a light shade of blonde and his eyes were silver, matching Elae's almost perfectly. His uniform fit a little tightly on his muscular arms and chest, but at the same time he didn't look huge. His expression was even, but Elae could tell there was a story between the two boys.

Damon casually slipped a piece of paper into Elae's shirt pocket and winked at her before heading to his own seat.

"Sup, Elliot?" Dakota leaned back on the counter.

She brushed her long bangs from her face, showing her bright green eyes. Elliot ignored her flirting and turned to Elae.

"Elae. Hi," he said. He seemed to be expecting a specific reaction from her, but when it didn't come, he asked, "Was Damon bothering you?"

Disappointed, Dakota slipped down in her stool and went back to work on her clay.

"Oh! No, not at all!" Elae said.

A warm smile emerged on Elliot's handsome features. He turned swiftly and headed out the door right in time with the bell, leaving Elae sitting there, clay in her hands, her face hot.

Chapter Four

L

ater that day, Elae thought about her first day of school.

She had gone out of her way the rest of the school day to watch Elliot and Damon, usually apart, but sometimes hysterically together; they couldn't get within sight of each other without Elliot glaring and Damon sneering, until they saw Elae; they would either calm down or become even more enraged at each other, exchanging looks that appeared to say so much more than their words ever did. Once, Elae bursted out laughing at the hilarity of their opposition, which made them both turn to her and blush, then silently walk away from each other. Neither of them had actually approached her for the rest of the day until later that night.

Elae was now laying outside on a hammock in her backyard, adding more details to her angel sketch.

"You might want to give your notebook a break every once in a while; I think it's been worked enough lately," Damon commented from his balcony, perched on the railing.

Elae laughed and closed her notebook, sitting up in the hammock.

"Sorry about today. That was no way to start of your first day of school," he said. She paused for a moment.

"Wait, how did you--" she started.

"I mean first day of highschool," he corrected, flipping his bangs to the side. She nodded and glanced over to his bush of crimson roses.

"Want to come over and see them?"

"Huh?"

"The roses."

"Oh, right! I'd love to!"

Elae set her notebook down on the wet grass and trotted over to the white fence separating their lawns, and effortlessly jumped over it.

Still on his balcony, Damon smiled and slid down into his house.

Elae crouched down next to the roses just as Damon was coming out through his door. He knelt next to her and plucked a shining rose from the bush and held it out to Elae. She looked in awe at the beautiful rose, studying where the tips of the petals grew lighter until they were white. In awe of the flower, she held out her hand to take it gently.

"*Damon!*" Elliot roared from Damon's house.

Damon got up, still holding the rose. They glared at each other for a bit until Elae spoke.

“Elliot? Not to be rude, but why are you here?”

“Because he lives here,” Damon answered, his eyes not wavering from their hold on Elliot.

Elae was going to ask how they would manage to be near each other, let alone live together, without murdering one another, but, judging by the looks on Damon and Elliot’s faces, this would not be a good time to ponder such things.

“Put it down,” Elliot said.

Damon snickered and stood his ground.

“Now,” Elliot commanded.

Elae saw a flash of silver cross Elliot’s eyes for a moment. With a final smirk, Damon strode over to Elliot and pressed the rose on Elliot’s chest, then headed inside. Elliot threw the rose on the ground, where it crumbled to ashes and blew away in the wind.

Elae was left alone in Damon’s yard, staring at the spot where the rose had hit the wooden porch. Looking up, she saw a long, shining golden feather floating down from Damon’s bedroom window, where the curtains were closed, but she could hear Damon and Elliot fighting.

She gently caught the feather in her hands. She instinctively pressed the soft plume to her lips and closed her eyes.

Elae was suddenly in a shadowy forest. All of the trees were a solid black and the sky was blood red. The ground was dark grey, and the less-than-dead grass was a lighter shade of grey. She ventured out to an open area, where the black forest transitioned into a rocky cliff. Elae looked over at a girl sitting on the edge of the cliff, and watched the whole thing.

The girl stood up, closing her eyes and enjoying the rush of the wind in her long hair. She took one step forward, then another...

“No!” Elae yelled, her voice echoing eerily through the empty space.

The girl didn’t hear her, and finally her foot found no ground. Elae jumped to save the girl, but her hand went straight through the girl’s leg. Elae watched in horror as the girl almost hit the ground, until a golden-winged man swooped in and wrapped his arms around her waist, his sandal scraping the ground as he carried her back into the sky. The girl giggled and turned to hug the one holding her. She gently brushed away his raven hair and revealed his deep purple and gold eyes.

“Damon?” Elae exclaimed.

The girl laughed before going in for a kiss. That was when Elae realised: that girl was her. She started to feel lightheaded, and collapsed.

She fell over the edge of the cliff just before she heard her own scream from above her.