

Chapter 3

There was so much change in the world, but I still preferred my little corner of the desert to escape from the chaos and noise, here I could watch the stars in peace, silently wonder more of what I was searching for.

I hated the Man in Moon for bringing me back from the dead the way he did. If he was the one who brought me back to this earth, then surely he'd tell me what my purpose was, what I was supposed to do, but has he? No! Not even one word from him since he gave me a new life, he could've just minded his own business. Damn did that annoy me. Lately, I'd been having this strange feeling that I was being watched, it made me wildly uncomfortable but I could never find a way to make it stop.

One evening, I was sitting in the ruins of an abandoned adobe, a crackling fire before me. I silently played with the flames, see what I could manipulate. I loved the feel of the flames dancing on my hand. It felt so natural to me. To my right, I watched as a coyote slunk through the underbrush, probably hunting a jackrabbit. I saw its eyes reflect the light of the fire, and I stared at it for a moment before it decided I wasn't worth bothering and it went on its way. I remember being warned as a child never to mess with Coyote the Trickster. Apparently it was a common legend in plenty of other tribes around the country. And I had become friends with other spirits from other tribes. It was good to have solidarity with others like me. We all understood each other's pain and frustration with the modern world, and how our people were being treated.

I heard the sound of sand being disturbed with heavy footsteps and a heavy gust of wind. In the distance, I spied two figures emerge from... some portal, glimmering with magic.

A teenage boy with white hair and a curved staff entered first. I automatically noticed how his eyes were as vibrant as the sky in midday. His white hair seemed to glow in the moonlight. Behind him, an oversized jackrabbit came in. He was ENORMOUS. Straps of leather were wrapped around his body, and I saw floral patterns on his gray-blue fur. He carried a weapon I knew to be from Australia but I couldn't remember the name of it...

It took me a moment to recognize the boy approaching me.

Jack.

Stunned, I stood up, ready for whatever it was he wanted. He smiled at me, obviously in recognition as well. I didn't smile back, I raised an eyebrow in mild curiosity, though.

"Catori." He said. I replied back with a slight nod. I looked between him and the oversized Jackrabbit next to him.

"Uh... so what do I owe this visit?" I asked, crossing my arms, being sure to keep a distance away from them.

"We need your help." The rabbit spoke up.

"And who are you?" I demanded.

"Bunymund. The Easter Bunny." He twirled his weapon, at that moment I recalled the word for it; Boomerang, "you've been called to the North Pole to help the Guardians."

"The Guardians?" I blinked in confusion. Yes, I did know of the Guardians, but like with almost every other spirit out there, I tended to avoid them, except maybe the Sandman every now and then. He was a sweet little man. I learned to interpret the symbols he made above his head quickly.

"We don't have much time." Jack grabbed my hand and threw a glass ball, which opened up a portal. Before I could say or do anything, he jumped right into it. And I was screaming.

[Continue reading next part](#) □