

[Fanfic] Descent of the Phoenix, A Dreamwave Adventure.  
By Brian Kilby

The front door of the Witwicky home flew open. Light flooded into the dimly lit living room.

"Mom! I'm home! I brought a friend with me." yelled Daniel Witwicky. He and his friend shuttle into the room and Daneil slams the door behind them..

Carly stepped out of the washroom to greet her son. "Oh, hello Daniel. Where is that friend of yours?"

A small child appeared from the shadows. His appearance was strangely familiar to Carly. His brownish-blond hair is interrupted by a streak of white that ran to the crown of his head. A mark ran down his face, a birthmark no doubt. The shape of the mark intrigued Carly. It was almost as if the mark took a shape. It almost looked like a bird of prey. He was dressed like any other child, garbed in a pair of short pants and a t-shirt, except he also wore a bandalero and daggers strapped to his vest.

"Ain't he the coolest, Mom?" asked Daniel. "His name is Zodiac."

"Hello there, Zodiac." said Carly.

"What a lovely..." Zodiac paused. "...home you have..." he paused again. "...Mrs Witwicky."

"Um, thank you, Zodiac." replied Carly.

"It is...not a....problem....Mrs. Witwicky." said Zodiac, weighing his words.

Carly rubs her brow. "You two go out and play, will you? I have a headache."

"Dad says you get those a lot, Mom."

"Dad says lots of things, Daniel." coldly responed Carly.

"Heh. Dad's funny." Daniel runs through the kitchen, knocking over a lamp in the dining room. Zodiac follows. Daniel opens the back door in the rear of the kitchen. Unsympathetic of his mother's headache he yells "We'll be back before supper! Love you!" He slams the door behind them.

Carly thinks to herself "That boy has too much of his uncle in him. That worries me..."

In the backyard of the Witwicky residence Daniel and Zodiac talk while playing G.I. Joe.

"What's the measure of a man, Daniel?" asked Zodiac. "Is it the number of friends he accumulates in life? The wealth he ammasses? Or is it something more sinister? Machiavelli said it best, you know: 'It is better to be feared than loved, if you cannot be both.' I want to be feared, Daniel. That's my lot in life." Zodiac grasped a handful of sand and let it run through his fingers. "I will be remembered as a tyrant, Daniel, and it is all thanks to you. Thank you, my friend. Thank you for what you are about to do for me."

Daniel wipes his nose on his sleeve and smiles. "Ha ha! You're funny, Zodie."

"That's why I like talking with you, Daniel. You're so obscenely stupid. I can be myself with you and you never know the difference. I don't have to put on airs to be with you, I like that.. You're my only true friend, you know."

Daniel laughed and childishly lifted his hands into the sky, reaching for the sun. He turned to Zodiac and demands "Let's play He-Man. I got some new He-Man figures! They don't do much but you can beat 'em against stuff real good."

Zodiac dropped his head, "I hate to have to do this, Daniel. But what would Machiavelli think of me if I didn't? Hm?" Zodiac grabbed Daniel's throat.

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A few minutes passed and a loud knocking was heard at the back door of the Witwicky home.

"Open the door! Please open the door!"

Carly rushed to the kitchen and releases the deadbolt lock. The door flies open.

"Mom! Mom!" screamed Daniel. "Zodiac got rough and I pushed him down. He didn't get back up. I don't know why!"

"Oh my God!" Carly pushed Daniel aside. "Where is he? Where's the phone?"

Daniel ran to the living room and yelled "I don't know!"

Carly ran to the backyard and found Zodiac laying beside the sandbox. She looked him over. "No blood. I don't think he bumped his head." She checked his pulse. "His pulse is weak and his breathing is shallow. Not good. Daniel! Find the damn phone!"

A voice came from the kitchen. "Found it! I'm calling 911!"

Several minutes passed.