



Darcel; girl of mirrors, born to a void

Maple Skylark

Action/adventure, Magic, Supernatural

Darcel B223

Age: appears 11 but actually doesn't know her real age

Power: what I mean by change appearance is that when looking in a mirror, she can create any image she wants in it, thus creating another appearance in the mirror. Also, when concentrating, can command glass.

Looks: Without any manipulation, she has shoulder length raven black hair. In the sun light, you can her light brown highlights (there natural). She has large dark brown eyes. There are strange sliver flecks in them. When you look closer, you might notice that they resemble a circle...a mirror to be exact. She is slightly petite but usually meets the standards. Her pale white skin in comparison to her dark eyes is like placing to rocks on snow. When she feels pressured, her skin will almost go translucent. She is 97 pounds. Her nose is wide out, and when compared with her mouth, is about half the size. However, her nose does not jut out like a bird's beak, nor is sharp, but rather rounded. Her lips are crimson red. Her teeth aren't pearly white. But none are completely yellow. She has very long black eyelashes that sometimes get caught in her eyes.

Gender: female

Birthday: in the void, there are no "birthdays".

Nickname: despises all nicknames

Weapon: though it may not seem like much, her weapon is simply a small compact mirror. Yet it seems harmless, it reveals your true self. In presence of a dangerous person, or a potential threat, she can simply show them the mirror. It gives humility to even the most evil of all. All members of the void carry one.

Flaws: she cannot lie. Why? Her whole life in the void, she's never lied. She simply cannot lie. Another flaw of her's is that she tends to overthink things. Like seriously overthink them. She finds herself fixated on the simplest of things...like why is snow white?

Personality: when you first meet her, she may seem snobbish, cold, quiet and awkward. She is really actually very chatty and tries to stay optimistic. She likes to have at least some control over what's going on because so much of her life has been controlled by others. She also has opinions...very well, opinionated opinions at time. She is also very...very convincing when she wants to be.

Pet: does her G33 Pod count? She has a special personality chip for it.

Family: in the void? Uh no.

Friends: in the void, all are equal.

Favorite food: Cherries

Lucky number: 9

Hobbies: reading and writing. Especially writing.

Where she lives: the void. The void is simply a hole in the universe where no time goes by...ever. The void is simply a white, clean, sterilized hole in the universe. There is no ruler. And everything is choice. Any person living in the void could easily destroy it. But no one does. The void is connected to Terra because it's connected to everything. Anyone can enter and exit the void anytime they wish. While people seem boring in front of each other, each person has a "G Pod". Almost all communication and fun are done through G Pods.

Backstory: was born as B223 in the void. When it was clear she was mature enough to start learning, she started taking classes through her G Pod. Her G Pod is a G33 model so it can take in different "personality chips". It was easy to find a personality that she liked. She thrived in void community until one day, the void exploded. No one knows how, no one knows why. She landed in Hexuny, a vivid and colorful city in Terra. Since she learned so much in the void, she was instantly drowning in scholarships to fancy and popular academy's all around Hexuny. The ironic part is that she was one of the dumber kids in the void. She has been living as the Hexuny academy Hexuny Academy for the Advancement of the Future and Us. (HAAFU)

Basically, while her life hasn't been incredibly hard, she has had a few hardships.

Clothes: On a normal day: Navy blue jeans, blue ankle length sneakers with hummingbirds embroidered on them. She'll also have on a long sleeved blouse. The blouse is beige with pretty, fist sized pink roses on it. She always wears a small bracelet around her right wrist. It has no repeating pattern. There are 2 different types of beads. Small round green ones, and chunky orange- brown ones. In the middle is a mirror charm, shaped like a key.

She also has a collection of sneakers. Some are gold, some are black, some have Pom Poms on them, some have tulle on them, some even have buttons on them!

Darcel's POV

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The cold wind whips at my face, tossing my raven black colored hair all over my face. The annoying part though, isn't having to pull back my hair though. It's that there's no point because the wind comes from a tunnel. Just like how the leaves come from a projector. And even though the floor seems hard, it's made so that if we fall on it, we won't hurt ourselves as it's actually some type of squishy foam. Why is the "park" I'm in so cushy? It's because it isn't a park. It's just a image of one, projected on the walls of the auditorium. Here at HAAFU, (Hexuny Academy for the Advancement of the Future and Us.), all of us students are to "valuable" to our future...or something like that. I have started to harbor a bit of dislike for HAAFU. Not a: I HATE YOU YOU MUST DIE. Kind of thing...more of an uhhhhh... type. Besides, I'm getting quite sick of reading such boring text books. I'd rather read romantic fiction...or realistic fiction! Actually, I've been craving for a good dystopia... A loud bell pulls me from my dreams of million floor buildings and superheros...ughhhh...though I try my best to stay optimistic and positive, it's slowly getting harder and harder as the days quickly go on in a dry monotonous pattern...I hurry off to class, only to realize that I'm the only who's already arrived. oh joy! I think to myself ...even MORE one on one time with a several zillion old teacher! I slowly slink to my desk. Apparently, all the other students here at HAAFU are punk teenagers who spend their nights at clubs and waste there money on gambling. I'm the only "wittle little" 11 year old...only I'm not 11 years old. I'm actually most likely older then any of the zillion year teachers here! You see, time doesn't really go by in the void. I mean, we do grow up but we never really feel that different...it's hard to explain but if you lived in the void, you'd understand. Of course, the officials at HAAFU have never been to the void, so they just looked at me and were like: YOU ARE 11 \*smiles super cheesy style\* I was more: o...kay...didn't know THAT but whatever...how'd I even get on this topic anyway? Oh yeah! My fellow teenage monsters (at least, that's what the old wrinkly librarian called them...) are almost ALWAYS late to class. (Mr. York our janitor says that it's because that their to busy "smootching in the halls" or that "their to busy sticking their noses in every nook and cranny while vandalizing the real important things" whatever that means,) so I usually get a lot of "one on one" time with the teacher as no one comes until class is half over, and everyone even shows up by the time class is over, I'm sure the teachers will get a heart attack. I on the other hand, will stand up and say: "About time the apocalypse ended!"

Or something else to scold them. Then I'll run out before a throng of over muscled 19 year old hormonal freaks will try to murder me...of course, judging by the way things are going, it'll be a miracle itself if even half of the afternoon history class even shows up. I heard that there was some sorta party last night, and some kid got caught in the middle of drawing a very large mess of bad words on HAAFU's rooftop shield. I wonder if I'll ever be like that...though I highly doubt that I'll ever sink to such a low level. While we're on the topic of the topic of low levels, one would assume that someone with such a high IQ would at least have the decency to show up at class! But no. Apparently, at HAAFU, high level intelligence stands for low level manners...sheesh!

BOOM BOOM BOOM!!!! Sounds the late to class bell. Then, a pretty 16 year old walks in with her blond hair tied up in a high ponytail. She has on a white crop top with black jeans, and a black leather jacket. She's wearing black army boots. She's also surrounded by a mob of boys...Oh well...at least I'm not the only one in class!

"Attention!" Snaps Ms. Mahogany. Crop top girl plops into the seat next to me. The mob of boys start arguing on gets to sit next to her. "This is a MATH class. Not a CHAT class! Now please open your books to chapter 15, the invention of infinity." Says Ms. Mahogany. There's a considerable amount of grumbling at this. "And ANYONE who has forgotten their homework assignment, will get to be my very own personal helper and help me type out my newly revised square root chart." She says. More grumbling happens. A bit of profanity occurs. "Shitastic..." complains the crop top girl. "SHANNON GEORGIA ISSA!" Bellows Ms. Mahogany. "What?" She says with a roll of her eyes, and a flip of her hair. Her blond hair somehow manages to stay in the air for a whole two seconds. Then it lands on me. Correction. In my mouth. Let me tell you this, Shannon Georgia Issa has TERRIBLE tasting hair! I sigh...it's going to be a long day...

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I walk back to dorm room feeling exhausted. It turns out that Shannon is my roommate. Shannon was transferred after they found out that she was "gifted". So now she's with me. Oh joy! I flip out my G Pod. Then, I go to my favorite website. Theevolvingglassgirl blog. Today, glass girl (aka. Echo Lake, the main blogger for theevolvingglassgirl.) was talking about the evolution of the human race...it was actually quite interesting when you think about it! Then, my G Pod screen fizzes and turns black. "What the-" I mumble. The glass screen shakes...then it explodes. "Whoa..." I start. Then little glass particles collide and hit me. But I don't bleed. Then, my jaw drops. The little glass pieces are forming words!

*Seven born, a single soul,  
Seven born, a single goal.  
A girl of illusions, born to loneliness;  
A girl of stars, born to wealth;  
A girl of plants, born to hunters;  
A girl of the sky, born to those who farm the land;  
A girl of movement, born to two destined to die;  
A girl of doors, born to thieves;  
A girl of mirrors, born to a void.  
The guardians of Terra's final stand  
On Terra's sacred land.*

Then, Shannon walks in, and the glass surrounds her. "HELPPPP!!!" She yells. I run over to her, but it's too late. She's already bleeding in all the vital places. I sink down onto my knees, wondering what I've done...

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Darcel's POV

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"Wait!" Yells the girl in the black heels. But I don't listen to her. Instead, I run. I make a sharp turn, I think I've lost her. How could she know????!! Just then, someone turns out the lights...

I wake up. I'm sitting on a thin cotton mattress on the floor. My hands are tied up. I look up. I see the black heels girl. "Tell me EVERYTHING." She says. "What do you mean?" I ask. She groans. "Listen kid, you know the prophesy. I know it too. We've got to find the rest of seven before someone else dies." My eyes widen.

"How...How did you know I killed her?" I whisper. She stare down at me. "Because I killed someone too." ...

————— a few hours earlier —————

I sigh. Somebody's going to realize that Shannon is missing...and when they find what happened...well then, I'm going to in trouble. I look down at her dead body. The shattered glass. crap I think.

It takes a few minutes for me to regain my bearings again. I drag Shannon under her bed. Then, on her bed, I prop up a few pillows to look like a lumpy vague outline of a body. I throw a blanket over her. I sigh. I look down at the glass on the floor.

After a few seconds, I go into the bathroom and grab some towels and a trash bag.

Then, I get to work on cleaning the major mess that I've made. At first, I use the towel to pick up the glass. But soon enough, I just use my hands. I don't know why, but the glass never cuts me. It's weird.

As soon as I'm finished I fall down onto my bed. It's a nice bed to say the least. It has a midnight purple blanket and

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