Ties That Bind

by Dreamcreator

Summary

Sometimes the greatest things have to be learned, even though the truth hurts. One certain Friendly Ghost who is now an Angel must prevent a dark arising from happening when the Scythe of Death has been stolen from the vaults of the Spirit Gate, a place where souls are judged and items are hidden from the living. He along with his friends must go to his hometown, not only to face their adversaries but the past as well. Will they fail or succeed? Will forgiveness be graced upon them?
In a small town, with so little people, and its old building and house, it looked almost deserted. There was hardly anything, there except for a couple of things. In reality this place was almost a ghost town. It was also snowing, making it beautiful but also dreary.

The irony in it.

There was a graveyard, and it was large filled with headstones. The hallowed ground had more residents in there, then the whole town, but I digress. Beyond this dismal place was an old church. It was cobblestoned white, and with beautiful glass stained windows. Its gigantic cross was still intact, standing above the church. It had been abandoned for years, but it was still beautiful holding its holy presence.

In the old church, had a few wooden pews, broken and worn down. The wooden alter was also there, where the preacher would give his speeches. A couple of rusted brass candle holders were still standing as well. It was complete empty.

To the living that is.

In one of the wooden pews, that had not broken, sat a figure. More like a figure hovering over the pew. It was a clear hazy white that you could see right through them. It was small, and looked childlike, had more of a feature of a small boy yet with no legs but a tail. It was a small ghost that was sitting in the old church.

The small ghost boy opened up his innocent bright blue eyes. They were teary eyed.

He sniffled, wiping away the tears that were falling, and spoke.

“I had it. I have truly had it. Why is that I do something and it’s not good enough for them? I try and try and yet they still treat me like dirt. I understand why my uncles treat me like that and of course I’m use to it, but it gets frustrating after centuries of this abuse. But why does he treat me like that?” he wondered.

The small ghost boy sighed, and lifted his head, to stare at a portrait of the saints, along with the Virgin Mary, holding the baby Deity.

“Please, I like to know, where I belong. I know I don’t belong with the living anymore and I know I am supposed to go somewhere, a totally different place from here, but I don’t know how to get there. I am so confused and lost. Please, help me, please. That’s all I ask for. That is what I wish for.” Said the ghost and began to cry again.

Suddenly the wind began to pick up and blew the church doors right open, almost breaking from their hinges. The few candles that were left in the candleholders lit up and burned brightly in the atmosphere. The boy held his breath (which was odd since he could no longer breathe anymore) and looked outside. He had to look away, when a bright light emitted from outside and a figure walked from it and into the church.

It was a woman, with chalk like skin, and light purple and pinkish hair that went down to her hips. A black and red bow that was in a shape of a flower was placed on the side of her hair. She wore a Victorian red and black dress, but it was very short coming halfway to her thighs and very close to the ends of her shoulders. White lace and frills could be seen since it was about an inch longer than the dress. Red and black boots also Victorian but so much different, she had on also.
She looked to be about in her early twenties, but her eyes told a different story. Dull red eyes showed aged and wisdom. She had no expression on her face too.

She had locked eyes with the ghost boy. Both of them did not move and say anything till the ghost spoke up first to break the silence.

“Who are…?”

“I am the great Wishmaker, Bringer of Wishes, and Creator of Dreams. I am the ruler of the Spirit Gate.” She said taking a bow. Even her voice portrays wisdom and time as well.

“You mean... everything is true then?”

“Yes it is. So please don’t be afraid.” said the Wishmaker.

“I’m not scared!” said the boy, though he did show a hint of fear; for there were many tales about the Spirit Gate and its rulers, the Neutrals. Especially about her.

The Wishmaker smiled. “Don’t try and lie to me, because I know everything about you. That is the reason why I came here. Because of your wish.”

“My wish?” asked the small ghost boy.

“Yes, your wish. Such an innocent and sweet full wish, that I could not resist so I came down here to see you. And ask a question that I rarely ask to any wisher that calls on me: Do you want this wish granted?” she asked seriously to the shocked ghost.

The little ghost pondered about this. Here was his chance, to go to everlasting peace and move on to his afterlife. It did sound so good, to see and be with his mother again, but another thought crossed his mind: what about his uncles? What would happen to them, once he left?

“Do not worry. They shall be informed of your departure. Yet if you are not ready to leave, then I or someone else shall come back for you when you are ready to leave.” said the Wishmaker.

The ghost didn’t say anything for a while, but kept on thinking. After a moment of silence, he looked up at the Wishmaker, and said:

“I am ready.”

The Neutral looked at him.

“Are you sure? Once this has been granted, there is no turning back. That has been the one rule that I have never changed and never will be.” She said warning him, giving him the chance to think things through.

The ghost nodded his head. “I understand perfectly. Please can you grant my wish?” he asked politely, since the ghost boy was always kind and had been for years. It was his nature, something that he had learned from his mother, before she passed away a few years before him.

The Wishmaker smiled, a very rare sight to see on her face. Rare indeed.

“I will certainly so.” She closed her eyes and lifted her hands to the air, and pointed at the ghost boy.

All of a sudden, the ghost started to glow a bright white. He felt his soul take shape and started to feel different, that he closed his eyes. He was no longer transparent, but had a body with a head,
arms with hands, and a lower half with legs and feet! He was pale too, something that he always had since he was living. He opened his bright blue eyes to look at himself, with an expression of awe on his face as he looked at his fingers. Then he put his fingers on top of his head. Hair! Something he had not seen or felt in over two hundred years. It was blond with some highlights of brown in it. It was short too; going up to his ears, and was parted in the middle causing his bangs to be on the side leaving his forehead bare.

Tears began to fall down from his face. He had not seen himself in his true form since he died at a young age.

“Come.” said the Wishmaker to the twelve year old boy. “It is time to leave. There are people there waiting for you.”

“My Mom too?” he asked, hopefully.

The Wishmaker nodded her head. “She has been waiting a long time to see you. Let us go.”

The boy had to hold back his tears and his sobs. He was so happy, he was going to be free and see his loved ones again, too.

The boy, no longer a ghost, gently took the Wishmaker’s hand and led him to the church’s doorway. As they entered the light the boy felt something strange on his back. He turned around to see two pearly white wings on his shoulder blades! Then he looked above him and saw a bright golden halo, hovering over his head.

He was no longer a ghost, but an angel now. He smiled a big smile. It was real.

Both figures went through, the holy light disappearing, and the church doors closing up, acting like nothing had transpired there.

“Welcome back to the Light, Casper.”
The Mission

Chapter Summary

The Afterlife is about to be woken up when theft is committed upon the Spirit Gate.

Chapter Notes

I apologize for this chapter being long, I really wanted to get straight into the plot of everything. Anyway give me a heads up if I have made any mistakes.

Please read and review!

Thank you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

In the known Universe, there are many realms; Realms that contain the living and others the afterlife. Since the beginning, they have been separate, never to mingle or be together.

Yet there is one place, that can travel to the living and nonliving worlds. It is the place where all souls are judged, to see if they are worthy to enter a peaceful paradise of Heaven or burn in the eternal flames of Hell. It is a center for all souls and spirits; Demons and Angels, working together and serving the Heavens, the Hells, and the Neutrals.

The Spirit Gate.

A place of magnificent beauty, with ancient doors and gates created by Elves and the Ancients, to grant them a special place in the Heavens when they left the living world; opening and closing to different realms or worlds. Where there is no time for past, present, or future, for it doesn’t exist here, for the nonliving. Gold, silver, and mirrors make up the foundation of the castle of the Spirit Gate. A place that blends with past and future, technology and magic.

The Spirit Gate also protects. Not just the souls, but other things too. It guards the secrets and treasures of the Heavens and Hells.

A long corridor led to a wooden Elvin door, guarding treasures that were real and beyond imagination. Statues and portraits of Gods and monsters lined up against the walls.

“Cigarette, Raphael?” asked Maes Hughes leaning against the giant door, holding a carton out to the other man, who was standing straight in posture.

Hughes was a pale, dark haired man, with gray eyes. His glasses were glaring from the energy lights in all the Hallways and corridors. He wore black boots, tan pants, and a dark blue uniform cloak jacket that bared the insignia of the Spirit Gate in silver lining: front and back. The insignia was that of a grand and majestic door, with special symbols all over the door.

“Thanks.” Said the man named Raphael taking a cigarette and lighting it up. He too was a tall and
pale man, though he was much younger than Hughes. He had spiky short blond hair, with dark blue eyes. He too wore a uniform cloak jacket with the silver lining logo on it too, but his was a light color of black.

“No problem.” said Hughes, lighting his as well.

“I wish those Clock Guards would hurry up and get here. It’s their job to protect the Treasury.”

“Well, their gears and armor got rusted pretty badly. You can’t really blame them for getting it fixed. They would be vulnerable to any attack that came their way. Besides, the one to blame here is Demyx for soaking them with his guitar.”

“Good thing he’s not on our team, or I beat his little laid back scaredie cat behind to the next afterlife.” said Raphael.

“I’m with you on that. Why I can be back in my world, checking on my family-“

“Wait.”

“What?” questioned Hughes.

“Do you see what I see?”

Hughes looked over to where Raphael was looking at. Right there, was a beautiful marble statue, of a young lady. Calyso, the Goddess of Disguise.

“I don’t see anything. What are you talking about?

“The statue. I don’t remember it being this close to the doorway before.”

Hughes took another look. Now that his comrade mentioned it, it did seem that Calyso was closer to the Treasure Room than usual. Strange.

“I see it now. Maybe it’s some rookie agents messing with us experience officers. You know how some of them are when they first join the Spirit Gate Brigade.”

“Maybe.” said Raphael. “I’m still going to check it out.”

After he said that, he clapped his hands, causing a weapon to appear before him. It was a long metal staff, with a curve blade on the top side of it. He then slowly walked over to it.

“I’m telling you, it’s just some one playing a joke on us.”

Raphael came closer to the lady statue, till it started to shake.

“What in the -?”

“NOW!” shrieked a voice, and the statue exploded into bits.

Raphael and Hughes covered their faces from the flying rock bits. Shrieking and laughter could be heard from everywhere. Both the men looked up to see, specters flying in the air. They were see-through, with tails instead of legs. They were not clear or white, but some kind of purple color. They laughed maniacally.

“Ghosts!” cursed Raphael.

“Yeah, Angel Loser!” chuckled one of the ghosts. He was a goofy looking ghost, with a blue ball
cap on top of his head. “We’re the notorious ghosts in all the lands!”

“You don’t say.” Said Hughes.

“We bring fleshies to their knees, screaming and running in fright! We have the baddest reputation compared to any other ghosts.”

“Never heard of you.”

All four ghosts’ jaws dropped.

“What?!” screamed another ghost. He had angry lines all over his face, his eyes blazing red.

“Darling.” said the third ghost. She was very pretty, with long curly hair, and red plush lips and a lot of makeup on her. She was the only female out of all of them. “We’re the Violet Violent Phantoms. You should know.”

“I still never heard of you four.” said Hughes.

“Stupid Angel!” cried the goofy one, “It’s not just us four, there’s a whole bunch-“

The last ghost knocked him on the head.

“Idiot!”

“Enough talking! Let’s get down to business!” said the last ghosts. He was tougher looking, with a whole lot of muscle, and he meant trouble.

“About time.” said Raphael rearing his blade in attack position. “Bring it on.”

The leader of the ghosts smirked. “You asked for it.”

**BOOM!**

Smoke filled the room, as the ghosts attacked the angels. Raphael swung his blade around, knocking two of them around. Hughes brought out a small metal gun and shot at them. Instead of bullets, a net flew to them, but missed. Seconds later, electricity sparked everywhere.

“Ha! Ha! Miss me! Miss me!” laughed the goofy one.

“Doofy! Quick playing around!” cried the angry one. “We got a job to do!”

“Whatever you say, Knox!”

All four ghosts then went through the Treasury Room doors. Raphael went through before yelling to Hughes.

“Hughes! I’ll go after them! Bring back up!”

“Right!” cried Hughes and he vanished.

The Treasure Room, was a vast place with many grand objects all over. Shelves filled with books
or scrolls. Glass cases containing artifacts and other strange things thought to be myth or lost forever in history. But what astounded everyone was the fact that it was filled with gold, silver, and so many jewels. Kings and thieves would be envious if they ever set foot in this room.

“Oh man! The Boss never said it was this big!” said the one named Doofy.

“That’s because no ghost has ever been in this room!” yelled the leader. “We’ll have to split up and find it. Doofy, you and Tootsie go that way, while me and Knox go this way.”

“Got it Chief!” saluted Doofy. Chief smacked himself in the forehead, with annoyance and rolled his eyes.

“Let’s go. I don’t want to be stuck here, when they send the whole army here.” said Knox.

“I’m with you, Darling.” said Tootsie.

With that said, they went their own way. Tootsie and Doofy went on the right path, while their other comrades went to the left.

“Man, this place has some neat stuff.” Said Doofy as they floated around, “Some of these things I thought were only myth!”

“You can say that again, Darling.” Said Tootsie eyeing all the jewelry that were in the glass cases. “I wonder if they would notice this pearl necklace missing?”

“Yeah, we would.”

The two ghosts turned around to see Hughes right behind them. His guns were loaded and ready for action.

“Well, then. You’re just going to have to give it for us to go.” said Tootsie.

“With wrapping, to go along with it.” stated Hughes, pulling the triggers on his guns. They fired two nets aiming for the ghosts. The ghosts flew up into the air, with the nets capturing some glass cases and a few statues, shocking them.

“Ha Ha Ha! Is that the best you can do?” laughed Doofy.

“NO!”

“There’s more!

The laughing ghost was then knocked down back to the ground, with a loud bang. He opened his eyes to see two figures standing over him, looking down on him. They both wore dark black cloak jackets, with silver lining on them with the symbol of the Spirit Gate on them. Black pants, with black gloves, and black boots they wore as well. Just because they wore the same outfit didn’t mean, they looked alike.

“Why look what we caught, Axel.” said the smaller one of the two. He was a boy looking no more than fifteen, with short spiky blond hair. His eyes were such a dark blue that would mystify you when you looked at him. He lowered his weapon to the sweat stained ghost. The weapon was large and black, in the shape of a key, with a small silver gray keychain with the number XIII on it, attached to the handle of the weapon.

“Seems we caught a rat, sniffing out for some cheese, Roxas.” Said the taller one named Axel. He had very long spiky red hair; literally they were sticking out everywhere. He had dark green eyes,
with a hint of mischief in them. He looked to be about a teenager of nineteen or so. In one of his hands was a round metal weapon, with silver small spades covering the entire outside of the circular weapon. In the center of it was a red symbol of the logo, XIII on it.

“Forget the cheese. More like sniffing for some goods to steal.” said Roxas.

“I wonder what we should do with him?” wondered Axel.

“How about letting me go?” asked Doofy.

“Now where would all the fun be if we do that? No, we have to do something big.”

“I hope you boys don’t do that it me.” stated Tootsie, “I am a lady. I won’t have brutes touching me.”

“Then let’s make it fair.” said a soft feminine voice.

Tootsie turned around, to find another figure there. She was a girl no more than fifteen, and average for her height. She had soft short blonde hair barely passing her shoulders, and clear blue eyes that held kindness in them. She wore a light white cloaked jacket with silver lining, with a white dress underneath, with black boots and black gloves. She didn’t have any weapons out.

“And what are you going to do about it?” asked the female ghost fixing her curly hair, “You don’t have any weapons with you.”

“Oh, I’m armed.” She said, and out from her pocket was a long skinny pencil.

Tootsie just laughed, pointing at the ‘weapon’.

“That!? Ha! Ha! What’s that going to do to me?! Ha Ha! Paint polka dots on me? A few zigzag lines here or there? Ha Ha!” laughed the ghost.

“You’ll see.” said the young girl.

She jumped high in the air, landing a couple of yards away from the group. She calmly pointed the pencil to the ground, where a swirl of paint started to appear. It started small than began to expand. Then a gush of paint sprouted from the swirl, with a large neck and large head of a dragon appeared.

It roared, making the two violet ghosts turn pale.

“This is what it can do.” She said.

Tootsie gulped.

“And as usual, Namine makes another terrific work of art. Your talents seize to amaze me.”

“Thank you, Hughes.” said Namine.

“Heh heh.” Said Doofy nervously, “I guess this means we have to surrounded huh?”

“You bet.” said Axel.

Tootsie eyed a bag filled with some kind of red dust in it. A smirk soon appeared on her pretty face.

“I don’t think so.” said Tootsie reaching towards the bag and throwing it to the ground. Red
smoke soon consumed the area where they were all standing.

“Vanishing smoke!” coughed Roxas.

“Why the heck is it in here? This stuff should be in the hazardous category! Or Ninja section, or something.” said Axel.

“I can’t see a thing!” cried Hughes.

“That’s the point of it.” said Axel.

Soon the smoke began to shift, to where everyone could see again. The two ghosts were gone!

“Where they go?” questioned Namine looking over the area.

“Ha! Ha! Over here Angel loser’s!”

The four agents looked over to the far right, to see the thieves laughing at them. Raged filled Axel’s eyes

“I’ll show you who the real loser is!” shouted Axel, making his weapons disappear. Seconds pass when he conjured a ball of fire and aimed it at the ghosts.

“Take this!”

The fire ball launched itself heading straight for them!

“Aaaahhh!” screamed Doofy and Tootsie who quickly floated away from the attack, missing it in seconds.

“That’s it! I’m outta here!”

“I don’t care what Izer wants, this isn’t worth it!”

The ghosts floated away, heading off into the direction where their other two comrades went.

“Cowards!” yelled Roxas.

“Come back here and fight like a man…er…I mean like a ghost!” screamed Axel.

“Let’s go. Well head them off by the entrance.” said Hughes. “I just hope we can stop them and the other two.”

“Don’t worry.” said Namine. Hughes, Axel, and Roxas looked at her. “The others will deal with them.

Chief and Knox were floating around on the other side of the Treasure Room. They were both mesmerized by everything they saw. Gold and jewelry were place in glass cases, while books and other objects were place on wooden old shelves. Famous paintings hung on the walls, along with some of the weaponry.

“Get a load of this stuff!” exclaimed Knox.
“I know, but we can’t dawdle. We’re on a mission. Remember Knox?” said Chief glaring at his partner in crime. “We have to stay focus at all times.”

“I know! I know! You don’t have to keep reminding me all the time.”

“Oh, shut up and keep looking.” Demanded Chief.

Both ghosts kept looking around. It wasn’t till they reached the end that made them stop.

Right before them, stood a long marble made altar. Dull red cloth was placed on top of the altar. Items were placed everywhere on top of it. Weapons, jewels, dishes, scrolls, and spell books filled with powerful and dreadful magic.

“Oh my God.” Said Knox pointing to the center of the table. There in the center of the altar were two objects that were out of place. One being a golden goblet with colorful jewels bestowed upon it on the sides. The other being a long skeletal staff, black with skulls carved all over it, and a long sharp blade on top that curved.

A scythe

Both ghosts were struck with awe and amazement.

“I don’t believe it. That’s the Scythe of Death.” Whispered Chief as he beckon closer to the table. “The Scythe of Death and The Goblet of Life were the first tools given to the first Death and Life.”

“Where it all started.” Said Knox.

Chief nodded and carefully picked up the weapon. He slowly examined it, turning it over and over.

“We are touching history.” Said Chief.

“We’re going to make history.” Added Knox.

“You both are going to be history.”

Chief and Knox turned to see Raphael watching them, his weapon in hand.

“You got ten seconds to put that down.” said Raphael, “Before I have to make you.”

Both ghosts smirked.

“How about you have ten seconds to get out of our way,” Said Chief raising the Scythe in attack position, “or we will make you. Trust me, if the stories are true about this blade, then it will be painful.”

Raphael snorted, “You can’t. You don’t know how to wield it properly for it to work.”

“We’ll just have to learn along the way!” exclaimed Knox, “now get the Hell out of our way!”

“You don’t get it. There will be a swarm of agents arriving here at any minute; Angels, spirits, Demons, and devils of any kind. But that won’t be the worst of it. Death and Life will see to it that you will be punished. The Wishmaker will make certain of that.”

“I like to see the Wishmaker try!”
Suddenly a long green whip lunged itself around the Scythe. Sharp brutal thorns poked out from every direction, as it pulled even harder on to the Scythe while Chief struggled to pull it back to him.

“She will.” Said a gentle voice.

The two ghosts turned to where the voice spoke. There on the end of the whip, stood a tall beautiful woman. She had long light brown hair that went into a braid, with a red bow on top. Her bright green eyes were filled with kindness, with her sweet smile. She wore a pink cloaked jacket with silver lining on it, with a pink skirt, with brown boots, and maroon gloves. She looked to be about nineteen or so.

She smiled sweetly at them.

“Once we deliver you to her.” Said another womanly voice, then a sound of a clicking noise that came from a pistol could be heard. They turned around to see another woman with black blaster pointing at them.

The woman was beautiful, with dark brown hair tied in a bun, with brown chocolate eyes staring at you, filled with justice and righteous in them. She too wore a cloaked jacked that was the color of dark red with silver lining on it. She wore the same color pants, gloves, and dark brown boots. She looked to be about in her late twenties, such as twenty five or twenty seven.

Both ghosts whistled.

“You’re surrounded.” Smirked Raphael.

“If you surrender now,” said the pink one, “the Neutrals might go easy on you. Might being the word.”

“Aerith! There is no way I’m letting them off that quickly!” exclaimed Raphael to her.

“Can we please discuss this later? We have two fugitives to worry about now.” said the other woman.

“Oh, yes.” Said Aerith sheepishly, making her look even more cute.

“You’re the one in charge here, Padme.” said Raphael.

“You know,” said Chief interrupting them, “we would take these lovely ladies offer….”

“But we got a Gate to travel through.” said Knox grinning.

Suddenly red smoke appeared, spreading throughout the area. Coughing could be heard from the angels and mad cackling from the ghosts.

Once the smoke cleared up, the ghosts were gone. Along with the Scythe!

Raphael cursed. “Not again!”

“What took you guys so?” complained Knox, once again joined with the comrades. They were flying at super speed to get away as far as possible.

“We had some problems.” Said Doofy.

“Same as yours, Darling.” Added Tootsie.
“Well next time when this happens again, be quicker!” yelled Knox.

“Knock it off!” shouted Chief swinging the weapon at them.

“Dude!” exclaimed Doofy, “Is that…?”

“Yup, it is kid. Now let’s get the Hell out of here, before more of those Angels appear.”

“Dude! And there’s our way out!” shouted Doofy as he pointed to the two grand doors.

Once they got closer, the doors immediately closed off, not letting anyone leave the room. The nasty ghosts backed off, and were going to go through the door. Then a glowing portal appeared on the ground, with electric sparks flying everywhere. Then a small figure appeared right above it. The portal soon vanished, and the four ghosts just looked at this boy.

He was small, looking to be about twelve years old. He was wearing a light blue cloak jacked, with silver lining, blue pants with dark brown boots, and dark blue gloves. He was pale, with bright innocent blue eyes, and light blond hair parted in the middle with his bangs on the side leaving his forehead bare.

“Going somewhere?” he asked innocently.

The four ghosts looked at each other, and grinned evilly.

“Get out of the way, kid. We got places to go.” Said Knox.

“People to see.”

“Is that so?”

Chief furrowed his brows in annoyance. “Yeah it is so. Now step aside.”

The boy just smiled, “I don’t think so.”

“Why not?” asked Doofy and then getting smacked in the face by his ghostly buddies.

“Because I’m here to arrest you.” Said the boy.

All four of them started laughing.

“You!? Get out of here!”

“Okay. But I’m taking you with me.” Said the boy, and that said, brought out a long silver sword with the tip curved on the bottom. It was one of those old fashion swords

“Let’s see about that, kid.” Said Chief and brought the Scythe to hit him.

The boy blocked it, then with a twist of his body, swung his sword and threw Chief off balance, dropping the Scythe. Knox then grabbed it and went to strike him, when a fire ball threw him off guard.

“Ha! Ha! Who’s the loser now!” yelled Axel.

“You are still!” yelled Doofy, grabbing the bag out of Tootsie hands, throwing the rest of its contents out, with all the smoke causing a distraction. They escaped with laughter coming from all of them.
“That’s three times in a row that they have done this!” cried Hughes as all of them reached over to where the boy stood.

“You okay, Casper?” asked Padme coming over to him.

He nodded, “But we got to hurry. They’re going straight to the docking area!”

The docking area was where all the Gates were at. It was a place that you could come in and out of. They held over hundreds of these magnificent gates. They were all shapes and sizes, ranging from old fashion designs to newer ones. They led to so many different worlds, different dimensions, and different time lines.

Agents could go back and forth doing their jobs for the Spirit Gate. Others waited for souls to arrive and be judged to become an Angel or a Devil.

Yet not this time.

“Alright! Everyone in position. The culprits will be here in a matter of seconds!” yelled an agent.

“I want everyone on their guard. They cannot escape!”

“We know that, idiot.” Mumbled a demon.

“Yeah,” murmured a sprite, “Especially since he was the one who let them in.”

The agent glared at them.

“Alright! Now-“

“They’re coming!” yelled a small boy.

“Let’s get them!” yelled another agent. Weapons soon appeared and ready for action, to deal with the intruders who caused trouble for the Spirit Gate.

“We are home free!” screamed Doofy. Was he ever wrong. As soon as they entered the docking area, there were a slew of agents ready to arrest them on the spot.

“What do we do, Chief?” asked Tootsie nervously as she looked the agents in front of them, and the ones they met in the Treasure Room coming right behind them.

Chief thought of something and he thought of it quick. He saw the control panel that held all the switches to opening any of the Gates. If his calculations were correct…

“You want this so badly, then catch it!” he yelled and swung the Scythe at the control panel. It hit one of the levers, causing one of the gates to open and the control panel to overload with electric sparks flying all over. Chief than grabbed the Scythe and all four of them flew to the Gate.

“Shut the Gate!”

But it was too late. The ghosts flew into the Gate taking the Scythe of Death with them.
Here’s a list of all the movies and game characters that I used in my story starting from the beginning:

Mae Hughes: Full Metal Alchemist
Raphael: Yugioh
Roxas: Kingdom Hearts
Axel: Kingdom Hearts
Namine: Kingdom Hearts
Aerith: Final Fantasy VII
Padme: Star Wars
Casper: Casper the Friendly Ghost
In this particular Gate, that the ghosts had entered, led to their world of the Living. Though this Gate lead to many dimensions, containing over hundreds of worlds with different time lines that were either past, present, or future. Chief had pulled the right switch that led to theirs. The world they had arrived in, its time was night, with only the moon and the stars lighting the way to their hangout. Their meeting place was located on the farther outskirts of cities and towns, where it had been abandoned for so many years, with tales being told of terror that no one dares enter this nightmare.

The four ghosts were cackling the entire time as they entered this domain.

“Honey, I’m home!” cried Doofy as he took off his hat when he and his companions entered the hall of the residence.

“Shut up.” said Knox.

“Make me!”

“You’re really asking for it!”

“How am I asking for it?” asked Doofy, making Knox’s ectoplasm change to many shades of violets and reds. Anger was consuming his entire being so Doofy had better watch what he says next or he faces Knox’s wrath.

“Why I oughta-!”

“Quiet!” shouted another voice. They turned their heads to see another ghost coming from another room to meet them. He too was violet color. “You make enough noise to wake the…never mind.”

“Look what we got, Dude!” cried Doofy. Chief lifted up the Scythe to show to the other ghost. The ghost’s eyes bugged out.

“Is that…?”

“Of course it is, Darling.” said Tootsie, fixing up her hair.

“I’m pretty amazed that you were able to pull it off,” he said smugly. He was a lean ghost with sneakiness written all over his expression like a weasel hunting for chickens, “I would have gone on the mission myself, but I had to recruit more members to join in on our cause.”

“Mac, save the lies. You know very well that’s not true.” said Chief, “You’re just jealous that Izer picked us!”

“A grave mistake on my part.”
All the ghosts did a number. They turned their heads, to see a figure float down the grand staircase. He was taller, more masculine than all the other ghosts combined. His eyes were stone cold black, and his ectoplasm a dark brand of violet. He was the greatest and the oldest out of all of them, with years of experience and knowledge of both realms. He was the supreme ghost of the Violet Violent Phantoms.

“Izer…we brought the Scythe of Death! Just like you asked!” explained Knox, nervously.

“Yes you did, but… I don’t remember asking you to anger the entire Spirit Gate!” yelled Izer. Tootsie, Knox, and Doofy cowered behind Chief, while Mac went over to the side hiding behind a tall lamp. “Do you have any idea what you have done!?!?”

“Uh, no not really.” peeped Doofy.

“Well, then I’m going to tell you. I have just been informed from one of my sources, that you four left the Spirit Gate with Agents from both sides chasing right after you! Not only will they track us down, finding our hideout, but we will lose the Scythe as well.”

“Are you done?” questioned Chief trying to act tough on the outside, though on the inside he was trembling with fear.

“I’m just warming up.”

“I hate to see him burning up.” murmured Doofy to Tootsie.

“Not only will we be judged for our crimes, but we will have to face every Neutral that was ever created. Out of all them, the worst is the Wishmaker herself.”

“I can take her.” scoffed Chief. Izer floated up to him. He looked him straight in the eye.

“You are such a fool. You don’t realize that she is neither living nor dead. God and Satan made her, along with Life and Death and the other Neutrals. She is the most powerful Neutral of them all and she is the one you should fear the most. You don’t want her as your enemy.” He said, whispering that last line to them, making sure they got the message. They did. “She has Angels and Devils that are under her command, and she will send them along with Demons, Trackers, Sprites, Nymphs, and any other creatures she can get a hold of to hunt us down. I’m too close to reaching my goal to have it wrecked by four nitwits.”

All four ghosts gulped in fear. Mac smirked at them, until Izer turned to him, which he lost the smugness on his face in a sec.

“I wouldn’t be smirking if I were you, Mac. I was coming to you next.”

“Me-ee-ee?” said Mac stuttering that you couldn’t even understand him. Now Chief was smirking now at his adversary.

“Yes. It seems that we have no problem recruiting Demons, and other demonic creatures. It’s the ghost factor that I am worried about.” He put his hands behind his back, floating towards the lone ghost. “Why is it that there aren’t that many ghosts coming to join our establishment?” questioned Izer, eyeing Mac, with hate and tons of angry reflecting in his cold steely eyes. Mac gulped, trying to form a reply to his boss but couldn’t at the moment. “In the past we had so many join us, but now I see so very little coming in.”

“Well, you see… it’s just that some of these ghosts have families or friends that have crossed over to the Afterlife.”
“And?” said Izer, knowing there was more information than that.

“And,” said Mac sighing knowing that he might as well tell the whole truth, “There are others who don’t like the fact that we are going up against the Spirit Gate, knowing full well that they’re the ones who judge us to see if we deserve to go to Heaven or not. The Spirit Gate is too powerful with the protection of both sides. They are the ones who start Armageddon, when Heaven and Hell decide that they want to end everyone’s existence. All the ghosts know this and they don’t want to enrage their wrath, knowing it could be the end of everything.”

Izer was silent when Mac finished explaining. He had reached a good point. After all, he wasn’t the only one who knew what went on in the Spirit Gate. Stories have been told since the beginning about the things that happen there. Stories of their wrath and the punishments that some Gods or Neutrals had placed on those who were wicked or cruel. The fact that they could begin the end of the world right now would be a great challenge to his plans.

“You have a point.”

“Not to mention, when they hear about this little mishap… they will be too terrified to even think about considering joining us.”

“Another good one as well.” said Izer, looking over to the trembling ghost. “We will certainly have a problem with that. They are too afraid of the Spirit Gate.”

“I might have a solution.”

Everyone turned to Tootsie who was not cowering anymore, just her companions now. “If I have permission to speak, sir?”

“You may.”

“Well, it’s only a thought, but it might work. Why not recruit the strongest and the most fearsome ghosts known everywhere? If they join us, then the others will certainly follow them, knowing that they have to too.”

Mac looked at her, “That is the most…”

“…genius plan that I have heard all day. Of course, why didn’t we think of it? The weaker ghosts always look up to those who scare the most fleshies, such as Kibosh the Godfather of all Ghosts. They are the most creative, the ones that will show no fear once we try to overthrow the Spirit Gate.” He looked over to Mac, his face now filled with evil glee. “I want you and the rest of the recruiters to find the most gruesome of ghosts known very well in every city and town in our world. Make sure that you persuade them to join… or else.”

“We’ll start first thing in the morning.” saluted Mac and left to get the rest of the recruiters not wanting to be there when the boss punished the other four ghosts, knowing it would be gruesome for messing up something that was assigned by him.

“As for all of you,” began Izer to the four ghosts, “you will be helping them. That will be your punishment for your little mishap.” Izer then took the Scythe out of Chief’s hands. “I will be taking this with me. It is far too powerful for the likes of you to be holding.” He said this mostly to Chief. Izer was floating back up the stairs to his study when Knox called out:

“Boss, one of those Angel Agents said that we wouldn’t be able to control it. Is that true?”

“It is.”
“What?! You mean we stole that for nothing?!”

“That will change.” said Izer, as he continued up the stairs, “That will all change on the night of the Full Moon.”

He disappeared with an evil grin on his face, leaving the ghosts puzzled by his meaning.

The whole Spirit Gate was in an uproar. The failure for not retrieving the stolen Scythe and for letting the ghosts who stole it get away so easily had broken out everywhere to the entire place. Even the Heavens and the Hells had heard about it.

Which makes this situation even worse thought Casper. He looked around the grand offices of the Angelic Agency. Large desks were scattered all over the place, such as a regular business office, but very different. They were the offices for the many teams for the Spirit Gate. Some of the walls were not walls, but mirrors, though they didn’t show your reflection, but the next rooms from close by. All you had to do was walk through the glass.

Casper was thinking about shutting the door to his office so he wouldn’t hear all the gossip of their failure. Some members could have regular offices that had doors and walls, where no one could hear in on to their private conversations. He knew he should close it, but something made him stop. The fact that Padme walked into the room might have been the reason.

“Well, it’s certainly a nightmare out there.” She said, “You won’t believe the things that are being said or the accusations that are going around.”

“I can imagine. My biggest fear is Death. How do you think he took it?”

Padme shook her head. “My guess is that he is on a rampage right now, and wants everyone involved to be punished to the extreme.”

“But we tried to grab them!” exclaimed Casper, “All of us did our best.”

“You have to be in politics for a long time to know that they want a scapegoat to take all the blame for the mistakes that happen around here. That’s how it goes.”

Casper had to smack himself in the face. He had forgotten that Padme had been a Senator for her home planet when she was still alive. She was now a Senator for the Spirit Gate.

“Noah is getting a trace from the Gate that those ghosts went through, in order to find out what Dimension they entered. He’s hoping that this is the same Gate that they also went through to get in.” said Casper to Padme.

“Me too. They made fools out of us!”

“I know –”

Suddenly Aerith came in. “You got to come quickly. Colonel Saffron is causing trouble with Axel and Roxas.”

“Again?!” said both Padme and Casper as they followed her.

In the center of the room, Angels were gathering around the three fighting figures in the middle. Two of them were Axel and Roxas trying to break free from the grips of another Agent. He was wearing a dark blue uniform cloaked jacket. His dark bluish hair was short and pointy everywhere. He looked to be about nineteen or in his early twenties.
“Come on! Enough is enough! You want to get into more trouble with him?!” he exclaimed to the two teenagers, “He isn’t worth it!”

“Let us go Zack!” cried out Roxas.

“Let me out at him! Let me out at him! I’ll show him a thing or two! Let him feel the heat!” yelled Axel, his eyes burning with hate.

“Oh, really?” questioned the other fighter. He was tall, around the same age as Axel, maybe even older. His bleach blonde hair was smoothed back, his icy blue eyes showing nothing but arrogance. He too wore a uniform cloaked jacket, but his was bleached blue. His name was hated throughout the entire Spirit Gate and he was an Angel. Colonel Azul Saffron. “I just see two low ranking Sergeants being held back by the weak minded Captain Zack Fair to me.”

Suddenly Zack let go of the boys. “Have at him.” he said growling through his teeth. Both teens smiled, while the smug look seemed to have left Saffron’s pale face. All three of them were in fighting stances ready for a rumble till…

“Knock it off!” said Casper as he and the others approached them. “That’s enough. We are already in enough trouble as is.”

“Let’s not add anymore to the situation.” added Padme.

Saffron glared at them. “It wasn’t me who let them escape.”

“No, but you and your teammates were on guard duty for all the Gates. So you were responsible for letting them in. Which reminds me, how exactly did they get by you all again?” questioned Axel, both he and Roxas smirking, seeming to already know the answer, yet unknown to everyone else except Saffron.

“Why you…! If there is anyone to blame it should be Demyx! He was the one that rusted the Clock Guards, making them weak!”

“I resent that!” called a voice from the back, “It was Raphael and Hughes fault!”

“No it wasn’t!”

“Yes!”

“It was your fault!”

“No it was yours!”

“Quiet!”

All the Angels froze in fear. They knew that voice from anywhere. He was the most respected and strong headed Angel known throughout the entire Spirit Gate. When he had crossed over, the Heavens immediately positioned him as one of the Top Generals of the Angelic Army.

General Auron.

“What in Sam Hill is going on in here?!” he barked to the Agents. He stood at six foot eight, was pure muscle though he looked very lean. His hair was a mix of blue and black, though a few gray hairs could be seen defining his age. His dark blue eyes surveyed the room, with one of them having a long scar on his right eye.
In one hand, he was holding his uniform cloaked jacket which was the deepest maroon that you ever saw. He wore a deep maroon shirt, with the sleeves cut off, and two black straps from the shoulders to the waist, and black pants with black boots. On his hands were black gloves, with the fingers cut off, with small spikes on the top part of the glove.

“I had to go report to the Gods and to Death himself that the Scythe of Death was stolen by low level ghosts and that our best Agents weren’t able to catch them? To see Gods angry is bad enough, but to see a Neutral angry is even worse. Especially the one they call Death.”

“Then when being yelled across the Universe, that even people from past and future could hear everything, I come in here, to find my Agents arguing, fighting, and beating each other up?! Care to explain this to me?! Well? Axel? Roxas? Saffron? You have anything to say?” he said looking straight at the three in the circle. They shook their heads.

“Well, then. I want everyone ready to head straight for the Council Room. The Wishmaker has summoned us from all the departments to come to the meeting to discuss what to do on retrieving the Scythe. NOW!”

All the Angels scrambled out of the hall, running towards the higher levels of the grand castle of the Spirit Gate. Auron smirked, looking over to Casper and Padme.

“That’s how you get things done around here.” He said with a grin. Both the Angels sighed and headed off to the Council Room.

The Council Room was on the very top floor of the Castle. It was the one place that all the Agents got to see very rarely. It was a grand room, with dark red painted on the walls, and the large pictures that hung on them; Pictures that showed all the Gods and Goddess in magnificent poses or showing off their love affairs. Statues and suits of Armor also decorated the room as well. Yet what stood out the most was a large wooden table placed in the center, carved by the first Ancients, along with all the chairs. The two taller of the chairs were positioned at the end of the table.

The Ruler of Heaven and the Ruler of Hell sat in those chairs.

Now the Wishmaker will sit at the end of the table.

“All right! Get ready! We don’t have all day! No more dawdling around! Come on! Move it!”

A Devil growled behind him, but another stopped him. Even the Demons and Aliens wanted to hurt him, but they stopped as well especially since they saw the General of Angels walking up to him.

“Colonel Saffron.” said Auron.

“Yes?”

“Sit down.”

Saffron glared at him, but he did walk over to his seat, though you could see all the anger that was in every step and movement that he made, even when he sat down; His arms crossed, and glaring at everyone who saw him. He looked like a child who had just received a time out.

“How did we wind up with him on our side?” asked Roxas, as he and his friends sat down, (far away from Saffron of course). “How in the world did we end up with him?”
“He probably didn’t have enough sins on him. Or he has connections here, that they cut him a few strings.” replied Axel to Roxas. Padme shook her head.

“The judging doesn’t work like that. There are no cutting strings. There are no loop holes here. The judges are under oath here, binds that they can’t break. All souls are judged equally. Nothing more, nothing less, that’s how it works.”

“Then explain him.”

“Silence.”

Everyone jumped. Standing in-between the large doors that led to the Council Room, was the Wishmaker herself. Her emotionless red eyes watching everyone as they froze in fear. Her long light purplish and pinkish hair loosened up, though it was curled at the ends. The skin on her body, pale as snow, contrasting with the long skimpy see through red dress that she was wearing with red high heels.

A small white bat hovered over to the table where he landed on both of his feet. His ears were big, and his large eyes were a bright pink. His little nose was pink also. He coughed into his paw.

“May I present to you, the Great Wishmaker, Ruler of the Spirit Gate. All rise in her presence.” He said. Everyone did so, as she walked into the room, taking a seat with one of the end chairs. They all sat down at once.

“Thank you, Bartok.” She said nodding to the bat. He gave her a goofy smile, and flew over to where Casper and the others were sitting at. He landed on his shoulder.

“Mind if I have this seat?” said Bartok with his goofy smile. Casper chuckled.

“I don’t mind at all. Now shh!” he said indicating that the Wishmaker was going to speak.

“My fellow Agents,” she began, “Not too long ago, I had to go see the Neutral Death and tell him that his Scythe was stolen out of the most secured Vault, by a gang of ghosts who somehow managed to distract our finest Agents and left through one of the Gates. He was not too pleased about this.”

“I bet.” murmured Roxas to Axel. He became quiet again, when he saw the Wishmaker’s emotionless red eyes looking at him. She started again.

“As I was saying, he was not too pleased about the theft. Neither am I.” she said gazing around the whole room. “It is very rare that the living has ever broken into the most secured vault known to man. This is the first time that we ever had the dead steal anything valuable from us. Which will make our job even more difficult.”

“What do you mean difficult?” asked a Devil, who was a high ranking officer.

“If it had been the living, they would be easier to track, since they have bodies with souls in them. Ghosts on the other hand are just made out of ectoplasm, the essence of a soul and nothing more. They are harder to find since they are between two realms of the Living and the Dead.”

“In other words, they’re stuck in Limbo.”

“Correct. But we have more to fear than just that.” She turned to Raphael and Hughes. “Please tell the whole council what you have observed from the encounter.”

Hughes and Raphael stood up from their chairs, trying to stay calm, but it’s very hard when the
Wishmaker and every Agent from both sides were watching your every room.

“Before they broke into the Vault, one of them had confessed that they were from a notorious gang, called the Violet Violent Phantoms.”

“Say what?”

“Violet Violent Phantoms.”

“You got to be kidding me.”

“No we are not.”

“That name’s awful!”

“Who would call themselves that?”

“Sounds like some tacky Halloween candy brand.”

The Wishmaker glared at everyone, making the idle conversation end very quickly. She indicated for Raphael and Hughes to continue.

“At the time, we thought they were playing games with us, but to our dismay they weren’t.”

“We’ve searched through the archives, to find out that this isn’t a gang, but an organization. For ghosts. And they seem to be growing.” said Raphael.

Hughes touched a small crystallized ball, which projected images from the archives and scrolls. Hey, the Spirit Gate could have updates with blending magic and technology together. They could do it. There wasn’t any law saying otherwise.

“They have some serious issues with the Spirit Gate,” continued Raphael, “These ghosts either fear our judgment or they feel that they have no justice. These ghosts’ leader’s real name has not been figured out yet, but they seem to call him Izer…”

“Stop.” said the Wishmaker suddenly. She rose up from her seat. “Did you say Izer?”

“Yes I did. Why?”

The Wishmaker was in her own little world, and then she waved her hand in the air, bringing up a new image on the ball. “Of course, I should have known. I know of only a few men who tried to break through our walls in order to steal the Scythe of Death. They are long gone, but one man never crossed over.” The image showed a man in his early forties, with robes on. He was in a large crowd standing high above in some desert land. What shocked some of them was that he was rioting for an execution to begin.

“That is Gerard fe Izer. He is from the planet Hifs in the year ---- from the twelfth Dimension in Gate number 66. He was a trouble maker, a former gang leader back in his day. He somehow managed to rise in politics, where he killed many people because of their views or their religion. Who he actually hated though were…the Ancients. Many Ancients were killed to protect the people of the Living and the secrets of the Spirit Gate.” She said the last sentence with such force and sincerity to let them all know what the Ancients had to sacrifice to protect the Afterlife.

Aerith looked down at the table, sadness plaguing her. She was an Ancient, and there were so few left in the Living realm. Zack put a comforting hand on her shoulder. She looked up at him, as he gave her a small smile. She gave one back. She had friends here who knew her pain. She wasn’t
alone.

“Izer was always plotting ways to have power. One day he was told of the abilities that the Scythe of Death possessed. The many ways on how to control it and take over his world. Soon this plan grew into overthrowing the Spirit Gate.”

“He had found one of our Gates, which he and a small army went through. He under estimated us very greatly. He failed, with death holding on to his last breath, he left this castle, but going through the wrong Gate. He died in another world, never to return to his home world ever again. He died vowing that we would feel his wrath once he took over our realm for all eternity.”

“He’s making a comeback then.” said Casper.

“That is exactly what I mean. And to our unbelievable horror he has proven it to us.”

“Wait a minute!” cried out Saffron. “You can’t control the Scythe unless you’re Death or one of the Living, if they know what they’re doing. Izer is a ghost! How can he control the Scythe?! There is no way, no how, that he can even over throw us all or any of the Supreme Rulers. It can’t be done!”

“True, in some ways. Though not really.” said Auron.

“What do you mean ‘not really’?” questioned Saffron.

“It is true that the Scythe can be controlled by Death. The only way for the Living to control it is by the power of the Full moon at the stroke of midnight. That is the way it works.”

“Why is it always midnight?” murmured Axel to his friends. They just shrugged.

“Well, what the Hell are we doing standing around here then? We should act immediately, before the Scythe becomes theirs for good!”

“Already ahead of you.” said another voice. They all turned to see a young boy around the age of ten in their presence. His light blue hair was short but stylized. His blue eyes held satisfaction and some arrogance to them, going very well with his smirk. He too wore a cloaked uniform hooded jacket, but the color was a very light purple with a grayish tint to it. In his hands he held a laptop.

“Captain Noah Kaiba.” said the General. “Got anything for us?”

“As a matter of fact, I do.” He said, placing his laptop on the table. He dug into his pocket, retrieving a long cord, connecting one end to the machine, and the other end to the crystal ball. New images soon began to appear.

“From the data that we have collected from the main computer system we were lucky to find out, that this was the Gate that they came through both ways.”

“Thank the Hells.” remarked the Devil General Sine. “It would take us forever just to look through each Gate.”

“And we’re on borrowed time.” commented a Nymph. “Pun not intended.”

“As I was saying, there were only a few Dimensions in this Gate that were active during before and after the theft.” explained Noah. “Seven Dimensions were opened, a total of twenty seven worlds that they could have come through in Gate number 256.”

Wait a second, that’s my Gate! Thought Casper in shock.
The Wishmaker rose from her seat, her face with an emotion that could not be explained. “I want two groups to enter each world. The first groups will be looking for the Violet Violent Phantoms. The second will protect every Soultaker and Soulgiver, since those who have stolen the Scythe have targeted them before, so I want them all safe.”

Soultakers and Soulgivers were Agents that worked for Life and Death. Soultakers were under the commands of Death, taking souls that have departed and bringing them to the Spirit Gate to be judged. They could be Angels or Devils. There were many departments that ranged from children to old age, to accident victims to diseases. The Soulgivers on the other hand were the purest of Angels that brought innocent souls away from the Spirit Gate in order to be born in the living. They were dealt with utter care, sometimes being unborn souls, to another chance at life.

The Wishmaker looked over to the Generals of both sides. “Generals, please hand the assignments to your agents on where they are to go and to do. I leave it in your hands.” She headed over to where the double doors led, with Bartok flying on to her shoulder. She stopped, but never turning to say:

“Your main goal is to retrieve the Scythe of Death and return it back to its rightful place in our Vault. We have fixed security that this will never happen again.”

Then she slowly turned her head to look at everyone.

“I also want Izer’s worthless soul in my presence so that I will give him his rightful punishment. Do not fail me on this.” She said with a dark emotion in her voice, though there wasn’t any showing on her face. “Good Luck.” She added and left, with the doors closing right behind her.

“Alright!” cried Auron, his hands now filled with scrolls. “I along with General Sine will be handing out the assignments too. After they are all handed out, we want all of you to disperse to the worlds that you will be searching for immediately. And no switching!”

“Is it just me, or can you feel the tension in this place?” asked Namine ever so calmly. Padme nodded her head.

“Everyone can feel the tension. And you cannot blame them.”

“I agree on that.” Said Axel, and then looking over to Casper. “Say Shorty, doesn’t that Gate number sound familiar?”

“Yes it does.” Said Casper, “It’s my Gate to where I come from.”

Before anymore could be said, Auron walked over to where they were sitting, “You six are my best team. I hope you are the ones that can capture them. Here’s your destination.” He said handing them a scroll. “Good Luck.”

“Thanks!” cried Roxas when Auron left to go hand out the scrolls, “We’re going to need it!”

“Big time.”

“So where are we heading to?” asked Aerith glancing over to where Casper had the scroll. He opened it to read it out loud to them, but shock was written all over his face.

“No, it can’t be.” He whispered. “I don’t believe it.”

“Can’t be what?” asked Namine.

“Don’t believe what?” questioned both Axel and Roxas.
When Casper didn’t respond, Padme took the scroll out of his hands, opening it up enough to where they all could read:

**Gate #256**

**Dimension #96**

**Year: October 26, 2010**

**Destination: Friendship, Maine**

Chapter End Notes

I need your help on this: I writing a small little poem that’s going to be in the next chapter and I need your opinion on it. What do you think?

Departed souls that enter this Gate  
Where Neutrals determine their fate  
The peaceful holiness of Heaven?  
Or the Hellish fires of Sin?  
A place of no dark, but light?  
Or dreams of horrific fright?

Do you like? If not, could you please give me a poem that I can use? I know some of you out there are terrific poets, so if you are interested it would be most welcome if you help, please.

Here is a list of the characters that you may not know:

Casper: Casper the Friendly Ghost  
Padme: Star Wars  
Aerith: Final Fantasy VII  
Namine: Kingdom Hearts  
Roxas: Kingdom Hearts  
Axel: Kingdom Hearts  
Zack Fair: Final Fantasy VII  
Auron: Final Fantasy XIII (I think. Correct me if I’m wrong.)  
Rapheal: Yugioh  
Hughes: Full Metal Alchemist  
Noah Kaiba: Yugioh  
Bartok: Anastasia (I love that bat! He is awesome! Adorable too!)
Anyway I hope you enjoyed reading!

Please Review!

Thank you!

Dreamcreator
“Mama! Look what I got for you!” cried a little girl, running to a young woman clad in a red dress. Her brown hair ran down in long curls, her brown eyes glowing in motherhood as she picked the little girl who looked like her. The child giggled shaking her long hair, causing the ribbon to be undone. The mother chuckled fixing the ribbon. Her daughter held a bunch of wildflowers in her hand. Her youthful brown eyes lit up with happiness.

“See Mama? I picked them for you.”

“I do see. And so many too! ”The woman laughed, sniffing the flowers in contentment and bliss.

“I love you Mommy.”

The woman hugged her daughter. “I love you too, my little wildflower. I love you so much Kat.”

“AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!”

“HAAHAAHAAA!!!!!!!”

“BWHAAAA AAAAAAA!!!”

Kat groaned, scrunching her face from sleep and waking up from her pleasant dream. The young girl pulled the covers over her head, to hide from the first rays of the sun coming through her balcony doors. She also grabbed the pillows, ducking under them to escape from the maniacal laughter, echoing down the halls. It was futile because she wasn’t going back to sleep anytime soon.

“Great. Another beautiful morning at Whipstaff Manor.” Kat grumbled, dragging herself out of bed. Zombie- like, she headed for her closet to get some clothes to wear for school. She groaned at the thought of having to deal with teachers with funny looks at her, and classmates for teasing her. The reason for her misery? Her father.

She sighed as she put on a gray sweater. To go along with the sweater were a pair of blue jeans
and brown shoes. After getting dressed, she went to the old wooden dresser, put on her jewelry, and began to brush her long, brown hair.

Kat’s thoughts drifted back to the last two years of her life, and maybe a little bit more. It had just been her, her father, and mother, living in a cozy house with the white picket fence and dogs running around in the yard. They had been happy, with her father as a psychiatrist with his own practice doing so well, while her mother stayed at home taking care of her daughter, and painting canvas’s to sell or keep. They were happy.

And it was taken away from them.

Kat blinked back tears. It had been a while since she thought about her mother’s death, and she had accepted the fact she wasn’t coming back. Sadly her father didn’t think like that.

She sighed, finishing up with her hair, and grabbing her bag to head out of her room. Once out in the grand hall the shrieks and the cacklings got louder. Kat groaned not looking forward to seeing the Ghostly Trio.

The preteen made it to the kitchen, relieved to know that her ghostly tormenters weren’t there yet. The only one in the room was her father, sitting down at the table reading the morning paper. Kat groaned when she saw what was on the front page.

**GHOST DOCTOR LIVES IN HORROR HOUSE!**

Long ago, Dr. James Harvey was one of the best psychiatrists in the country. People came far and wide to seek his treatment and advice for their problems. He was well respected in his field, until his wife’s death changed all that. He left his practice, sold their house, and took his daughter and traveled all through America. Dr. Harvey was no longer a psychiatrist for people, but one for the dead. That was the reason he and Kat roamed from city to city, trying to find his wife, Amelia’s ghost. Kat didn’t believe her mother was a ghost, but her father did and he wouldn’t stop searching until he found her.

“Morning Dad.”

Dr. Harvey looked up from his paper and smiled, “Good Morning sweetie. Did you sleep well?”

“As much sleep as one could get in this Rocky Horror Picture Show.” Kat snorted, going to the fridge. Opening it, there was barely any food. Her father was very forgetful and she always had to remind him of everything. Sighing she grabbed the carton of milk and poured herself a glass.

“Give it time. I’m making progress with them, I can feel it.”

Kat rolled her eyes. “Whatever you say Dad.”

There was silence between them for a few minutes. Kat sipped her milk and her father read his paper. Finally, Kat spoke, “When are we going to leave? I mean it’s been over two weeks and they are still the same obnoxious dirt bags since day one.”

“Kat. It’s not that simple. Therapy for one day will not fix anyone’s problems. You have to get to the root of it, dig deep into the issues; and find the truth, the reason, the unfinished business which keeps them here. Once it’s found, then they will be able to crossover.”

“Dad, I highly doubt those goons have any ‘unfinished business’, unless it’s to party all night, get wasted, and scare every known living thing on earth.”

“Kat.”
“I mean it. They don’t care about anyone except for themselves.” Kat huffed out that last part while her father sighed fixing his glasses.

“You got that right bone bag!” Three voices shrieked in unison. Hideous laughter echoed into the room, as three beings phased into sight. Three abnormal, legless, transparent figures that had the most ruthless reputation of terrifying everyone in sight. The ones who caused horrible and painful pranks known only to the living. Three men who created chaos and havoc wherever they showed up.

The Ghostly Trio.

“Why Kitty Kat, I didn’t know you cared.” A heavily obese ghost by the name of Fatso stated. He was eating and munching all the breakfast food on the table in sight. Kat had to turn away; the sight of him eating was disgusting. Not to mention, the chewed up food was going right through him and falling on the floor.

“I don’t.”

“Aw, have a heart. We don’t!” Cackled the second one and most likely the youngest ghost out of all three of them. He went by the name of Stinky. Kat had to hold her breath, to keep from gagging from the horrible stench emitting from the smelly ghost. That was his most noticeable feature apart from his lankiness and two big front buck teeth.

“You got that right.” Kat mumbled. “You guys don’t care about anyone but yourselves.”

"Au contraire Miss Mopey face! We certainly do care. We care how terrified you fleshyies are when we scare ya!” The final ghost and leader of the group, yelled. He was the tallest and the skinniest of the three, and by far the most intimidating of them all. Stretch was someone you didn’t want to mess with. His cold violet eyes looked right through you as if mentally trying to terrify the living daylights out of you. Knowing him, he could do it.

Kat glanced over to her father giving him the ‘why do you want to help them cross over to the other side?’ look. A look that Dr. Harvey knew all too well. He sometimes questioned himself on that, wanting to help the Ghostly Trio figure out what their unfinished business was so that the three could leave this realm and go…to wherever they were supposed to go. Other times he just wanted to pack his things, take Kat, and call it quits, wanting to leave this town and the Ghostly Trio behind once and for all, not once ever looking back with regret.

Unfortunately Dr. Harvey was not that kind of person just to abandon them when they desperately needed help, even if they were in denial. And the Ghostly Trio were in some serious denial. That was Dr. Harvey’s professional opinion anyway.

“Ah lighten up! You take things way too seriously.” Stretch leered, giving her one of his sadistic smirks.

Kat stood her ground. “Someone has to pick up the slack when you three are involved. You make a mess out of everything.”

“Kat…”

“We’re not the only ones who make a mess out of everything… right Squeaky?” Stinky snickered. Kat’s eyes went wide, her mouth opening and closing like a fish. “What, no squeak this time?”

“How…how…?”
“How did we know they called you that in the second grade?” Stretch smirked, lifting up a purple book. The glitter words of ‘DIARY’ were etched neatly and brightly, mocking the young girl. “You need to find a better hiding place to keep such personal things safe…Squeaky!”

All three ghosts cackled with glee at the burning redness that was Kat’s face. Never had she been so embarrassed in her short life. To be reminded of a horrible experience and that awful nickname that came with it. The bright flushed face turned from embarrassment to anger. Her pupils dilated and her fists clenched. Nails dug into the skin of her palms harshly, making her father worry.

This was the last straw.

“That’s it! I have had it with these goons. These no good, despicable morons have gone too far!” The young teen jabbed her finger at each of the shocked faces of the Ghostly Trio, her anger reaching new heights.

Some deep lingering emotion flashed in the Trio’s eyes, more so in Stretch’s but Kat was too enraged to ever notice anything.

“I can’t stand this anymore. You three are ruining and wasting our lives here!”

You ruin everything you touch...

“You’re so thoughtless…cruel…”

“I love you and always will. In this life or the next one. Never forget that.”

“Selfish, worthless, creeps…”

“Death will never dare enter this house!”

“You don’t care about anyone…”

“Where is he?!”

“You only care about yourselves!”

“We have to find him!”

“So infuriating… arrogant and haughty narcissists!”

“Wake up, wake up, don’t do this to me. Please wake up!”

“You'd probably leave some poor soul out in the cold to wither and die!”

A small body lying in the purest of white snow, slowly being covered by falling snowflakes; the gentlest blue eyes staring into oblivion, lifeless. Blood stain blue lips.

“Kat!” Dr. Harvey scolded, trying to end the tension in the room. “That is no way to talk to my patients. So they have a few quirks, but that can easily be taken care of with a few sessions-

The girl groaned and stood up to walk away, “Dad a few sessions with these idiots would be a waste of time.” She ran up the stairs, stomping on each step with such force. Stinkie shook his head to regain his senses noticing the young teen running up the stairs.

“Hey! Where ya going fleshy girl?!”
“To teach you guys a lesson about privacy!”

Fatso screeched, “No wait! Kat stop!” All three brothers floated after her. The teen walked straight to an old wooden door, creaking it wide open. The room had various old worn out furniture scattered around, but three large beds could be obviously seen. Dust layered atop layer, cobwebs stuck out and were hanging everywhere, glowing brightly from the morning sun.

She went to the nearest bed; the headrest was engraved with ‘STINKIE’, and Kat kneeled before it, looking under the mattress.

Three frantic ghosts went through the wall. Stinkie’s face was horror struck.

“Hey get away from that! I have stuff down there. It’s mine I tell ya!”

“Yeah well I’m going to look because you snooped through my diary so there!” Kat sniffed and tugged out a black trash bag. “What do we have here?” She started to untie it.

“Hey stop that!”

The bag unraveled revealing…

“Ew!”

“Gross!”

“That was in our room the entire time?!”

“Leave that alone, it’s all mine!”

“Stinkie this is trash!”

“It’s my treasure!”

With a disgusted look, she trudged away from the trash bag and headed over to a basket next to the bed labeled ‘FATSO’. She went for the lid.

“Don’t open that!” Fatso yelled covering his mouth.

Too late.

“Urgh! This is even worse than the trash! It’s rotten food!” Kat held her nose and quickly closed the basket securely. “Disgusting!”

“So that’s what happened to the left over donuts.” Stretch huffed.

“And the chocolate chip cookies!” Stinkie glared at his obese brother.

“Hey, they were left out in the open where anyone could have taken them. They were so defenseless that I had to have them!”

“I can understand for not sharing them with the bone bags, but we’re brothers! We’re family; you could have least given some to us.” Stinkie pouted, crossing his arms, making Fatso stutter in guilt, while Stretch just rolled his violet eyes at his brothers’ stupidity.

Kat groaned in frustration. All she wanted to do was to teach those ghosts a lesson about privacy. About what it felt like to have somebody searching through your personal things. This wasn’t meant to be some kind of Abbot and Costello comedy skit. Rubbing her face, Kat's eyes landed
on a particular piece of furniture that was hiding away in the shadows. It was nowhere near the sun rays, far away from the pure morning light. This old, chipped away dresser was placed in the corner of the bed ‘STRETCH’. With an evil grin she stalked over to that ancient dresser, ignoring the bickering of the brothers.

The eldest ghost caught Kat’s movement and straightened up when he saw what she was heading towards. Violet eyes widened in despair as Kat was about to enter a whole world where she did not belong. Where no one should ever dare to cross.

How dare she?


The other two siblings stopped their rambling when their brother spoke, their faces showed high levels of horror over what Kat was going to do.

“Don’t Kat!”

“Stop! You can’t touch that!”

Kat glared at them, her hand gripping on the rusted handle of one of the drawers. “Why not? You guys read my diary, all my private thoughts and feelings! And you expect me not to do the same thing? Payback.”

“Please Kat! Don’t open Stretch’s dresser!” Stinkie pleaded.

“Yeah, we promise not to read your diary or touch any of your things again. Honest!” Fatso choked on his words, his hands twisting and turning in nervousness and fear. So much fear. But exactly for why was he so afraid?

“Scouts honor!” So please…”Stinkie begged, his eyes glancing over to Stretch’s frozen stance then back to the young girl. “Don’t open that drawer.”

Kat scoffed in anger, her body becoming tense. “None of you have any honor.” She yanked the drawer so hard it came falling out of the dresser.

The contents flew out into the air.

Photographs flew out into the air.

Kat wondered if time had slowed down, feeling the pressure of tension in the room, different color eyes locked on to her, as she stared at each fallen picture. Her heart was beating faster as realization finally hit…wishing now she could have controlled her temper and had never come into this room… and never opened that drawer.

She had unleashed the past of the infamous Ghostly Trio.

What had taken her father weeks of therapy, and abuse and still failing to uncover…

…Only took her a few seconds of rage to unearth.

Now she had to deal with the consequences.

Crying out apologizes she quickly got down on the floor, picking and snatching up photograph after photograph in quick strides. She tried to ignore the nervous murmurs of the younger brothers
who were talking to a frozen stiff Stretch…his eyes far and distant from the world around him, locked away in some deep memory…one of which he wished he could forget but never could. Unfortunately neither of the brothers were able to notice that Kat’s quick pace was slowing down, and now she was looking at each aged picture. Details of a life she wasn’t supposed to know about.

The first picture she had grabbed, she could tell by far that it was oldest of them all from the date, and the faded yellow color of the black and white photograph. It showed a middle aged couple sitting on chairs which were surround by several people. Presumably, their children. Ten children in total. Three strapping young men, two young teenaged boys, and two little boys. One young teenaged girl and two little twin girls who seemed to be the youngest of all the children. In black cursive ink it was dated the late 1700’s and scrawled with the title The McFadden Family.

The second photograph was so fragile and delicate…it took Kat’s breath away. A beautiful young woman with the brightest smile stared right back at her. She was dressed in an old fashioned wedding dress of damask and lace. Her long light colored hair floated down past her shoulders and the soft curls were trying to break free from her wedding veil. Her large, beautiful eyes were so filled with mirth I wish they had colored pictures back then because I would like to know what she really looks like, Kat thought as she examined the photo. In elegant cursive it was titled Miss Gunderson now Mrs. McFadden and was dated back in the early 1800’s.

The next photograph had the young girl blushing, since it showed a boy. The boy was about Kat’s age from what she could tell…he was so handsome and dashing! His light colored hair was parted in the middle, reaching up to his ears, giving him a sophisticated but playful look. She couldn’t stop staring at his eyes or at that beautiful innocent happy smile…a smile that made her heart flutter. At a closer inspection she could easily tell that the boy had the same eyes and smile as the woman in the wedding picture. Could this be her son? Kat looked on the back and saw that it was dated a good fifteen years after the wedding photograph, and it was labeled C.J. McFadden.

After ogling at the boy far too long than she should have, she finally glanced at the last photograph in her hands. In this on was the woman from the wedding photo and the young boy from the last picture, but he looked to be quite younger in this one. They were hugging one another with bright smiles beaming out at Kat. What caught her attention though, was the man standing right next to them. She assumed he was the husband and father. He stood tall and proud, a smirk gracing his handsome and rugged face. His hair was also parted just like the boys, but it was darker, more sleek and devilish in a manner. And his eyes…eyes that…

She quickly looked at the date, seeing that it was dated a few years before the last one she saw and read the inscription: J.T. McFadden, C.J. McFadden, and E.G. McFadden.

His eyes…

Where have I seen those eyes before?

Suddenly a strong force knocked her down and swiftly back into present reality. The photographs were snatched away from her hands. Nervously, she looked up, her breath shaking and quivering as she looked into furious violet eyes. Eyes so angry that she felt he was peering into her soul and trying to smother it with his burning flames.

Her voice quivered, “Stretch…I’m sorry…I didn’t mean-”

“Get out.”

A demand, a statement.
One she had better listen to.

“But…”

“I SAID GET OUT!!!”

In his rage, all the pictures floated dangerously around him in circles, and soon other objects followed their example. Fatso and Stinkie huddled in a corner, grasping on to each other, never letting the other go as they watched their eldest brother in horror and fear. The pressure in the atmosphere was nearly choking her and her eyes began to water from the tension. She soon found the bedroom door and rushed out and into the hallway. She only glanced back to catch a glimpse of Stretch and the tornado of floating objects… suddenly fell to the ground.

What she saw broke her heart.

No longer sitting on the floor was the great leader of the Ghostly Trio, the spook who brought fear into the minds of the living, tormenting and cackling in glee at their fright. No not that proud and intimidating image but…

…A broken hearted Ghost with only his old memories to comfort him.

The Bedroom door slammed shut.

Chapter End Notes

Oh my! What secrets does the Ghostly Trio have? Why was Stretch so upset…and what is it about their past that they want to keep hidden from the world and from themselves? You will just have to wait until the next chapter for that. I will let you know that it might take a while for the next one to be posted just letting you know. I hope you like it!

Please Review!

Thank you!

Dreamcreator

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!