

“You are a fairy, Luna.”

Luna took another glance at the lady sitting across from her from head to toe, and she was not subtle about it.

This classically beautiful lady with pink hair chignonned to perfection, and hazel eyes that seemed to sparkle in the daylight looked so surreal and said the strangest things.

“What?” Luna asked to confirm that her ears were well-tuned.

The lady offered a simple smile to precede her response, which was her initial statement, word for word.

“You’re a fairy, Luna.”

Those five words unleashed a plethora of contradictory emotions in Luna’s head, but somehow, she found expression in only the most obvious.

The lady observed in silence as Luna laughed hard to her heart’s content.

“What is this, Harry Potter Eight? Am I off to some school of witchcraft and wizardry in the middle of nowhere?”

Quisha’s lips remained pursed with her small smile. Luna was so feisty for one so young—just as she’d been told.

“Those are witches, Luna. And yes, witches also exist in our world, but they are not born with inherent magic. You, Luna, are a fairy, and you have magic inside of you...”

“I will stop you right there, Miss...Miss?”

“Just ‘Quisha’ will do.”

“Yeah, okay, Quisha. I don’t know you or who sent you to me, but I’m eleven years old, not stupid. And I’m old enough to know that magic and fairies are all made-up junk for children’s books...and a few interested adults.”

A snap of Quisha’s fingers conjured up a flame that floated above her palm, and Luna’s eyes widened in tremor. She flinched in her seat, awestruck.

“Relax, Luna,” said Quisha. “I won’t hurt you.”

But Luna’s eyes were taking in more than they could handle, and they wouldn’t stop flickering. Chills journeyed down her spine in droves, and her heart was corroding away with shock inside her chest.

What was this trickery?

“Please turn that off,” Luna blurted out, and Quisha obliged.

“Apologies. I had no intentions of frightening you, I was just...”

Quisha stopped abruptly and listened for something. Luna was still caught up in an intense struggle to align her thoughts into coherence when the unprecedented occurred.

Rattling pervaded the room out of the blue, and what was left of Luna’s bravery melted away faster than heated wax.

“W...w...what is that?” Luna stammered, grabbing a hold of the sofa arm as the rattling escalated to a turbulent quake that sent them sprawling across the floor.

“Here, give me your hand!” said Quisha.

But gravity and mayhem seemed to be in cahoots, and their alliance was the ugliest that Luna had ever seen. She threw her hand forward and stretched with all her might to grab a hold of Quisha.

“What is happening?” cried Luna after the fifth futile attempt.

Quisha jerked to her feet and brushed her tousled hair off her face as if expecting what was to come. “We’re under attack!”

In the time that it took for Luna to get scared stiff, a violent gust of wind swept throughout the room, sending the chandelier swinging from side to side like a ginormous pendulum.

The walls gave in to the tremor and began crumbling into dust. Quisha hurried over to Luna and yanked her up just before the vaulted ceiling caved.

They sought refuge from the tumult in a corner of the room, and Luna’s eyes nearly popped out of their sockets on the sight of their unexpected guests.

An armada of humanoid creatures, but with pointier ears, wizened faces, and greyish-white hair; cloaked in onyx robes that covered their feet.

Luna recognized them instantly; they were the same creatures from her nightmares.

*And they had come for her.*