

Four Corners

Prologue

The Choice

She looked into the deep blue eyes staring back at her. She sat up from her bed almost immediately and just stammered.

"I didn't think you would come this far. Your children are safe. They've been put into the foster care system."

"They'll be together won't they?" Rayla got up very quickly and walked over to the man.

"I don't know. That's up to their powers and the council." He watched the woman as she fell to the floor on her knees.

"They have to stay together," she sobbed. "They have to stay with each other."

"I'm sorry Miss Shamplee. That is not my decision."

"But you're on the council! Surely you can do something!"

"I can try. But it won't mean much. After all, it's high councilman Wesley's choice."

Rayla just sobbed until she felt an odd sensation come over her. It was a feeling she was used too, but it felt somewhat different. Her body was raised in the air, and she became completely stiff. Her hands were a foot apart holding a white glowing ball that formed in the center. Her eyes rolled into her head and the white part glowed. In the distance she could hear a far off voice that she knew was her own.

"On this night, sixteen years from now, all will end if the four corners are not brought together to make the full. All will collapse if you do make the right choice. She will see, he will hear, and they will believe. But there is one that could stop them. Don't let-" she collapsed to the floor clutching her sides and screaming in pain.

The man ran over and turned Rayla onto her front. "Who, Rayla? Who?"

Rayla spoke weakly. "Jacks, he has found me. Tell my children I love them." Rayla closed her eyes.

Jacks grabbed her shoulders and shook her. "No Rayla. Don't leave. You can't go yet. Your children need to remember your face." Rayla's eyes opened. The color had drained from her face. She bolted upward on the backs of her legs. Jacks let go of her and walked into the corner of the room. A black figure floated down from the ceiling in front of the woman. Placed one long decayed finger down her throat and pulled out a small round glowing ball that was her soul. Rayla collapsed to the floor dead.

Jacks wanted to yell at the strange figure, but it felt like his vocal cords had snapped in half. He wanted to bolt over, but his knees buckled. He almost stopped breathing for a second as he watched the black figure floated up back into the ceiling disappearing from sight. When most of the fear had left his body he rushed to Rayla. He placed his fingers behind her ear. Her heart was no longer beating as she lay there. Jacks stood up and walked to the rotary phone that was sitting on a bed side table. He dialed for the council and explained what had happened. In no time the council was deciding what to do with the children. When it came time Jacks stood up.

“Miss Rayla Shamplee asked me to do whatever was in my power to keep them together.”

The high councilman Wesley spoke in a soft tone. “I have made my decision Mr. Romeve. The children are to not have any knowledge that they ever had one another.”

“Very well. But I would much appreciate if Nala Shamplee come live with me in Romeve manner.”

The murmuring spread through the council room. Wesley raised his hand to silence everyone. “Mr. Romeve, you may take Miss Nala Shamplee into your custody. I expect she be raised as one of your children.”

“Of course your honor, but what of the boy?”

“He will go to the boarding school held by Ms. Rachel Harben. I have made my decision. All of you may go. Mr. Romeve, you may take Nala to your house this instant. Your wife is already aware of this change.”

“Thank you your honor.”

The old man shook his head and waved for Jacks to go. Then he stood up and walked over to the nursery, picked the boy up and carried him to his office. He handed the baby to a very stern woman in a black suit.

“You must take care of him Rachel.”

“Don’t you worry Wesley. Aaron Samplee will be very protected in my care.”

“Yes but there is one thing,” he picked up a small necklace made of leather that had a shape like a raindrop made of wood. “His mother said that they had to wear it at all times. She enchanted it so that it will not only keep them safe, but it will not come off and will continually grow to fit his size.”

“She was a very great woman Rayla was. Better than me.”

“Yes she was very great.” He waved his hand over the sleeping baby. “But I must not let the two come together just yet. Now he will be known as Aaron Feildings.”

“That is very smart of you. But I must be going now. This boy’s training has just begun. Many greetings to you, your honor.”

“As to you Rachel.” And in a puff of smoke she was gone.

“Fate will work it’s self out.” Wesley said to himself. “It always does in the end.”