

*Misconception Mayhem*

Grades: 6-8

“Mom!” Arianna watched as her mother struggled in the shackles to get to her. Little did Arianna know, this would be her final moment with her mother on this godforsaken earth.

“Draco don’t do this! She needs someone in her life!” Her mother shrieked as the cloaked man appeared from the shadows of the bricked room, clutching a dagger.

“Yes Primsa, she does, but she doesn’t need you!”

The dagger plunged into Primsa’s stomach before a shriek belted from both Primsa and Arianna, but her mother’s screams were cut short before her last breath escaped her lungs. Arianna prayed back to back that her mother’s still chest would begin its natural pace again, but all hopes of that were diminished once Draco knelt before Primsa and closed the eyes of the now dead woman.

That was it; Arianna had lost her mother to these cloaked figures, and they were soon surrounding her. She couldn’t flee the scene seeing as she was also attached to shackles: tight, rusted shackles that began to embed prints into her wrists. The pain coming from her wrists was minor compared to the pain that weighed heavily on her heart. The lifeless body of Arianna’s mother portrayed itself as a painful reminder that she was really gone, just a part of her past. Even with all the pain Arianna was taking in, not a single tear stained her pink cheeks. She wouldn’t allow it because she knew she had to be strong for her mother that was now watching over her.

“Oh sweet, sweet Arianna, I am so sorry you had to see that,” Draco cooed to the poor defenseless girl.

“No you’re not, you scum bag!”

“Now, now. Is that any way to talk to your savior?”

“I’m telling you now, Draco, you will regret the day you ever took from me.” Arianna spat.

She needed him to understand that she was now burning with hatred towards him.

“Oh see, sweetheart, I can’t take from those who have nothing.”

Before either of the two could speak more, the south wall came crashing down. Dust consumed the air, and it became near impossible to see. The only thing Arianna could make out through the dust was the outline of figures, both running to and from her. They approached from the dust into Ari’s field of view. The two people stood a good six feet tall above her and sported worried eyes. Eyes that matched hers.

“Hold still! We’ll get you out of here,” the one to the right spoke before the other figure raised his hand and a blue ball of light ejected itself from the boy’s palm, into one of the shackles, and then the next. Arianna sat still for a mere moment taking in what had happened, but yet finding no explanation for what she had witnessed.

One of the boys scooped her from the cold floor of the chamber, and ran fast. The running seemed to almost completely stop at one point and the feeling of flight took over.

“Sleep Ari, we’ll be there soon,” a voice spoke.

With those simple words sleep seemed to become Ari’s best friend before it took her under.

Only moments seemed to pass before Ari found herself opening her eyes to be met by the sun’s bright rays that spilled from the window pane. Checking more of her surroundings, Ari stood from the couch she was laying on to inspect the room. A green couch stood directly across from her with two small oakwood tables posted on each side of the couch. A marble fireplace decorated with picture frames resided on the east wall making the room complete and cozy. The room was not only beautiful, but brought a sense of comfort and safety over the petite girl.

The squeak of a floorboard caught Ari's attention. When she turned to meet the source of the noise, she was met by a beautiful boy who she recognized as one of the boys who had saved her from the chamber just hours ago. His eyes shined brighter without the dust covering them, and his olive skin was more defined in the sunlight.

"Dad, she's awake!" He called over his shoulder.

In just a few seconds the sound of feet padding the floor filled the silence of the house, and two more men appeared next to the beautiful boy. Each of the men shared the same eyes and looked identical to one another. The blonde-haired male was the first to step forward, and once he did, he immediately engulfed Ari in his embrace, followed by the other two.

"Ow," She squeaked as the embrace tightened a bit.

"Oh, sorry."

All of the men stepped away from her at once scared of hurting the small girl even further. Once they were all a fair distance away, the men all stared in awe.

"Excuse me, but can anyone tell me what's going on?"

"I apologize. We've probably scared you half to death. Here have a seat," the blonde explained.

Ari didn't question the man's intentions and simply sat down. Everyone else followed suit and took a seat on the opposing couch. Ari couldn't help but notice how perfectly the men looked situated on the green couch almost making the room complete in its beauty.

"Well Ari, my name is Heath. This is Keaton, and Stephen... your brothers."

A look of sorrow played on the man's face as he pointed out the two boys who saved her. '*Brothers?*' Ari thought, astounded at the statement. The man couldn't be right. She'd gone her

whole life as an only child. She'd never heard of a Keaton or Stephen, ever, let alone ones related to her.

“No. I'm sorry this can't be true. I've been an only child all my life.” She tried to clarify.

“I'm afraid not honey. See your mother Primsa, and I were married once. In this time we gave birth to both Keaton and Stephen. One day a war broke out in the kingdom, and as we all tried to flee we found you near the gates of the palace, so we scooped you up and left.

“Weeks passed with me and your mother raising you far off in another village, when each house in the village got notification that Draco's little girl went missing, and if anyone knew anything to report it to him.”

Heath paused and looked to his daughter who sat with her face twisted into confusion before realization dawned on the girl.

“So you mean to tell me, that I'm the missing daughter of Draco?” Ari whispered staring back at the three men on the couch.

They all nodded in unison, and fear crept into Ari. Wave of worry and despair fought for a spot inside of her.

“Go on.”

“Ok, well days after the message went out, we got word that someone had told Draco that you were with us, and that Draco himself was on his way to get you back. For your sake I told your mother to leave with you and never come back. She did as told, and I fought Draco off.”

“Then what?”

Heath simply chuckled at the eagerness in his daughter's voice, but resumed.

“Then we never saw you or Primsa again. Today I had got this feeling of worry, then word got out that the lost daughter was back, so I just knew you were in trouble and sent the boys to get you.”

Ari nodded along. She was a bit shocked that she was the lost daughter of Draco, but she knew early on that there were things in her life that were not explained.

“So what was that weird light that came out of your hand Steph?” He looked shocked at her words, and the sudden urgency to change topics in her voice, but soon smirked.

“That was my power.”

“Power?” He simply nodded, and both him, and Keaton stood.

Once again the blue bowl appeared in Stephen’s hand as he smiled at his little sister, who watched in awe, but nothing could prepare her for what Keaton did. Silky grey wings sprung from his back letting a gust of wind sweep through the house.

“Are you an angel?” She asked, shocked.

The men all laughed before they took their seat.

“No I can fly and control wind, and Steph has the power of electricity.”

She simply nodded, too stunned to say any more words, but gave them all a smile, feeling comfortable under their watch.

“Well honey you look beat, so we’ll leave you to get some more sleep.”

“Okay.”

Keaton shuffled off, and Stephen followed while Heath grabbed the blanket that rested on the back of the couch beautifully. Ari couldn't help but feel her mother had something to do with the making of that blanket

Heath smiled down at her, and Ari sensed the love that draped over her.

"Alright goodnight baby."

"Wait! Dad?"

"Yes?"

"What's my power?" She asked boldly.

Heath gave her a warm smile before crouching down beside the couch, and stared at the girl with amazement.

"Let's just say, that whatever you want to happen can happen," he simply stated before standing and planting a gentle kiss on Ari's head. He lingered only a moment, then left the room.

Hours passed with Ari not gaining an ounce of sleep. She laid there and replayed the words of her father over and over again: "*Whatever you want to happen can happen.*" So if she wanted to kill Draco she could. Simple as that. A plan began to unfold in her mind before she decided what she would do. She stood from the couch and walked to the stairwell. She looked up to see that all the lights were off meaning everyone was asleep. This was her chance. She quickly slipped her shoes back on and concentrated hard. What she wanted to do was get back in that chamber, what she *needed* was to get into that chamber. She closed her eyes, and thought hard, focusing on every aspect of the cold dark room she was once in, and sure enough when she opened her eyes she was faced with the cold stone walls of the room. She had done it, it had really worked.

As much as Ari wanted to celebrate she knew she had to be quiet or someone would find her. She didn't need to become noticed. She simply wanted to find Draco and leave. Turning around, Ari thought that her heart had fallen out of her chest. There Draco stood smiling widely at his daughter in the same spot that her mother once resided.

“Oh, I knew you would be back,” he cooed, walking closer.

Ari stood her ground, and let the man walk into his own death.

“Welcome home, sweetheart.” He clutched her hand, and in that second Ari took it upon herself to concentrate on the thought of Draco's heart stopping, right then and there. Once the thought was set in motion Ari watched as Draco's eyes went into shock, and then he fell to his knees holding his chest.

“I told you you'd regret taking from me!” She yelled as the man continued to stare at her before collapsing in heap to the floor.

Ari knelt down beside him, and then took the initiative to sweep her hand across her father's cold lifeless face.

“Goodbye, Daddy.”