

Nightphlox

by Lukas Lentz

All that is seen is a cloud of dust. As a gust of wind blows more of the earthly debris into my stinging eyes. The surroundings, look as if it is night. I find shelter in-between two large rocks attempting at some form of shelter as I wait for the storm to settle. After what seemed to be hours, the sand died down. Still between the rocks, a chanting is heard along with loud banging of armor simultaneously clanking in unison.

I peer over the rocks to see what was making the noise. I see nothing, but the sound gets louder and louder. All of a sudden I hear the faint whisper of a female voice. Mumbled words that could not be made out exactly murmured, "Longtuff Tisdaledeed Jorie Pulp." This voice keep repeating itself sounding a bit different each time.

A strange foul smell surfaced, making my nose quiver, then itch. Then... OUCH. OUCH..

My Eyes Open. As my blurred vision comes to I see a pixie plucking out my nose hairs one by one. Ouch. "Get off me pixie," I shouted as I shewed the pixie off my chest. The pixie glared at me, then with a sly grin said, "WAKE UP THEN, I knew you would be ok." "OK" I said, "what do you mean, where am I, and why am I even talking to you, get away from me." "No No No No No, Not until you make me a new house." "What do you mean, make you a new house?" "Where am I?" I said. "You're here, my house is on the ground over there, it used to be up there, but now because of you, its down here all brokeded." "I don't know what your talking about." "How did I get HERE?" I said." The pixy replied, "Oh big boom, bada bada boom, you go boom and my home go boom boom." I replied "Crazy bug, im out of here." "Then leave," she replied. I went to stand up but as I attempted to brace myself with my left leg, it was as if it were limp, and I fell back over. I looked at my leg and it was covered in a strange glowing purple goo. "What did you do to me bug," I shouted. "Jor leg is broked from your badda boom," she said. I shouted, "I don't feel any pain, get this goo off me."

"Get goo off, and you feel pain, much a much a." "Goo take pain away see." The pixie took out a cloth and rubbed off a slight area of the goo. Searing pain shot through my body.

"My name is NaNaie, what and who are you?" the pixie said..

"What do you mean, What am I?"

NaNaie Replied, "Well yous dressed funny, not like a human." "Your too tall to be a dwarf or gnome, and to stocky to be a elf," she giggled. "So who and what are you?"

I quickly replied, "Ill tell you who I am! I'm... I'm... My thoughts left me. Who am I? What am I?"

"Well then, who and what you be?" NaNaie said.

"I don't know." I replied.

"Oh boom bad." "Sleep, heal, funny looking one."

"Why are you trying to help me pixie," I replied.

NaNaie said, "Because you no able to fix my home with a broken leg silly." "How did I break it, what was I doing."

NaNaie said, "I told you Big badda boom up there you fall down here, boom boom, now sleep." Thinking to myself I must be just dreaming I laid back and looked into the early night sky.

The moon was crescent in shape, and the bugs were chirping. I felt calm, curious, but calm. What happened to me. As I pondered what was going on, I fell asleep.

I squat between the rocks hearing the marching sound again. In the distant horizon I see what appears to be orc's along side undead zombies marching straight towards me. They are still far away, and I don't think they see me. I feel and see a blue misty breeze brush my cheek, and in that same woman's voice hear "Jukauss, Jeltstave Drisco, Triscut deedju." I feel a cold breath on my neck, and turn around to see a orc staring me eye to eye." I scream like a school girl. I screamed so loud I woke myself up. Still night. I could not fall asleep. Sitting next to the broken tree, "Which was some how my fault." Was the Pixie singing the most beautiful song I have ever heard.

"Sleep you Sleep." NaNaie said. I rolled over, but couldn't fall asleep.

I started to feel tired around daybreak. NaNaie had laid colorful leaves on me, that I now know as chard, on me as a blanket. She had me drink a liquid that was real sweet, but increased my tiredness ten fold.

Each night I cringed as I could not sleep. Each morning I would pass out, and have the same dream. The marching, the voice, changing slightly each time. THE ORC.

One night while tossing and turning NaNaie walked over to me and said, "I know who you be." "You Be Nightphlox!"

Gentler now with the pixie for I saw she really did want to help me, and was always kind, and, not going to lie she was kinda growing on me,

I said "Why am I Nightphlox? Who is Nightphlox?"

"You Nightphlox" she stated, "See."

She brought over a tiny flower that had red on the outside of the petals and white on the inside. She said. "See Nightphlox is awake at night, but closes up in sunlight, just like you."

She was referring to the fact that this flower only bloomed at night time. She said, "At night it opens except, it smells like berry and you stinky." "You need wash"

Hating the fact she was naming me after a flower, I reluctantly accepted the name because she seemed so excited about it, and well I don't exactly have one at the moment.

Each day my leg got better. NaNaie taught me about herbs and the ways of the animals. She also told me about the area in which she has lived all her life. She has no parents, siblings, or friends other then the forest creatures that come around. She spoke of a people town north of where we were.

"Lots of creatures there. I liked it there but kept getting chased by the orange people. They would swat at me and shoo me. So I stayed away. The stories she told me of this place sounded amazing. I had never seen a castle, I... don't.. think..."

Once again each dreams became more and more intense, and each day the mumbles of the voice just before the Orc would change. "Loob Jelp, Kistol Tiz Bin Trobul Be Jeed Tore Jelp."

While recovering from what NaNaie called the Big badda boom, which I have come to realize is, A large boom happened and then some how I managed to fall onto her tree breaking a large hollow limb on the way down. What the first boom was, I don't know. How I fell, I don't know. From where I fell, I don't know, there is no cliffs or high points around. Still didn't know who or what I was, or how I got here. But my leg healed.

The dreams got more and more intense. I felt the wetness of the orcs nose on my neck. The voice got louder, "Look Hellp BRISTOL tis bin Trouble Te Need Jour Hellp."

Upon waking that evening I started to weave branches to build NaNaie's new house. I asked her if she had ever heard of a place called Bristol or something of the like. She paused for a second,

and then burst out into laughter, “it’s the people place northern.” I felt an overwhelming urge to go to this place, why I don’t know. Shoot I don’t even know who I am, What I am, Why my memory sucks so bad. But I must go. All I do know is, If the orange people try to shoo me... There will be a price to pay...

My leg Healed, I could walk again. I finished making NaNaie’s house, Which was 3 times the size of the old one. I put on my sunglasses, dusted off my jeans, and went on my journey towards Bristol. Armed with only the knowledge NaNaie taught me and my new name. Nightphlox