

New Breeze

Lucas sat back in his desk chair, quietly reading the last email sent to him by his pen pal, Kenji. Their correspondence had been urgent in the last six hours, ever since they had both experienced the bubbling flash of light. Frantic chat room searches and unanswered questions filled several tabs on Lucas' screen. The messages were as follows:

The vision of that Japanese tower is Sazaedo! Wrote Kenji. He lived in Aizuwakamatsu, only a short drive from the temple. I could bike there tomorrow to investigate!

Kenji, please don't go alone! We don't know what's going on. These new things we feel may be empowering, but I sense danger. Those places gave me an uneasy feeling. Lucas replied urgently. Ever since the event, he had been haunted by the feeling of being watched.

I will be okay. I can take Taiko with me. Taiko was Kenji's wrinkly, brown Tosa puppy who went everywhere with him.

Just be careful. I will see if I can fly out with my father. Stay in touch. I'll be watching my messages.

Lucas sighed and leaned his head back, letting music from his computer speakers carry him away. The smooth beats of Nujabes rolled over him with the melancholy words of Shing02. A cool breeze blew in from his open window. It soothed his soul, allowing him to forget the feeling of fear he had for his friend. Yet without knowing the reason why, he began to feel that peace waver, like a ripple in a puddle of water. He opened his eyes, casually scanning the room and then the window.

A short distance away, a black cat stood atop a street light in the dim twilight. It stared at him with emerald eyes. He pondered for a moment how it climbed up there, and then shut his window.

Time passed quickly as he did his homework in his bed. Thoughts of the voice repeated over again in his head. He laid back amongst the piles of notes around him and sighed, running a hand through his bushy black hair. It was never a good sign when something could worry him more than his school work. It was now late. The playlist of music ended. Eventually, the only noticeable sound was a buzzing.

A little fly must have made its way in through the hole in his window screen. Lucas rolled up a thick stack of papers, and hunted the tiny prey. A prey who gave up his position quickly on the wall beside his desk across the room. It rubbed its hands together, priding itself in its various wicked schemes, when a solid lump of paper came crashing down on its head.

Lucas' fast victory over the tiny menace was short lived, as he heard a sudden loud shattering noise behind him. A small shadow shot over onto his bed. It was the black cat from before. Its green eyes reflected the moonlight streaming in from the window, "Stay alert!" Shouted a voice from the dark corner of the room where this cat stood.

A long moment of confusion passed before two things became apparent. First, Lucas realized it was the cat who had somehow projected this statement. Secondly, his hand was hot. Upon further investigation, the papers in his hand had begun to burn from around the fly, who was still alive and looking right at him. He jumped back, dropping the papers in the process. The fly shot at him like a bullet, only to be intercepted mid flight by the cat. It bounced along the floor and shook its head.

“Begone imposter!” Cried the cat again, though his mouth still did not move.

Lucas frantically stomped out the fire, leaving behind a large burn in his carpet. His eyes shot back to the scene taking place before him. A cat was facing down a fly who was now circling its head. A fly that somehow burned his homework. A cat that somehow spoke.

“Lowly creature,” Snarled a second voice. It radiated from the fly, directly into Lucas’ mind. Similar to the light that had entered his room before. Only this time, it left behind a foul feeling in his stomach, “You will know the might of a sergeant of the Dissonant Realm!” At that moment, a small light bloomed between the eyes of the fly, who now stood upright, and shot out as a fiery dart directed at the cat.

The cat stood its ground. The dart seemed to glance off a glowing blue plate that materialized only millimeters in front of the cat's face. It dissipated just before hitting the ceiling. The cat then leaped forward, swiping ferociously. The fly darted around, returning each swing with another bolt of fire. It bounced around the room while Lucas, adapting to the situation as well as any human could, put out the small fires that cropped up. From outside, it likely sounded like a string of firecrackers going off.

“Injudicious creatures! I will return when my power has returned to its full strength!” Shrieked the fly before darting back out through the shattered window.

“Until we meet again,” Said the cat as he gazed out into the night sky from Lucas’ bed. A cool wind blew through his fur. His voice was deep and regal as he turned back to Lucas, “Human boy, are you alright?”

Lucas found himself seated on the floor against the wall on the other side of the room. His brain had accepted reality quickly. A cat was talking to him. It felt much nicer than listening to the fly. He would later describe this feeling as the aftertaste of mental communication. But at

this moment, the ins and outs of such a thing were far from his mind. At this moment, he was focused on survival, and making his immobile body accept what his mind had already.

“Fear not little one. Am I speaking in a manner you do not understand?” Continued the cat teasingly

“Are you speaking?” Lucas responded sheepishly.

The cat purred as a normal cat would and replied in a kind and proud manner, “I am not speaking. Your kind might call this telepathy. It is the only way that our kind can communicate, through vibrations that we transmit and expand near your head. It makes it difficult to be misheard.”

Lucas stared back, overwhelmed by the information and questions in his mind.

“Forgive me, it seems I have frightened you,” Said the cat after a beat.

Another long moment passed between them. The cat watched patiently as Lucas slowly settled. After another moment, when Lucas could breathe, he asked “Who are you?”

“My given name is Arael,” The cat answered, “Tell me your name.”

Lucas hesitated, questioning his sanity, “It is Lucas.”

“Lucas, there is much I have to explain. After all, the light has been revealed to you. It also appears that you have answered it,” He continued on, licking his paws, “A great evil has been allowed in, and there is only so much time to act.”

“What do you mean?”

“Wicked beings from a dimension like mine have come to wreak havoc and conquer humanity in the name of their commander,” Explained Arael.

“I don’t understand. How did they get here? Why? How are you a part of this? What was the light?” Lucas began to ramble. Ideas and questions came flooding through as his mind raced.

Amael raised a paw to stop him, "I am from a dimension like theirs. I cannot describe it quite in a way that you would understand. After all, it is imperceptible to you. My Lord is the light which you saw. Or rather, that was his most restrained form. You were one of the many chosen to face this threat to mankind. I was sent here as a guide to you."

"None of this is comforting. How am I supposed to face this supposed evil? What is it?" Lucas questioned.

"It takes the form of familiar creatures. As its power grows, it will become larger. Its powers could also become quite formidable." Replied Amael.

"I still don't understand. What am I supposed to do?" Asked Lucas.
"Were you not awakened by my master's breath of life? Surely you've felt your vision grow stronger and your senses change. You are connecting with a higher power. One that I will teach you to harness."

The two did not talk for much longer before Lucas grew tired and started cleaning the shattered glass. Then they both went to bed. For Amael, Lucas provided a pillow under his desk. He fell asleep first, and Lucas fell asleep soon after. From an outside perspective it may seem strange, but Lucas felt safe with Amael there, though they had just met. It was not until he drifted off that a final thought struck him. He did not yet know the true nature of Amael.