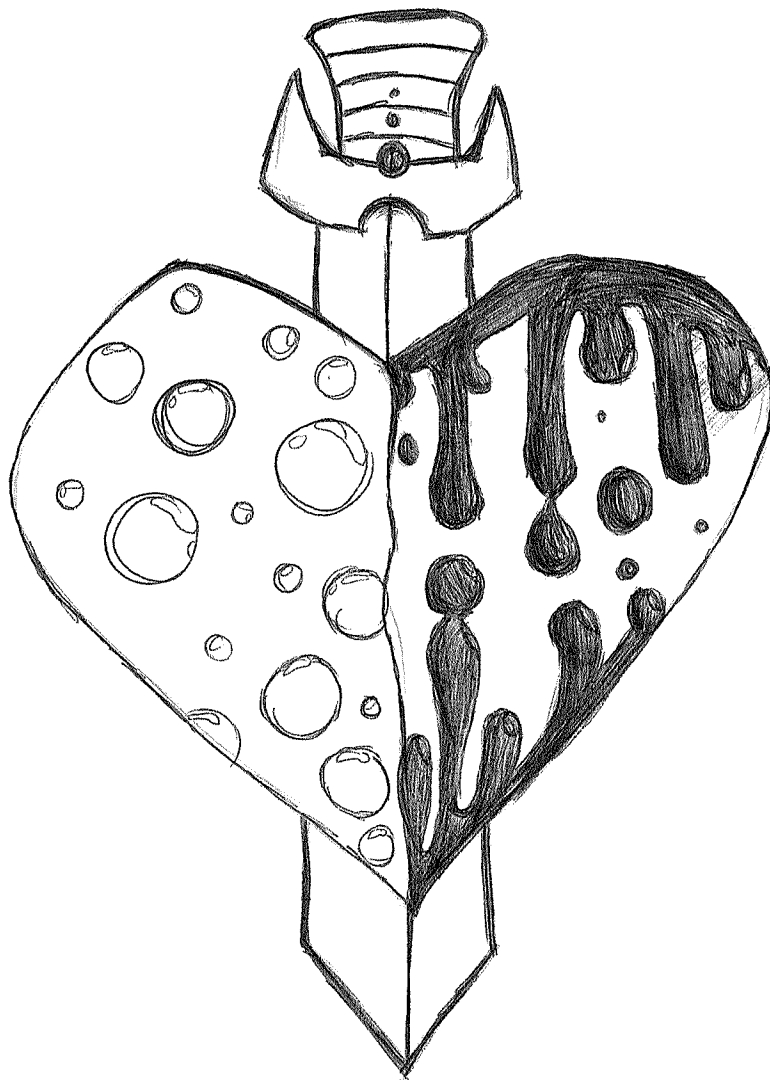


THE EVIL AND THE GOOD.

BY: CLAIRE JEON





Dear Readers/government,

If you're a reader, don't tell any authorities about this. If you're the government, ha-ha, **HOW DID YOU FIND THIS!?** Anyway, I'm just here to tell you my story as a fighter. Okay, so, I'm going to go narrative now, so sit down and read the definitely real story.

P.S. My name is Hedy. But my real name is Hedwig!

Day 30000000

Okay, it was day 2, not 30000000000. So, I was traveling through the attic, you know, doing the usual. Slicing shadows with the calamitous blade in my hand, looking at my map to find the basement to save my parents, punching the walls because I was really mad at my parents, so yeah, the normal. I sat down on the cold, rotting floors of the attic and whistled.

A tiny teacup dog came running to me, yipping with his tongue lolling out. I giggled and caught him with a swipe of my hand. "Hi," I said while petting his smooth black fur. His name was Hoppy. He was cute and useful. I sat next to Hoppie, absently petting his fur as I thought of how my life was the worst. It was

all my parent's fault. Unfortunately, I needed their help to get rid of the shadows.

I was going down to the basement I was forbidden to go to. I couldn't help it. When both of your parents say not to, it's an invitation to do. I stepped down slowly, the rotting steps creaking in protest. I fell. One of the steps were missing. I came up face to face with a shadow. It was the worst thing ever, it makes you remember all the negative events in your life, and just by looking at it, you die. I ran up the stairs, avoiding the missing space. The shadow. It grabbed me JUST LIKE THAT. It took a rattling breath and said, "It's been so long since I've had a friend. You will do." It started pulling me, sucking in all of my thoughts and hopes. My mom and dad opened the basement door to see me sprawled on the floor. I saw a flash. The next thing I know, I was in the attic, getting attacked by shaders and shadows.

I shook myself out of the gruesome backflash. I lifted Hoppy on my shoulder and ran towards the attic stairs. My parents, I think, are in the basement. There supposed to know magic. Their problem, not mine. I reached the attic stairs and climbed down. I entered my room. It had, of course, been raided by shaders and shadows. I lied down on my bed and closed my eyes. Then I snored. Yeah, I was asleep.

Day 3

I woke up the next day hungry. Hoppy was lucky. He ate all my chicken. "Bad dog, Hoppy! What am I supposed to eat now?" I

sighed. I looked at Hoppy. "Go find me some food. You know what to do. Please, Hop?" I said, starring at him. He grumpily stood up and changed into a hunting dog. Yep, he's a shapeshifter. He's a useful dog. He came back a few minutes later with a piece of bread. I stuffed the bread in my mouth and opened my bedroom door. A shader was standing in front of it. A shader is a weaker version of a shadow, a shadow is a monster that is very strong, and the core, the shadow in the basement, is what I need to destroy. So, the shader was trying to grab my hair, so I sliced it into nothing. Hoppy turned back into a teacup dog, so I put him on my shoulder and ran as fast as I could, reaching the stairs. I quickly climbed down the stairs to come face to face with my mom. "HEDWIG!?" My mom shouted, looking at me. "MOM? Why are you not in the basement?" I asked. "And where's dad?" mom faltered, and I knew that dad got sucked into the core. "How are you surviving?" I asked in an annoyed tone. "... wasn't in the basement," mom replied. I glared at my mom. She was on the short side, but she was still a few inches taller than me. She was wearing a pink sweater with Ugg Slippers on her feet. She was also wearing normal, non-ripped jeans. I, on the other hand, had all my clothes ripped. My black jeans are ripped, my blue high tops were smudged with soot and grime, and my blue shirt had shadow and shader markings.

I walked around my mom and ran to the basement door, pushing anything in my way. I sliced open the door and walked down to meet the core. "THAT CUTTING WASN'T NECESSARY!" My mom shouted, following me down the basement. Then I saw the core. I blacked out from the core's penetrating power.

Day Something,

I woke up face to face to the core. The core was a simple shadow. Wow. Anti-climatic. The shadow looked at me. It was a shadow of a girl. My age. Slightly creepy, but okay. I slowly stood up. My mom was nowhere to be seen. Maybe she's with my dad, maybe she just ran away. I put out my hands in front of me. The shadow laughed. "Just let me be your friend. Friends forever and ever." I backed away. Even though my hands were shaking, I took out my sword and put it out in front of me. The shadow frowned and stuck out her hand. Thousands of negative memories sprouted into my brain. I slowly stood up, and walked toward the core, and I was crying. I spread out my hands and stabbed the shadow. "Good-bye." I whispered.

Epilogue

I accepted death. I died. Hoppy disappeared. He was a shader. And my mom... well, let's just say that she and my dad had the same fate. (They died, but they didn't go up.)

