

Stormlifters

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Introduction

This is a short story about some friends who become the most powerful creatures that ever lived. Suddenly, they learn that life isn't always about power.

Chapter 1

Oliver, Katie and Care were around 13 when they went to snuffle island with Their parents. Their dreams were big and they all shared an unexplainable excitement for the trip.

Care leaned back, his brown mop of hair neatly wrapped and secured under his cap. His mother sat next to him, her hands clasped around her bag, her back straight and tall. Katie and Oliver were in the seats in front of him, giggling to themselves and holding hands. A fly landed on Care's nose and he shook his head to get it off. This action dislodged his cap, which fell neatly onto the floor. Just as he leaned down to get it, one of the crew members walked along the aisle.

?Please remain in your seats and strap your belts on as we land. ?

She nodded to him and walked on, kicking the cap as she went.

He made a move to get up, but his mother reached out and pulled him down, shaking her head and muttering under her breath. He sighed and strapped on his belt, reaching for his phone that lay on the small table in front of them. He turned it on and began to type a hurried message to Katie, reading,

Katie, the cap fell on the floor, I think the cabin crew know about it!

What should I do?

Before he could send it the plane juddered and went into an almost vertical dive, sending his phone out of his hand and onto the floor, where it buzzed and turned off.

Chapter 2

Katie held her bag close to her chest as she and Oliver stepped into the bedroom, dark and gloomy compared to the warm sun outside.

‘Well,’ she began. ‘We might as well unpack. You empty our bags, Oliver. I shall see to our beds and bathroom.’

She hurried towards the door in the far corner of the room, and swung it open. A beautiful tiled bathroom lay before her eyes, a small window letting in a gorgeous light. The bath was white and clean, the sink had tiny patterns carved in gold running along its edges.

‘Wow,’ she whispered, closing the door. ‘Wow.’

Oliver had unpacked the bags and was out on the tiny balcony, covered by the shade of an old Rowan, leaning surreptitiously on the roof of the house. He was inspecting an old chair, half rotten, leaning on its side.

‘Katie! There you are, I need some help with the dinner, or miss Adunt will make you do the lawn, you don’t want that.’

‘Ok,’ she turned and followed Tilly out of the room and down the corridor.

Chapter 3

Care crouched in on his stool at the table, gently stirring his soup with the spoon. Katie was helping herself to seconds, and Oliver was at the counter filling his water glass. He leaned over to Katie and whispered

?Katie, I never got the cap back! ?

She looked at him, nodded and stood up, her spoon falling from her hand as she ran into the garden, Care following slowly, calling to Oliver as he readied himself for a long trek across the hills.

They eventually caught up to Katie, who was leaning over the cliff and holding onto the fence with her free hand.

?Ready?? She asked and they both nodded.

She gave the two boys a small parcel, before she turned, scrambled into the fence and flung herself down the cliff. Oliver gulped and did the same, disappearing quickly. Care hesitated for a moment, before following his friends over the cliff.

They hit the water hard, splashing into the murky depths with a small bang as a wave swept them into the rocks. Oliver poked his head up and grabbed onto a rock, gasping for breath. Care appeared next to him, his hair fuzzy and wild. Katie was treading water next to them, calmly adjusting to the cold water. Suddenly, there was a flash of light and Katie, Oliver And Care all disappeared.

Chapter 4

They all gasped as they were pulled up onto the rocks, shaking and coughing loudly.

‘I won’t ever get used to that.’ Oliver sneezed through chattering teeth.

‘Neither will I.’ Katie replied, lowering herself onto her knees.

‘That drop seems higher every year.’

Care nodded to them, and went back towards the water, pulling his trousers up, despite them already being soaked through. He slid into the waves and uttered words so strange no living being could tell what they meant. Then, he strode forwards and disappeared into the water.

Katie leaned towards Oliver and kissed him on the cheek. They gripped each other’s hands as they ran towards the water, laughing happily. A long thread of seaweed leapt up in front of them and wrapped around their waists, securing them in its bonds.

‘Ah-’ Oliver began but a mother weed sprouted up and dived around his mouth, yanking him into the waves.

Katie tried to scream but tentacles of green goo swept around her, covering her mouth and tightening around her throat. More tentacles leapt up around her, tightening around her until she was a waving mass of slime.

Chapter 5

Care felt a cold warmth sweep around him as he entered the under sea cave, his deep down powers surfacing as he went deeper. Weeds swept around him, guiding him lower into the cave.

“Katie, Oliver, wanna go to the power stone?” He asked, turning around. He tilted his head, shrugging at the empty space. The weeds hissed and lead him deeper into the dark cave.

The narrow tunnel suddenly swung open into a huge cavern, so big it could fit a million cathedrals in its gaping space. He strode along, the Power stone floating some way ahead of him in the darkness. He reached out and grabbed it, a dark force ripping into his body and taking him over immediately. He swept his arm forwards, and felt a limp form in front of him. Oliver lifted his head and grabbed Care’s outstretched arm.

“Master!” He screeched, bowing his head down low.

Care pushed him aside and stared at the limp form of Katie on the rock. Her ginger hair swept around her as she lay on the stone platform, weeds wrapping around her wrists and ankles.

Care laughed loudly, and summoned more reeds to drain her power. Suddenly, she shuddered and opened her eyes, bleached and dark as her power left her. Then, she burst from the weeds and screeched, diving for Care and grabbing Oliver as she went.

They lay on the grass, their hands intertwined, staring at the moonlight sky. Care was cold and limp, Held still by Katie, her eyes closed and her hands gripping Oliver by his scruff. She lay still and silent as the last bit of power from the all drained into the soil.