

The Seaman's Daughter



GRADE 7

Fiction

Poetry

Nonfiction

Chapter One

"Bye dad I'll be back by dinner time!" I hollered to my father as I ran out the door. I was going to my favorite place in the world, the dock. You see my father is a seaman, so I practically grew up at that dock. My favorite memory was from when I was three, I asked my dad to teach me how to swim and he did, and ever since then I run to the dock bright and early and swim for hours.

Right as I was closing the door my dad said, "Ok, and Lizzie, don't forget to be careful." I paused to answer my father and hollered back, "You know I always am!" I continued out the door and ran into the London Square where I saw fire jugglers. The sight of these people throwing fire in the air like that brought flashbacks of my mother's horrifying death.

About 6 years ago when I was ten, my mom and I were at the store. A man walked into the store mumbling something in gibberish. Next thing we knew the man has a box of matches and began calling my mother a witch and that she must burn. He lit a match and threw it on the ground bringing the store ablaze into a fiery maze. My mom picked me up and started running through the aisles to get me out of the store, but a shelf fell and we were trapped.

A firefighter came to us and my mom gave me to him, as she did this she said, "Please take her first, I'll be fine for a little longer, save my baby girl." she paused for a split second then looked me in the eyes and said, "I love you Elizabeth, go with this man he will help you." Then the firefighter took me away from my mom before I could say I love you back. I waited outside for hours sitting on a fire truck while the firefighters put out the fire. That's when the fireman that saved me told me they found a body with my mother's necklace on it..... and that is how my mother died.

In a split second after the flashbacks ended a fire juggler lost grip of one torch, sending it flying at me. Fear took over my body and I couldn't do anything but flinch. Then it seemed like the fire listened to me, it just.... just....went out. It was like I controlled it, but that's impossible....But I swear. No, I refuse to believe it; I thought as I continued running until I reached the dock and jumped into the water.

It was around 7 P.M. when I finally got out of the water and began my journey home. I reached the London Square and remembered the events that had taken place here earlier this morning. I had to figure out what the torch did...what I did. I thought about all the possible things that could have happened and I kept going back to the possibility that I can control fire, and there was only one way to figure out.

I burst through my front door and ran straight up the stairs without stopping until my dad called, "Elizabeth, are you going to eat dinner, I made your favorite, Lasagna!"

"No dad, I'm not hungry!" I replied, as I continued running up the stairs until I got to my dad's room. Ever since the fire that took my mother my dad took all of the candles and *threw them away*, but I knew that he actually kept them in his bottom right drawer underneath his socks, so he could do his nightly prayer. I opened the drawer and dug around for a while until I found the matches and candles. I hesitated for a moment, tempted to close the drawer, but I needed to know, so I grabbed them and ran into my bedroom locking the door behind me.

I set the candles and matches on my dresser and grabbed my water bottle off of my side table, just in case something happens. I picked up the matches and took one out of the box. "Here goes nothing.", I whispered to myself as I struck the match on the box and lit the candle. I tried blowing the candle out with my mind, then I said, "Go out. Blow out." but nothing worked. I walked over to my bed and sat down keeping a close eye on the candle. I thought about what I did with the torch in the town square. I know I flinched but how does that have anything to do with.....wait a minute, MY HANDS! I USED MY HANDS!

I ran over to the candle and took one last attempt at putting it out. I raised my hands up in the air, then in a very swift motion I slammed them down to my sides, and the candle went out. To make sure it wasn't just a coincidence I did it four more times before I ran everything back to my father's room, and thought about why anyone would give me the power to control the thing I hate the most.

About an hour later my dad came into my room to say goodnight to me. "Hey sweetie, I put some lasagna in a container for you to take to lunch tomorrow."

"Thanks dad, sorry I ran upstairs like that."

"Yeah, about that, is everything O.K.?"

"Yeah it's fine dad. Night."

"Night Sweetie."



Chapter Two

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! "NO!" I screamed as I awoke from my horrific nightmare. It's the same one every night, the one of my mother's death. On the weekend this alarm that saves me from the gruesome dream means it's time to go to the dock and swim, but on the weekday it means it's time to get ready for school and sadly it's a Monday. The only good thing about having to go to school today is that I get to see my best friend, Faith. I tell her everything and I can't wait to tell her about the horrible thing I found out about last night.

I ran downstairs into my kitchen and grabbed a bowl of Frosted Flakes and scarfed it down as fast as I could. Next I ran and threw on the most casual outfit I owned, which was a gray t-shirt with graffiti style leggings. I threw my hair in a ponytail, grabbed the lasagna out of the fridge, said bye to my dad, and then headed to school.

I walked through the school with my destination set, Faith's locker. I didn't realize how fast I was walking until I beat Faith to her own locker. She approached the locker looking at me like she does when she knows I have something good to tell her. "Hey Liz, what's going on?"

"More like what I have to show you. Do you think I could come over after school?"

"Yeah sure, my mom said you're always welcome and my dad isn't home for the week, he's on some business trip or something."

"Ok, and one more question before I go to calculus, do you have candles and matches at your house?"

"Yes, why?"

"It's not important, I got to go, see you at swim."

"Yeah see you."

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"Faith! I just called my dad, he said it's fine if I come over."

"Yay! Anyways those swim drills were really easy, don't you think?"

"Yeah super easy, by the way I'm just going to wear sweatpants and a tank top over because that's what I've got in my swim bag."

"It's fine I'm going to wear the same thing"

We left the locker room and headed down the hall to the exit of the High School. We mostly walked in silence to her house occasionally making small talk, every once in awhile she asked what I had to tell her and every time I just said, "You'll see." We walked into her house and went into her room and I sat on her bed.

"O.K. Liz, we're here, now show me what's so important."

"I need some candles and matches."

"I thought you hated fire."

"I do but just get them please"

"O.K." Faith said as she walked out of the room, and downstairs to her kitchen. She went under her sink and grabbed two candles and a box of matches, and then took them upstairs to me and I set them on her desk. I lit the candles and then proceeded with my hand movements and the candle went out.

"What, was, that?"

"I don't know, but I hate it."

"What are you talking about you can control fire and you're complaining about it. That is the coolest thing I have ever seen. You could be like a superhero and save lives and other cool stuff, come on Liz."

"Faith stop! Maybe you forgot that fire is what killed my mom and the fact that I know I could have potentially saved her is killing me ok?"

"Oh Yeah, sorry. Have you told your dad yet?"

"No I was going to tell you first then tell him tomorrow."

"Why didn't you tell him first, he is your dad after all? You tell him everything."

"Yeah but not until I tell you, I need to know if you think it's a good idea to tell my dad or not."

"Of course I do, if there is anything you dad could help you with, it's this Liz, even if he does get a little bit scared by it at first he will always love you and you know he will."

"Yeah you're right, there has never been a time that I didn't tell my dad about something that I needed help with or that was bothering me thanks Faith."

# Chapter Three

"Hey dad, I'm home!" I hollered once I entered the house.

"I'm in the kitchen!" He replied back to me. I headed towards the kitchen and paused before I went in. I wasn't sure if he could handle this situation as well as he's handled others. I walked into the kitchen and saw my dad cutting carrots and putting them into a pot of boiling water and other vegetables. Looks like we were having stew tonight.

"Hey dad, when you get the chance do you think I could talk to you about something, it's really important?"

"Of course sweetie, just let me finish cutting these carrots, then I'll see you in the living room."

"O.K." I said as I headed towards the living room. When I got into the room I saw memories of my mother everywhere I looked. This is new to me and I'm confused about why my mother's death has been bothering me so much.

"O.K. all done now what did you need to talk about?" The sound of my father's deep voice startled me.

"I think that you might want to sit down for this dad."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"Yesterday when I went swimming I saw fire jugglers and it made me think of mom's death." I took a deep breath and continued on with the story, "I stood there for so long I didn't notice when one of the jugglers lost grip on their torches and sent it flying at me. All I did was flinch and the flames went out like I wanted them to. I know this makes me sound crazy dad but I came home and tested it out, then I tested it out at Faith's house, and I know I...."

"Elizabeth stop! You don't sound crazy; I know exactly what you are talking about. When I met your mother I thought she was the most beautiful woman in the world, and she was. Then one day I saw her using her powers to control fire, but it didn't change my mind about anything, I mean sure I was a man of the sea and she was a woman with powers to control fire, but I loved her. Then we got married and had you, and she decided to stop using her powers, she didn't want you growing up knowing about them, plus we had

hoped that you would take my side of the family tree and be a normal being without powers, but obviously that's not the case. Listen I know you are scared but I'm here for you and it sounds like Faith is to."

"Thanks dad, anyways I'm really tired and I ate at Faith's house so I think I'll just go to sleep, goodnight dad."

"Goodnight Sweetie"

I walked up the stairs and went into my room, but I didn't go to sleep, instead I just laid there thinking about what my father had just said. If my mom had powers, why didn't they tell me, I mean I know they wanted me to live a normal life but, they could've at least told me when I was a little bit older. I mean when I was 10 I was perfectly capable of keeping secrets, and now I'm 16 and I'm just now finding out, and it really wasn't even my dad's choice to tell me. Whatever I'll talk to my dad a little bit more in the morning, but for now it's just my little secret.





# Chapter Four

"Sweetie, wake up. Wake up!" I look over to my alarm clock; it was 4 in the morning, why was my dad shaking me awake. "Honey, there's someone here that needs to speak to you."

"What are you talking about dad? It's four in the morning why would anyone be here at four in the morning? Especially to talk to me!" I got frustrated as I said the last part. It wasn't the first time my dad has done this and usually they're here for him.

"This is really important Elizabeth! This visitor isn't just anyone; she is here to help you with your power! Now get up!" I got up right after my dad said this and rushed to get my clothes on. My dad has never yelled at me before, let alone use my full name. I knew this was serious, and whoever was downstairs must be a very important person.

My dad left my room and I changed into a pair of jeans and a red T, I ran down the stairs to see who was here. I got down there and saw a woman with auburn hair and eyes greener than the grass outside. She turned to me and said, "You must be Elizabeth, I'm Adonia Adner, and I will be your trainer for the next four years."

"Four years! I'm sixteen by the time that's over I'll be twenty, and what about my friends and my dad? What do you mean by my trainer? I don't need a trainer for anything!" I screamed at the lady, I was getting so aggravated at the whole situation, I find out I can control the thing I hate most, my dad didn't tell me about my mom's powers, he wakes me up at four in the morning telling me a very important person is here, and all she wants to do is take me away from my home to train me for god knows what.

"Listen, I know you have a lot of questions, and I promise you they will be answered." Adonia took a pause and continued, "Elizabeth, I know it's been hard on you, believe me. When I found out I had the ability to control plants, I was upset and confused but my trainer...Amelia, helped me through it, and I hope I can do the same."

Dang she was convincing, she new exactly what to say. The only thing preventing me from going with her is the fact that she hesitated before she said her trainer's name, and I wanted to know why, "One more question for now. Why did you pause before you said Amelia's name? It's like you're lying to me about something."

"Ian, will you please take a step out of the room for a minute?" Wait a minute they were on first name basis. How do they know each other? What other secrets is my dad keeping from me.

My dad gave a slight nod of the head and walked into the kitchen. That's when Adonia spoke, "Amelia was my trainer 15 years ago, she has the power of eternal youth, but she wanted more, so she decided to leave and go to France. Her goal is to take all the children around the world that are like you to make an army and rule the world."

"Yeah right! That something that could only happen in a storybook. This is real life Adonia Adner, not the freaking Wizard of Oz!"

"Your powers are also seem like something from a storybook and you know it's real. I just want to help you Elizabeth Abernathy, you need to stop Amelia, please help me."

"Fine. Let me tell my dad and get my bags."

# Chapter Five

I'd been in a car with Adonia for almost eight hours when we finally turned into her driveway. She had a giant house, which was even bigger on the inside. She had sixteen bedrooms, eighteen bathrooms, ten kitchens, fourteen sitting rooms, three ballrooms, and seven patios with a swimming pool outback the size of my house.

"Home sweet home." Adonia said as she entered her house. "You will be staying on the third floor, to the left, down the hallway, to the fifth room on your right. If you need anything I'll be on the fifth floor first door to your right. Toodles!"

She ran off before I could say anything, so I grabbed my bags and ventured the mansion in search of my room. After about twenty minutes I finally found it and entered. It was like the room had been specially designed for me. It had seahorses and magnificent posters on the wall about swimming. It had it all and I loved it.

I unpacked all of my things and continued to explore the large house. On the second floor I found a room that had a sign on it that said forbidden entry. It was frightening but I felt surprisingly safe at the same time.

"Elizabeth!" I heard Adonia's familiar voice as I turned around to head down the stairs. "Elizabeth that room is forbidden for many reasons, do not even go near it, do you understand me." I shook my head yes and she continued, "Now I came to tell you that your first training session begins in ten minutes in the sixth floor ballroom."

I didn't have anything else to do, and I had already changed out of my clothes into a pair of black leggings with a plain dark blue tee. I made it up the stairs and Adonia was there changed into a jumpsuit that was probably fire repellent.

"Now Elizabeth, you know what, I'm going to call you Liz. Anyways, Liz, you only know a small portion of your power, you know how to put fire out. Pretty soon you will know how to light candles, and shoot fireballs from your hands.

"That's not very cool considering the fact that, I hate fire! It's what took my mom and I'm only doing this to defend her death. I'm fighting fire with fire literally."

"Ok Liz..." I interrupted her "Don't call me that only Faith is allowed to."

"Ok, Elizabeth I'll keep that in consideration. Let's get to training."

For the next four months every day at four in the afternoon I train for two hours with Adonia. So far I've already learned how to shoot fireballs and summon fire to help me. I still hate the idea of being able to control fire, but I've got to admit it's pretty cool.

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It was late on November 23rd, 1997 when I heard the commotion coming from downstairs, "You need to leave! Elizabeth is happy here, she already has plenty to deal with and she doesn't need you to confuse her even more!" I heard Adonia's familiar voice.

"I deserve to see her Adonia!" another voice had joined in. I felt like I knew the voice but I couldn't pinpoint whose voice it was. I snuck down the stairs to spy on them, but when I saw the other women I walked straight up to them.

There are plenty of people in this world that hide from reality, to scared to face the truth of their life. These people will disappear or die for no reason, but sometimes they come back.

"Hello Elizabeth." said the familiar women.

I paused for a long time only uttering one word, "Mom?"