The Gemstone Society

Chapter 2: Flutestone Forrest

"What is it?" asked Maddie excitedly as she walked into the room as fast as she could with her arms laden down with food. She dumped her load on the worn green couch and practically ran over to where Troy was by the TV.

"Something weird is going on over at Flutestone National Park. Look, there's live footage over the lake. Apperantly, some weirdly went marching in and is doing who knows what in those woods. A hiker called 911 when she saw what she described as 'A crazy old man in a bathrobe jump into the lake, cane and all.' And now there are feds swarming all over." Troy replied still flabergasted that something like this would happen to a small Colorado town.

"Why would the FBI get involved in a small town suiside case?" Maddie said almost to herself.

"Maybe because it was on federal land."

"No, their has to be another reason, something why that old man was important. Important enough to close down the park." She sat down on the couch, crushing a twinkie or two, and lost herself in thought.

Meanwhile, Troy head was spinning from what just happened. Their have got to be better ways -and places for that matter- to commit suiside. Nothing like this has ever happened before. And does this have anything to do with that cat I've been seeing. How is it connected? Is it connected?

But both of their musings were inturupted by the anchor lady's screaming voice. "Oh my God! What is that thing?" The two turned simultaneously to the TV to see what looked like a dome of bright white energy slowly expanding over the lake. When it had gotten so big, the helecopter had to start to veer off, it started to lift off the ground, and then almost to fast to follow, it spread out and exploded with the sound of lightning and thunder. A second later, the lights went out.

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In a place and time not to far away, a silvery gray cat padded up to to a fiery red bird with a smug smile on its face. "Everything is ready."

"Are you sure these are the ones?" The bird asked suspiciously.

"Don't you trust me?" The cat replied sarcastically with a smile that showed off his canines, "Plus, they practically give off an aura of it."

"You know I wouldn't be working with all of you if the situation wasn't dire."

"I know. If this doesn't work, it could mean our deaths, and the end of our kind."