

I felt the breeze touch my naked skin on the back. I couldn't remember anything, but something in me told me that I shouldn't open my eyes. The ground was soft and it couldn't be anything else than a bed. Suddenly some light turned on and it made my eyes move, but not open.

"She is still sleeping, my lord," a deep voice said. I recognized it. I had heard that one before. It was soft but still masculine and strong as a rock. I felt something touch me and held my breath.

"Yes," said another voice, the one closest to me. It belonged to the one who just touched my forehead. "Close the window I think she is freezing. She is kind of cold." I heard a door slam.

"I think we should let her sleep and let her wake up when she is ready, my lord." I felt a carpet on my skin and happy that I wasn't all flashing my bare skin in front of two strangers (or maybe only one stranger). "Her wound is healing. I wonder where she got it." My wound? What wound? I had to force myself not to look and wait till they were gone. Their voices became lower and I guessed they were on their way out of the room. A door closed gently. I knew I was alone but still I waited a while before opening my eyes.

The room was big and I was lying in a king size bed with a red large sheet over me. The wall was decorated with golden lines which followed each other in parallel lines and flowers that rose from the floor. I sat up but felt a pain run through the right side of my right side. That could be the wound the man was talking about. I raised the left arm and touched where the pain was. I bit my tongue for not screaming out loud. There were not blood but my skin was divided up in two pieces. Tears were pushing from behind my eyes. My skin was ruined and I could never wear a bikini or stand up naked in front of a guy. I didn't dare to take another look, I had seen enough. Suddenly the door opened. My reaction was to throw myself back on the bed and screaming because of the pain. It made the door open faster and a person hurry over to the bed. I couldn't see who it was because my eyes were overflowing with water.

"Sssh... Don't worry child." A woman's voice said and took my hand. I couldn't do anything else then cry. I wanted to stop because it was really embarrassing. But with the pain rushing through my body I just lay there and cried.

After a while with the woman trying to make my calm down, I actually did calm down. I moved my tears with the back of my hand and focused on the woman who looked at me with a smile on her face. She was a middle-aged woman with a gentle face and green beautiful eyes. Her brown thin hair sat in a ponytail.

"You okay now, my child?" I nodded and sniffed. "I am your maiden, Natisha and I am here to take care of you. You are at King Xosa's palace. Can you tell me what your name is, my friend?" She talked like first of all I was a retarded kid and second like she was from a different time. I looked at her clothes. It was old, like a real maiden from another century.

"My name is..." I started, but then something weird happened. A few seconds ago I remembered my name, well I didn't think about it because I thought I knew it. But now I couldn't remember. I tried hard to think what happened to me before I woke up in this bed. But nothing came to my mind. Oh my God I just lost my memory. I was on the verge of crying again, but I didn't. I just said. "I don't remember my name."

"Oh my goodness. It is far worse than we thought." She shook her head.

"What? What did you think of?" I asked.

"That you were a hope for our world but now you can't remember. This is bad." She went over to a small table and came back with a glass of water. She handed it to me; I thanked her and drank it. I felt better after I drank it. She still looked worried and I wanted to say "hey don't worry, I'm sure it's not that bad" but I had no idea what I was talking about if I did say that.

The door opened once again and he entered. I felt a rush through my body, a rush of happiness. I recognized him. I knew I've seen him before. If it wasn't for my wound I would have hugged him.

"She is awake."

“Yes, sir,” Natisha said and bowed. Natisha was a lot older than him, but still she acted like she was lower in the chain than him. He looked serious and didn’t look like he recognized me. What was wrong with him? I knew him. I knew I knew him. I could feel deep down, I didn’t know my name or who I was or how I got that big ugly nasty wound, but I knew this guy. He was only a couple of years older than me. He had the same coloured eyes as Natisha. Green as the grass in summertime and the most gorgeous ones I have ever seen. I felt like swimming into a deep hole of beautifulness. But only one tiny problem, he just stood there and looked like he had never seen me before.

“She doesn’t know who she is.” Natisha said and broke the silence between us. That was kind of nice because it started to be pretty awkward. That was a pretty open way to tell it. Like she was disappointed in me.

“I’m sorry.” I couldn’t stop myself from saying, trying to apologize for my “not knowing who I was.”

“That’s alright, my child,” she just said but she couldn’t hide her disappointment from me.

“Can I ask you something?” Natisha asked and nodded and the guy just looked at me. “Why do you look like I disappointed you guys? I don’t even know who you are and why and how I got this hideous and nasty scar thing.” I tried to look kind but I was tired of pretending to be nice because all this shit was really pissing me off and freaking me out.

“I don’t think I am the right person to tell you,” Natisha said and looked at the guy like he was supposed to say it.

“The king is counting on you.” He just said and step a bit closer to me. Counting on me? I opened my mouth but he stopped me. “You say that you have no idea who you are and what you are doing here, right? I am not sure that He would like it and not sure if we should tell Him.” The last part he mostly said to Natisha.

“Could you please tell me what I am supposed to do and what the King is expecting from me?”

“My child, we don’t know either. We just know or thought that you were a sending from Gods to save our world.” She looked so sad. I wanted so badly to help but I couldn’t. This was really crappy.

“What is wrong with the world since I have to save it?” I asked. “Look guys, I really want to help but I don’t know what to do and I am freaking lost.” She looked at me with surprised eyes.

“Don’t talk like that!” He snapped. “Especially not in public! Without you saying “freaking,” your way of talking is bizarre.”

“I am sorry but I am just tired to be something I am not. And that is fr... sorry... me out!” He looked like he was going to say something, but didn’t and I was pleased that he didn’t. “So what is wrong with your world if it has to be saved?” I asked trying not to look at his now really annoying face. Someone knocked on the door. The three of us looked frighten and then he spoke: “Yes?” A lady came into the room. She was young, I think even younger than me. Her hair was brown too and her eyes were green. She was wearing a long dress the same as Natisha, same dark green and same brown belt around her waist. I think he had a higher status in their chain because he had silver shining armour on with his sword hanging down at his left side. They all had a dragon on their right chest. A black dragon roaring and looking dangerous. Like a fairytale dragon.

“The king wants to know if the sending is awake.” She bowed and looked at me.

“She is.”

“And he wants to see her in the dragon’s cave.”

“Tell the majesty that she will be ready soon. She has to change before seeing the king.” Natisha answered in her kindly and gently voice of hers. The lady(or girl) bowed and went. “Okay my child. No more time to sit and think you have to act, now.” She was still kind and gentle but not as soft as before. I sat up and tried to move my legs on the edge of the bed. The pain stung but I ignored it and stood up. To get some clothes on was hard and difficult and the pain was killing me. I cried but I

told Natisha not to stop. She wasn't happy about it but forced herself to pull the dress over my head. I didn't get that brown belt like the other girls only the green dress that didn't quite fit me. It was too big and the colour looked weird on me.

I followed the two of them out of the room and we came into a big and long hallway. One of the long castle corridors and the room was just a leaf on a big tree. We started walking I was trying to keep up with him with Natisha behind me. The corridors were big. I mean really big and dark. I couldn't see the ceiling only the darkness that just didn't stop. Our footsteps made echo in a really nasty way. I felt the small hair on my neck and back raise.

Suddenly he stopped. Just like that. Without any sign and I almost bumped into him with Natisha bumping into me. He didn't turn around or gave me any looks I only heard a small hiss, like he was some kind a cat. I lifted my finger and was just about to say something to him but a cold voice rushed through my mind: *Don't!* My heart skipped a time. I couldn't see anyone else then Natisha and the other guy. Of course I couldn't see much in the dark but I no one was there in the corridors. *Think before you do anything here*, it said again. Why was this happening to me? Why me? I was in a freaking weird place and didn't know what they were talking about and now a creepy cold voice sounded in my head.

The guy stood in front of me, turned and faced me. His eyes were so charming but I struggled not to fall for them and remembered what an annoying attitude he had.

"When we enter here you will only speak when you are spoken to, understood?" He said, waited for my nod and opened the door slowly. I was too short to look over his shoulders I could only sneak peak an enormous window which was decorated with yellow, red, blue and green glass. What was outside I couldn't tell but the glass was beautiful and the sun that shined through it lighten up the whole room. Natisha pushed me inside and a horn sounded.

"Salute the majesty's guardian!" A man yelled across the room. I tried to find the source of the voice but instead I found the man I presumed to be 'the majesty.' It's was a boy. Not older than me, he could be my baby brother. He was dressed like a king with red cloak which were longer then himself which made him look like a really young kids who was "played" a king. He had a shinny