WITH BRAVE WINGS SHE FLIES

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Introduction

Read my self-written story about Evie. Enjoy being swept into another world full of excitement, danger, and love. (for more chapters please write that you want them in the comments and don't forget to leave feedback!)
PROLOGUE

I, the Author find it important that Stories or books (and many more) have Morals. You think that Morals are things that make you a better person, improving and getting to know important things in life. This is very true but to me, morals are more than just that, because sometimes simple things can turn out to be something incredible and unexpected. Morals are not just messages about a made-up story but also things that have happened to you or will happen in your lives. They represent every one of us and parts of our future or past lives puzzled together in a narrative. Morals are not only there to guide you but for you to guide them into a place where you can always reconnect them. Seeing things having more than one meaning means you are thinking about words, things around you, and others means you
have the courage to outgrow your thinking and yourself. These messages in stories are there to get you to see the perspectives of people so that one day you will have one message that will be your own to share amongst others. Now I know you probably do not understand or find it useless what I am saying, or maybe some of you do, that if I may I would like to remind you that that's a puzzle piece you will someday puzzle into your own moral message to tell whoever you wish.

CHAPTER 1

Now readers thank you for excusing me to do that, I will not bore you any longer. This Story is about a little girl named Jade Evie Career. It was nighttime. She lay frozen at the bottom of the sea... There was silence. Now and then lightning crashed and then broke and every time it stopped it was silent. So silent you could hear your blood flowing through you, so silent you thought you would cry to the loneliness, and so silent that Evie could hear the sea. She lay there not sure ever wanting to return to the above. She wasn't herself. As the quietness overtook Evie, something or someone grabbed her. She was too weak to see what it was, but the hand slowly pulled Evie up to the air, put her down, then ran for as fast as the lightning above.

When Evie woke up she was laying on a stone floor in the middle of nowhere. Nothing except water. She was surrounded by it. She sat up and looked around. No houses whatsoever, no streets, no nothing, not even a bush! The only green she could see was the seaweed in the blue. Beside the water sat a baby crow. It looked right at her but when Evie looked, it was gone. She slowly stood up and took one step in front of the other. She walked until she couldn't go further. She reached for the water but something pulled her back. There was nothing behind her, nothing on the side of her but something was glittering in the water in front of her. She reached for a bracelet, but again something pulled her back. After a couple of times trying she realized it was only the blue on her arm that was scared of the bracelet. She took her left hand and took the bracelet. It had a blue crystal on it that matched the spot. She put it on her left hand and lay down on the stone. After a few minutes, the world around her closed up.

“Wake up sleepyhead “ her little brother john slammed her with a pillow. He kept jumping
up and down on Evie's back yelling “you have to go to school-ool and iii do-on’t!” “Ow! get off me “ Evie groaned “by the way it's weekend” she let her head fall on her pillow, but there was no pillow there. ” John! Give me my pillow back! ““oomf “ mumbled Evie “Saturdays with siblings “ Evie slowly opened one eyelid after the other and let the blazing colors of light reach her eyes. Her room was glittering in the morning sunlight just like spring mornings should look like. The room was very big, but compared to the other rooms, it was tiny. Evie's room was colorful with lots of stars painted onto the white wall. It smelled like burned toast coming from the kitchen but Evie enjoyed watching her parents, who totally could not cook, try all the new recipes they could think of. She stumbled out of bed, got dressed, and brushed her teeth. When after 10 min she sat downstairs in the living room only john was sitting in a chair.” Where are the others?”Evie asked “getting new ingredients to fulfill their new recipe,“ he said, bored. Evie sighed, got up, and made herself a toast. She glanced out of the window and out into the street. Saturdays were very busy in Halped. The city was not very big but lots of people came to visit from different countries.” Pop went to the toaster and Evie almost jumped because it was so loud. John was still sitting on his chair when he said: ”Mom and Dad are here”. Evie groaned, the last thing she needed was her parents yelling and shouting, what they had found in the store, what they were going to make, and so forth. Evie liked the quiet. She would let her imagination flow and she would put no stop to it unless she really wanted to. She took the toast out of the toaster and laid it on a plate. Next, she spread butter over it and then a lot of honey. She stumbled tiredly over to the table and sat down just as her parents came through the door.”Hey Honey “ was the last thing she ever heard her mother say...