

Tony

I found her in the river. The girl was about three years old, lying on her back. She was in this hunched position, the way the water flowed, like she'd been there a while.

What happened to her? I think back to how I got here.

"Let's go hiking!" Isla Antonietta Barren, my wife, exclaims.

There's this weird, tugging sensation in my chest telling me to go hiking with her. I hate hiking. I hate it so much I would rather eat poop than go hiking. But something inside of me is telling me there is something special. Something important.

So I go hiking.

On the trail, the same tugging sensation tells me to go through the patch of vines. There are so many, you can't even tell what's behind it. I think, why not?

"Hey, I'm gonna go check that out. Be right back," I tell my wife.

I wade through the vines, noticing it's about 3 feet thick. Stumbling through to the other side, I notice my shoes are getting wet. I look up, and there I see a giant river roaring and thundering so loud, I think the whole world can hear it.

Wait what? First of all, I was just 3 feet away, I should have been able to hear the river. Second, I checked the map before going here, and there was not a single river on the map. So why is there a river right here, and why do I feel a sense of dread in my body?

I look back the way I came, but there were no patches of vines. Not even trees. There was just a meadow filled with yellow grass that reach up to about my waist. Some wildflowers were here and there.

Wait... A MEADOW? WHERE AM I? WHERE'S MY WIFE? I stumble into the river while looking around and get soaked.

Then, I spot it. A sliver of red in the water that shouldn't have been there.

Wading through the water, I see her. A girl about 3 years old, with soaked dark brown hair and closed eyes lying in the river. She was wearing a faded dress, all muddy and torn, probably from the rapids.

I frantically look around for anything that could've caused her to end up here, but there was nothing except for windblown grass. I look to where the river started, but it disappeared behind a hill.

Screw it. There's no one here. I carefully pick the girl up and look up to try to figure out what time it is. The sun is still in the middle of the sky, but I should probably get out of there. But where am I? I don't know where to go.

I take one step out of the water, and all of a sudden, I'm right in front of the vines. Did I get teleported? What's going on?!? Walking quickly, I go along the trail towards the parking lot. The twisted trees look almost evil in the moonlight. Wait... the MOONLIGHT? When I was next to the river, it was noon! What is going on?

As I walk toward the parking lot, I see yellow and purple lights flashing. Why were the police here?

As I stumble through the trees, still carrying the girl, I see my wife frantically talking with the officers complete with hand gestures. I can hear parts of the words from here.

"He- gone! And- said- vines- never came back!" She screamed.

Then, they saw me. The police quickly brought out their knives and held it up in a defense position. I thought they were waiting for me! Why are they bringing out weapons?

Then I realize. I'm still carrying the girl, but I didn't realize that she was bloody all over her neck. It got on my hands, making me look like a serial killer.

I gently set her on the ground and held my hands up.

"I didn't do anything, Sir," I slowly said. "I found her in the woods and I thought she needed help."

Most of that was true. I technically did find her in the woods, but not really.

The police quickly shuffled past me to get to the girl.

One police officer gasped. He was holding up one eyelid to study her eyes. "She... she has blue eyes!"

Another one scoffed. "That's impossible."

"No look!"

All of them gasped at once.

"Get her to the King at once!" An officer said, probably the chief. "And you, Mister, you are coming with us," he said to me.

Luna

I'm "special". Well, that's what my adoptive parents say.

They say I was found in a river that wasn't on any maps, abandoned by someone. No one knows who.

As soon as they found me, they didn't know if I was human or not, because I had blue eyes.

It turns out, I was actually a Lykanian.

You see, every Lykanian is born with one of six powers. The original twelve Lykanians, the Ancients, as we call them, each had one of these powers. Two people each had the same power, and they had children. Now we have many civilizations full of Lykanians, each with one of six powers. The only person with more than one power is the King, who has two. Well, except for me.

I have all six.

I'm "special". More like a freak. Also, it doesn't help that whenever people look at me, they gossip about my blue eyes. Let me explain.

To find out which power a Lykanian has at birth, doctors look at the eye color.

If you have red eyes, you are a mind reader.

Yellow eyed people can make force fields.

If you have green eyes, you have power over the Earth. You can cause volcanic eruptions, have control over the animals that live underneath the surface, and make dirt obey you.

Brown eyed people can talk to animals or in any language. Not the best power, but it is a super helpful and nice power to have.

Pure black eyes mean stay away. People with black eyes are very aggressive because they have the power to mind control. They are restricted to never use the power on any Lykanian being unless permitted to, but sometimes they make threats.

Lastly, purple eyed people can teleport. This is the best power to have, because... well yeah. You can teleport.

The King's left eye is purple, while his right eye is black. The King has ruled for hundreds of millennia, since Lykanians are immortal. Because of his powers, this made him the most powerful Lykanian being to ever exist.

Until me.