

It started on a normal day, like how they all start. When I was unaware to the world as it was. I was on my way to the coffee shop a few blocks away from my house. The air was chilly and biting at my nose. I pulled my trench coat closer to my body, hoping it would help me warm up. It was just a few blocks away now. Now, I realize I was so innocent then, walking up to that coffee shop. Finally I got to the shop and ordered.

"The usual?" Jeremy asked. I had come by many times that week.

I replied, "That would be great. Thanks." I didn't like coffee that much but drank it anyway. As I sat down waiting for my named to be called I saw a man walk outside dressed in all leather. He was taller than an average man. He was dressed in all black leather. Leather boots, skinny pants, shirt and a leather trench coat. He was also wearing sunglasses with his black hair drooping over them. He was a big, intimidating man. Then I saw it, a small red spider with a black hourglass. He looked in my direction and stopped mid-step.

"Onyx," a man grumbled. I tore my gaze away from the man and got up to get the coffee. When I turned back the man was gone. As I was thinking I made that man up and was crazy I saw a little red spider with a black hourglass on a napkin. On the bottom were coordinates with a time that read 12:45 pm.

I made my way back home as soon as I put the napkin in my pocket. When I got home I went to my computer and plugged in the coordinates.

"What is this? Is this some kind of joke?" I busted. How can this be? Should I go? I got up and put my boots back on, took my key and left my house. I walked around the block, inhaling through my nose and exhaling through my mouth, trying to clear my crammed head. I mean I am only 14. What could I be used or wanted for? Soon I was back home. Typical my father and sister were still at work and after school activities. As I got ready for bed I decided that I would skip school and go to the destination of the coordinates the next day.

"WAKE UP! ONYX, WAKE UP! UP!" A little annoying voice yelled. Right, I had school. Then I remembered about where I was going at 12:45. *Another day to do something rebellious* I thought to myself ironically. I was not the rebellious person back then, that morning. I unfortunately had to get up and get ready for "school". I searched my floor, through the ocean of clothes on the floor, trying to find my signature. I was known through the school as "the girl who wears a trench coat". Once I found what I was looking for, I got ready and headed downstairs to the kitchen.

"Hey kitten. You hungry?" My father asked with lovingness in his voice.

"No. Have to go to school. Stuff to do. Things to learn." I yelled as I ran out the door. Rummaging through my pocket, I took out the napkin with the spider and my mini GPS. I had a friend at the time that loved making things. Cars were honking and people were rushing as they always did at this time of day.

Then, through the crowd of people I saw him, the man in black. He saw me and spun on his heel, taking off through the sea of people. Suits and briefcases hustling around were making my vision on the man hard. There was wave after wave of people pouring on to me as if I was at the beach and my back was to the water. I was just a little grain of sand in this ocean of people.

As I reached an ally toward my destination, I rounded a corner and skidded to a halt. The giant man brought his rough hand out of his leather trench coat and held up a jewel. He turned to me and threw the jewel at me. The man looked at me with fascination as I looked down at the jewel in my small hands. In my hands was a little red jewel spider with a black hourglass. It crawled around my hand like it was trying to see how far my hand went. Then it went back to being an average jewel. Leather Man turned back around and started walking toward a mural on one of the many walls. My feet followed him without my permission to where he was standing. Something about him made me trust him. Many things about me were strange like how my feelings about people ended up being true about them.

He must have realized I had been behind him and took another little red spider jewel and held it up to the eye on the wall of a mural. The jewel sprang to life again and crawled through the pupil of the eye. A light emerged from the wall and Leather Man was engulfed in the light. The light had gotten so bright that something in me felt different. The light faded and the ally was the same dull color. *Incredible. What was that?* I questioned. Now the jewel felt heavy and warm in my hands. I felt that I needed to put the spider to the eye on the wall. I returned my mini GPS, which was long forgotten, back in my pocket. I raised the jewel to the eye and waited for the light to emerge from the wall like a snake. Expecting to feel pain, I was surprised when I only felt a warm throb. *Onyx, no one is ever going to believe you if you told this to anyone at school.* I chided myself. *Where is this even taking-* THUD! My body falling to the floor interrupted my thoughts.

"Miss Onyx. Welcome. We have been expecting you," an unfamiliar voice rasped behind me. I however, was not paying attention to the person behind me, but where I was. The room was about the size of three classrooms connected. The metal walls radiated a cold feeling to me. On the wall directly across me was a painting the size of a bus in the middle of the wall. The painting was the same as the one I had on the napkin in my

pocket, the red spider with a black hourglass. From different perspectives it looked like it was moving.

"Beautiful right? Your mother helped designed it." The voice rasped again. I turned to face a shorter man with salt and pepper hair with a beard. He was wearing a red suit and tie with a black shirt. I seemed to be staring at him.

"Yes. I know. Shocking," he said with a mock face of shock. "She was incredible at her work here at the Wodiw Kalb. If you don't understand that, it is black widow backwards. Let me give you a tour of the facility." He grunted as he spun on his heel. We walked through the room, weaving in and out of desks and chairs with pens writing on the paper on its own, and into another room. The room was about the size of a normal classroom. The room was covered with trees as tall as buildings and it sounded like the trees were whispered to you when wind blew in. There were two people weaving in and out of the trees like a dance and another man on a ledge like he was a god watching his creations. We kept moving and into another room. You could play football in the room! Mats littered the floor in an organized chaos sort of way. You could say that it was a training room, one you expect superheroes to train in. We walked through many more rooms not quite the same as the one before.

"So what exactly is this place? I mean it is impressive and all but I don't know the point of this place." I asked once we made it back to the first room with all the pens writing on paper on desks.

"This is an organization training."

"It's where assassins are made and trained. Isn't it?" I cut in. Mr. Gravelstone just smiled as if I read his mind.

"Well you make it sound like a bad thing, but your mother was the best that there was. She was so good that she was gone for probably most of your life, doing this work. We eventually had her train people and they did incredibly well. Not as good as her though. I know this is a lot to take in. So what do you say? Would you like to become the next Legend? It runs in your family, you know? Who knows, they might need the protection," He asked with a glint in his icy steel blue eye that kept changing color to a gold, like a cat. *Me? An assassin? That's crazy. But my mother did it. So it can't be as bad as people say, right?* This battle with myself continued until a regal looking woman in a red blouse and black pin skirt came by and whispered into Mr. Gravelstone ear.

"Thank you Ms. Louisa. I will get right on it. No, come by my desk later and we will discuss that. Well Ms. Onyx. What do you say?" Mr. Gravelstone turned back to me. Ms. Louisa looked up and glared at me like I was unwanted mold on her food.

Finally I looked him in the eye and replied with hopefully a steady voice, "Mr. Gravelstone, I am ready to be the next Legend. Best assassin in the business to help protect my family and finish off the person who finished off my mother."

It's a funny memory to be having right now. I bet you think this is the moment where I have finally found who took my mother and have brought them to justice. Sadly you are wrong, well some parts at least. I did find that horrid person and guess who it was? Remember the woman who whispered into Mr. Gravelstone's ear? Yup, thats the person. She told him that my mother, The Legend, was found and being hunted. But here I am, lying on the wet and sticky red floor. I lay in my black leather shirt and pants with my trademark trench coat, with a headache busted face and injuries I can't quite place. Louisa raised her glowing fist to pound my head and with my final breath...