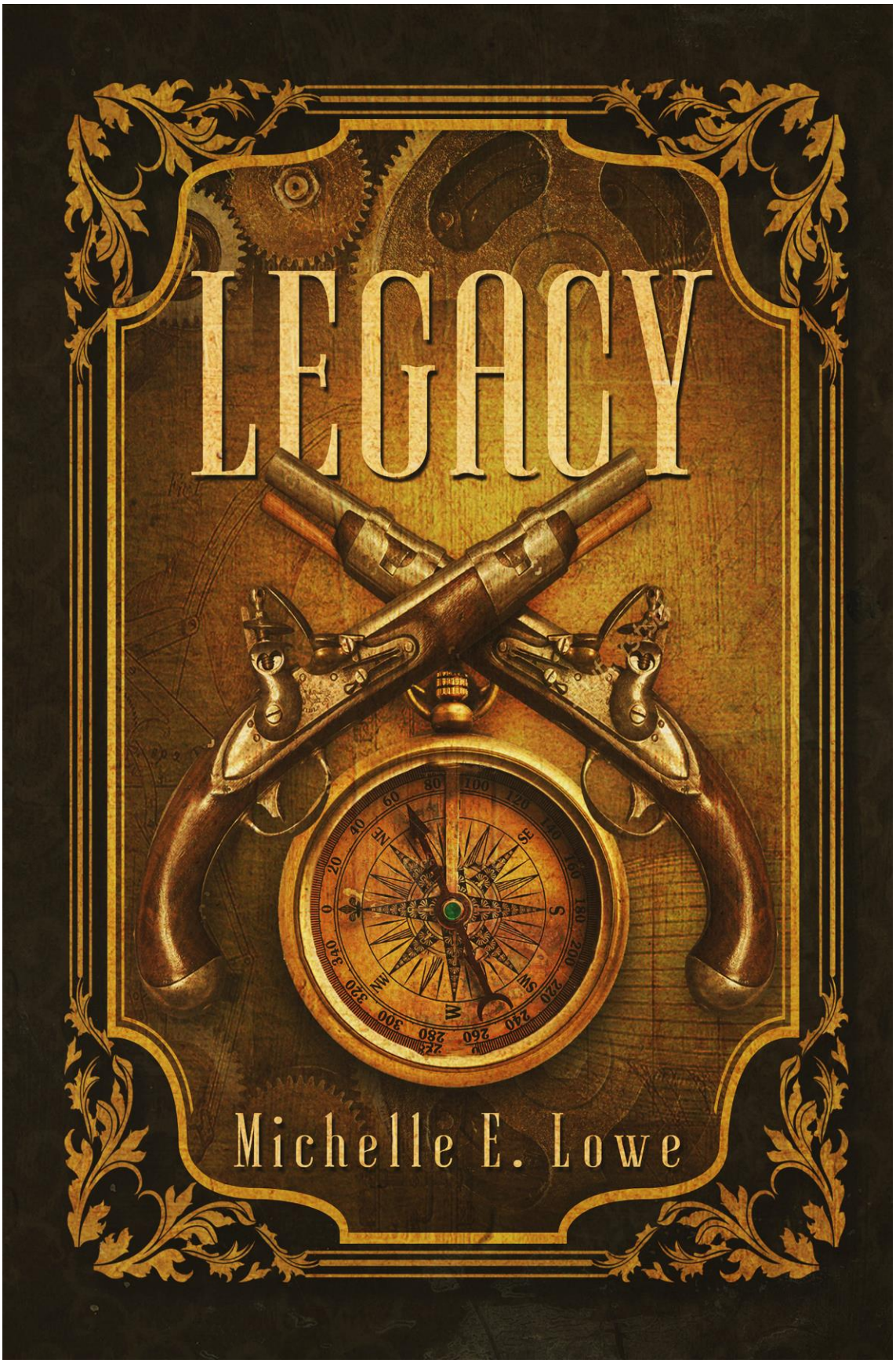
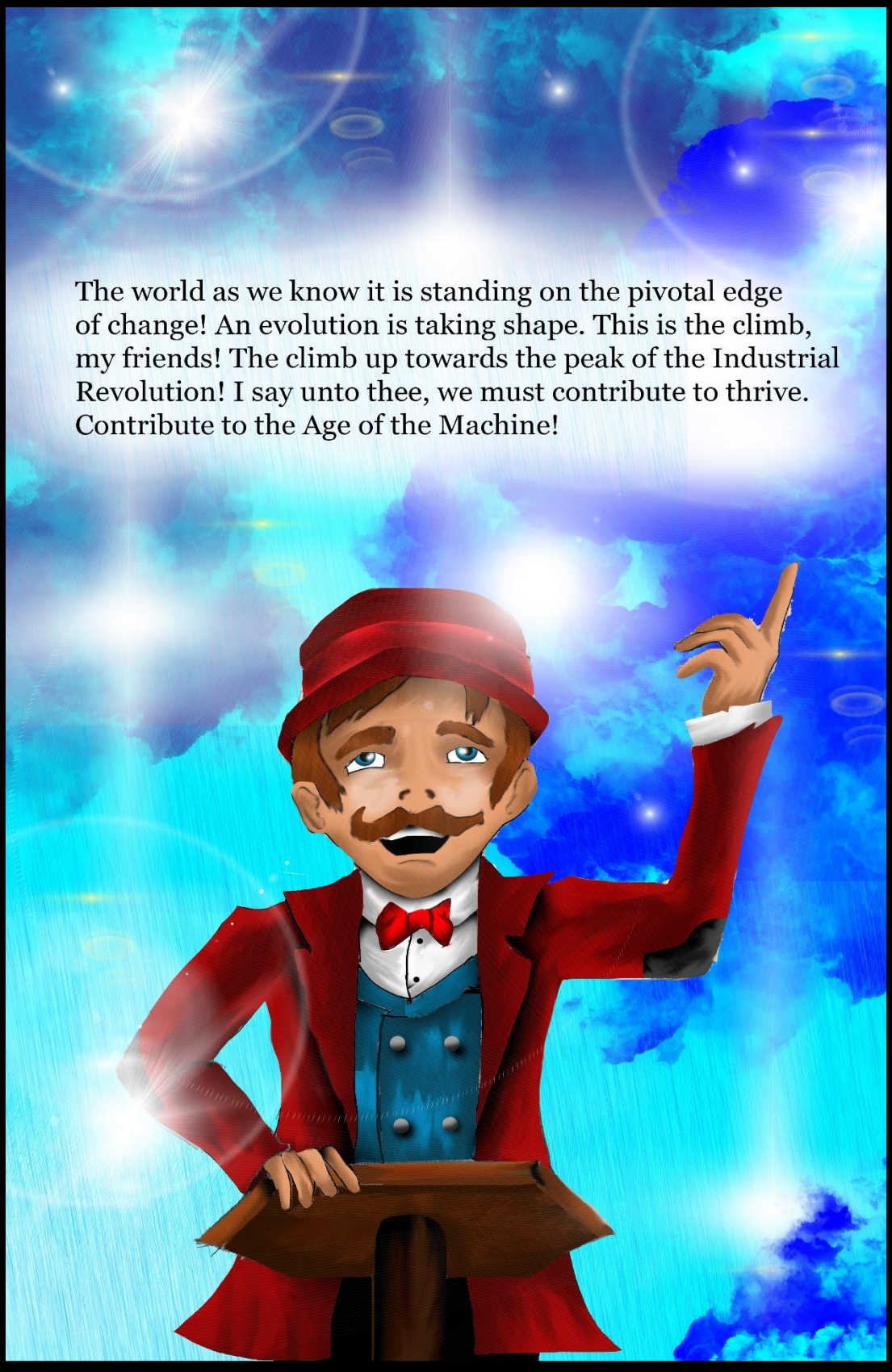

LEGACY
Michelle E. Lowe

This tale begins with a demon and a wanderer and will eventually end with a demon and a wanderer. Whether this encounter in the Blue Desert is by chance or not is unimportant. What occurs because of it, however, is the cause of everything that will happen in the stories to come . . .


The world as we know it is standing on the pivotal edge of change! An evolution is taking shape. This is the climb, my friends! The climb up towards the peak of the Industrial Revolution! I say unto thee, we must contribute to thrive. Contribute to the Age of the Machine!

Chapter One
The Thief

The district was holding another one of those industrial festivals that had been cropping up in the last few years as the Industrial Age grew and grew. Many people were rather excited about the new machines that inventors were creating. These inventors were dubbed "Contributors," folks who had dedicated their lives to progress.
In the next cycle of the Industrial Revolution, we'll have airships to take us everywhere!
FUN HOUSE

When Pierce Landcross reached Kennington, he'd thought everything was hunky-dory. A mistake that nearly cost him.

He hadn't eaten in days, but a few pence on him, but if he could pick a few pockets . . .

While he thought such things, he caught sight of a group of red uniformed Royal guards over yonder. One of them was showing a handful of people what Pierce reckoned was a wanted poster. As sure as his luck was rotten, someone recognized him and pointed in his general direction.

Bloody hell!
You there! Stop in the name of the Queen!
Halt!
Stop, you!

Pierce unholstered his flintlock pistol and headed for the large terrarium.
BANG!!
Shooting at such a close-range, the blast was enough to shatter the glass wide open, and pounds and pounds of dirt dropped straight down upon his pursuers
Stay where you are, Landcross!

He weaved through the crowd and spied the mechanical horse on his way to the exit.
When he reached it, Pierce hurried around to the front and pulled the bumper knob as the guards were about to come around.
SWOOSH!

Pierce honestly couldn't believe his split-second plan worked as well as it did.
Rather than relish his good fortune, Pierce left the tent.
When Pierce exited the tent, he ran into a bit of a problem.
Bugger.
Stop, Landcross!

Pierce turned and ran off. Despite the throng, he knew he wouldn't be able to hide or lose the guard so easily out in the open. His only chance was to make for the Funhouse.
FUN HOUSE
Ticket, sir?
Out of the way, wanker!
Oi! Come back here!
It spins, Mommy!
Bloody hell! The bleedin' floor is moving!

HEY!
Ruffian!
Halt, Landcross!
What greeted Pierce in the next room was a wall of mirrors that either stretched out his reflection or shrank it so he looked like a short, pudgy gnome.
Dammit, Landcross, STOP!
He went through another doorway and thundered down crooked and slanted stairs that had far too many switchbacks.

You made it to the end!
Good for you, young man.
Come here and see what's next.
While the man tried to wave him over, Pierce eyed the bullseye on the floor and noticed something dodgy.
What is that? A trapdoor?
Y-yes. It's meant to surprise guests. It's quite safe. I assure you, sir.
LANDCROSS!

Move, cocker!
My word!
SHOVE!
Don't move! You're under arrest by order of the queen.
You bloody well caught me, mate.
Creak!
Or is it that I got you?

AHHHHHHHHHH!!!
BANG!!

Chapter Twenty~Seven

Running Out of Time

Pierce predicted that the church door would creak if he pushed it in; and even if it didn't, he'd be spotted when he went inside anyway. He decided to approach the situation at the simplest angle and just go on in.
'Ello, gents! Been a long time, eh?
Bloody hell!
Pierce?
Don't try for your guns, wankers! We got you outnumbered in bullets.
We?
Eh?
Pierce scowled, then glanced behind him to find no one there. Archie had backed out on him.

Fuckin' hell.
Doesn't matter what sort of gun you're carrying, little brother, it only takes one shot.
Pierce Landcross. Is it really you, you little bugger? Last time we saw you, you were gagging on the ground with your throat open.
Aye. I'd be the luckiest man in the world to see that again, eh, Joaquin?
Pierce was in no mood to go down memory lane with the likes of this lot.
I came for the book, Joaquin. Hand it over and I'll be on my way.
And leave us so soon? We're having such a tender family moment.
I mean it, Joaquin. I owe you a bullet for what you did, so don't fuckin' test me.

Hand the book over!
Brilliant move, Archie. Wish you had told me you were going to do that before I busted in here all on my own.
I wish you would've told me that you were going to bust in.
You're not getting the book. It's my only way to gain a pardon from the Queen, by exposing Tarquin Norwich and his plan.
Norwich is dead. He died of heart failure this morning.
Dead?
Fine, then, I'll sell the fucking thing!
He threw the stick at Archie, forcing the lad to duck.
ZIP!
It gave Joaquin time to get his gun out, while Luca aimed his weapon at Pierce.
BANG!

Before Luca could fire, Pierce dove behind a pew. He knew that the trigger-happy fool would waste his only shot, so he fired off a potshot into the ceiling.
BANG!!
Sure enough.
SMACK!
CLICK!
Ahhhhhhhhhh!
BANG!

The moment he landed, Joaquin jumped from the grass with the bag in both hands and swung it at him.
WACK!
OFF!
How could you try killing me?
GASP!
I was your brother!
WHAM!
That bloody bastard just belted me in the head.

Damn you, Pierce!
Bloody hell!!
Shove!
OUCH!
Slam!
Joaquin slip his knife out of its sheath at his belt.
The thin blade was sharper than the last knife that had kissed Pierce's throat.

Why did you have to come after me? I can't control it sometimes.
Pierce shifted his eyes away from his own hands, which were clutching Joaquin's wrist.
His brother should have green eyes, but right now. . .
Just then, Indigo Peachtree rounded the building.
Joaquin, let your brother go!
. . they were RED!!
What are you?
It was as if those words broght Joauquin back.
You are my brother.
Pierce . . .
Joauquin?

Click here for Legacy-The Reunion!