

Wings  
by Petra L

*The saint of blue has exhausted her power*

*You deserve another chance at life...*

*You did not deserve such accusations...*

*You shall now take the form of a child to grow once more*

*However, you will become mortal...*

*And lose all memory and consciousness of your past life*

*But...*

*Sometime in this new life...*

*You will regain your wings...*

*Someone will remind you of who you were...*

*A small child with eyes resembling compassion,*

*found by the protector of the desert.*

In the deserts of Japan. There once lived a young girl who lived with a family who yearned for their children to become heroes and carry the legacy of the Fukuda family being the protector of the Japanese deserts. Saya Fukuda, the youngest of her family also adopted, also had an older brother named Mamoru. They got along well and tried to live up to their family's expectations. Their father was also a pro-hero, he protected the deserts of Japan. He was ranked 14th. Many in the deserts of Japan admired this man and gave the utmost respect. They were homeschooled

through elementary, Mamoru entered public middle school first since he earned his power first, and him being older of course. Saya got her power late in middle school. She is not supposed to be powerless; she was just a late bloomer. This happened in middle school while her brother had already graduated middle school. Her parents recommended they train so they can prepare, and so her brother can prepare for Heroism high school. They brought out dual swords for training, and they started to duel. Mamoru was far more powerful than Saya, being a helpless girl without power yet. She tried to push to her limits, telling herself to do it for the family. For her goal!

Mamoru happened to make Saya lose grip from her dual sword. Then...suddenly the caw of an Arabian Falcon ringed in her ears. Her fingers were forced into a symbol of a bird releasing the spirit of an Arabian Falcon. It loosely attacked Mamoru. She felt the grip of soft hands on her shoulders, like the touch of an angel. Elegant white wings spread out from her back. And that was the end of the duel. The two finally had powers together. After Saya's graduation from middle school. On the road, cars that packed villains began to attack. Targeting their father. Her father, trying to avoid a bigger fight, was chased through the road. Arriving home, the villains had followed them on the way. Saya's father tried to fight them off. But one of them shot Saya's mother. Her father's wife had fallen to the floor with a pool of blood rushing from her chest. From that she died tragically. Saya's father ended up defeating them, but it included a sacrifice. Ending up the villain was defeated, but her father had faltered for his children's protection. After that day Saya could not help but be sad. From that day on she held her goals tight and reminded herself to do it for the family and the legacy. In high school it was rough for her. She did not have many people to go to for advice besides her brother. She was quite lonely, many at school described her as aloof and they could not stand that. Saya shrugged it off the first few months, she always thought her wings were cool, but she never thought of herself being better than

anyone else. It got annoying after hearing the same words repeated. Especially the comments about her wings, being “too big” or “blocking the way” or “too bland for wings.” She just wants friends, and she promises she is trying to be considerate, but those wings can only naturally be narrowed so much. The words got under her skin after a while. She decided to be nice and try to bind her wings, so they do not get in the way. Even though her brother told her that it is not healthy to force anything on your body, you cannot naturally do it. The comments about her wings made her feel ashamed of them. Even though the way she achieved them was something to be proud of. But the wings were nothing but a burden to others. That is the last thing she wants. Her brother always tried to compliment them though. After binding them, she got a quick vision of an Angel in blue, tears were running down her face, the Angel wept calmly but sorrowful too... She tried to shrug it off, but she suspected it had something to do with the wings. During her 3rd year of high school, the final test to graduate. She was given time at home in the desert to train and prepare. Suddenly a villain attack occurred in the desert. They wanted to take down the desert and keep it to themselves. An explosion had made Saya flung across the room. She got up, as her vision tried to focus on the villains. They happened to be villains that were in the same organization as the villains that slaughtered her parents. Saya was crouching and sprinted across the room to get into a hiding spot. So much was happening. Suddenly a voice of chivalrous words had spoken. Her brother stepped onto the scene ready to defend the desert. A fight between her brave brother and three power hungry evildoers began. She looked in awe at how much determination her brother had. She always admired him and was the person she wanted to be. Suddenly he was kicked down to his knees. He made one wrong move and ended up injured. The villain approached him in a stance that looked as if he was going to slaughter Mamoru. Saya’s eye sharpened like a falcon and sprinted in action. Kicking the villain away. Now the

fight was between her and the villain. Mamoru cleared up his sight and spoke concerningly “Saya, do not risk yourself! I am fine, just leave me be and go somewhere safe!” Saya did not listen but told him “Take your own advice. I recommend you go somewhere safe. You are injured, you cannot push your limits.” The adrenaline made Saya feel the chivalry that her brother always liked. The villain suddenly took something out. It was an illegal drug that enhanced the user’s powers. After consuming it, an aura of power enhancement surrounded him. His arm stretched out strangling Saya. The shadows of his power were practically trying to consume her. She was going blind; she could not see anything. She cannot breathe...she is drowning in corruption. But I cannot give up just yet, she thought. Stay alive, for the goal! Remember your goal! She thought powerfully. She saw the same Angel in her blank vision, the angel spread her wings elegantly. Then...the caw of the Arabian Falcon rang in her ears again. She snapped back to reality. Suddenly the bonds on her wings had broken through, spreading majestically just as how the Angel in the mesmerizing shades of blue did. Breaking through the shadows releasing herself from the dark path of death. She made the same hand gesture of the bird with both hands. Her index finger and thumb touching symbolize the bird. With her wings spread out she created a huge spirit of the Arabian Falcon. It is gigantic and visible to everyone. The white glowing outline of it had caught the attention of the innocent of the desert. The Arabian Falcon Spirit had blasted a beam of light, crumbling the villains to defeat. The Arabian Falcon faded, and sparkles had started raining down with Mojave-Aster petals raining over Saya. From that day on she was known as the Mojave-Aster Knight, one with the Arabian Falcon.

(This story will connect to some of my other works, the very first sentences of the story will be relevant in my other stories, so it does not matter right now.)