

MY Imaginary Human

Act I

The point in time or space at which something begins

Gabriel & Lydia Strange-Wood



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By Gabriel & Lydia Strange-Wood

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Set in Square721

EcksMark Media (ecksmark.com)

ISBN: 9781520436135

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Introduction

Once upon a time, as tradition would have it, a tale starts to unfold with predictable inevitability; but I'm not going to bore you with that story right now. The tale I am about to tell you has a few twists...

You see a few years have passed by since a faerie prince was rescued by a young human girl so they both could live happily ever after; well for a short time at least.

But in this story, time has passed, and the fate of both the prince and the young girl are again in question? This turn of events comes about because prophecies and legends are awkward little things, which tend to happen whether you want them to or not. Leaving our heroes facing dark forces as the human and faerie realms begin to converge, this makes a few fae rather cross.

In this story you will travel to magical realms, talk to dragons, cats, dust bunnies and find out what causes microwaves to explode. It is the tale of a quest to the very source of imagination and how growing up and being sensible are terribly overrated. Trust me growing up isn't that much fun at all.

So let us start in a rather unusual café, in a not very unusual city. As two cats wait impatiently in an alleyway, for a young woman to make a wish, like actors waiting offset to play their part. Like all good stories, this one starts in the middle.

Now let me tell you this story...

Chapter One

In which our hero finds something she thought she had lost...

Our hero has led a rather ordinary life with childhood dreams of otherness all but forgotten. Thus leaving our hero oblivious to what is going to happen to her within the pages of this book.

Leaving heroes oblivious is the best way to treat them because if they know what's coming, it tends to get dull very quickly. Everyone else may be in on the secrets about to unfold, and in the case of this story, most of them already know the conclusion. It's just that our heroes haven't been poked in the right way yet to get their stories moving.

For example, at some point in this story, a dog will eat some sausages, and a close friend of the hero will face death. I won't tell you just yet whether those sausages, or that dog is important or not.

So we start with Emily Darling, our hero, she has long dark hair, about average height, with one blue eye and one green eye. You will find out about her eyes later, so don't worry you I won't keep you in suspense for too long. She dresses fairly normally, nothing too adventurous or way out just enough to blend in with the crowds. She has no children, pets, or real plans for the future which is a good thing, because if she did they would end up overturned in the course of this story. Anyway, enough of the boring stuff let's get this ball rolling.

Emily Darling sits in a small café situated at the corner of a side street and a main throughway. This little coffee shop has never moved beyond the styles of the 1980s. The festival and holiday décor has been left up for far too many years. Mainly because the staff couldn't be bothered to change it one year, and that meant twice the work the next year, at that point, it was too far gone to consider taking the decorations down. So it comes with that dusty creepy Halloweeny Christmassy vibe from a few years back, complete with tinsel and Easter bunnies. At least their coffee is good, probably some of the best in the city, so good you can stand a spoon up in it. They also have some impressive misshapen cakes that look like the cook had cakes described to him and never seeing any real pictures, or cakes for that matter (some of them are green). Emily likes the green cake, her Grandfather always used to buy her one from here when he'd been away for a few days. For now, the name of the café will be left a mystery, so you will at least have something else to look forward to.

Emily pushes her hair out of her face and tucks it behind her ear. She gazes into her coffee cup and tries ever so hard to ignore her soon to be ex-boyfriend Marcus. Yes, today Emily is not alone, but she wishes she was; sadly for our hero that is one wish that her story can't grant, for quite some time.