In the Company of Elves

By: Cecile Garcia

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978-1-60458-464-6

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About the Book:

25-year-old Melissa and her family have inherited her grandmother's old English cottage in Silverado Canyon. After the 2007 fires, her grandmother passed away leaving them the house. Melissa was thrilled that her and her family inherited the house. One day after Melissa came home from a family party at the local park; she discovers a secret door hidden in the garden. The door was covered over by vines that had grown over on the brick fence in the garden. To her surprise, she noticed that the lock was unhinged so she carefully opens the door. Suddenly from behind her, a white rabbit races past her through the door! "A white rabbit! Where did it come from? I do not own any pets. Grandma never owned any pets." She said to herself. The story begins as Melissa boldly ventures into an alternate world where she discovers a race of elves living in a land called Agartha. While she is in Agartha, she lives with seven elves in secret, for protection. Melissa discovers that she is the only one who can save the peaceful people of Agartha from the evil sorceress, Myrna. She must confront Myrna with the truth of whom she really is and where she came from. Melissa travels with her sidekick,

Fey a carefree fairy, to find the key of Light to defend the land from Myrna's sorcery. During her travels, she discovers true love in the arms of Arowyn, an elf warrior. She also discovers that she and Myrna have a deeper connection--bonded by blood. Contains no sexual content.

“I’m sure that the heart
I left behind still lies hidden in the heart
of the deep, deep forest.”
Melissa….

The Garden

It was April and the sun was setting over the hills as 25-year-old Melissa drove home. She lives in Silverado Canyon with her Dad and her stepmother.

Her father inherited the house after Melissa's grandmother died in December of 2007.

Incredibly, the house survived the devastating fires of that year. It was almost like magic that the house was untouched by the fires.

As Melissa drove home from the park, she reminisced about the day. The family reunion went well, she thought. Most of Melissa's relatives were at the reunion. Melissa's best friend Carly went with her but she left with Diego before the party was over. Diego is Carly's boyfriend. They had been seeing each other for two years. Carly and Melissa met him at Rancho Santiago College in Santa Ana.

Carly had hitched a ride with Melissa, but Melissa knew better. She knew that her friend would meet up with Diego at the park and leave sooner than expected.

Melissa wasn't disappointed at all. In fact, she preferred to drive home alone today. She did not have a boyfriend now and preferred it that way.

Melissa's cousins Bertha and Candy kidded her about the 'no boyfriend policy.' Her cousins thought it was weird that she never showed up with a boyfriend to any of the family reunions.

Melissa didn't care, it wasn't important to her. Besides, she had her fill of heartaches in the past. She would rather stay single and fancy free-for now. She could not wait to get home, snuggled on the couch with a good fantasy book. She was reading the Lord of the Rings for the fourth time this year. Her favorite characters were the Elves. When she was five years old, her dad took her to see Santa Claus at Santa's Village.

She remembered asking him about the people that were dressed as elves. "Are those real elves, daddy? Is that what they look like?" He just laughed and gave her a big hug. The only thing that she asked Santa Claus that day was for Santa Claus to bring her mother back home to her. Melissa's mother (Trista) disappeared while visiting her mother

(Melissa's grandmother) on a cold December day. Melissa was 2 years old at the time. Trista's body was never found. "I will be right back, honey. I am going to your grandma's house to deliver the sponge cake I made for her." Those were her last words as she gave Melissa a hug and kissed her forehead.

Melissa's dad always told her how he and her mother first met. She enjoyed listening to his story. Melissa's mother was eighteen when she met, Thomas Burkhart. They married six months after. It was love at first sight they were kindred spirits or so Melissa's dad believed. Melissa's dad was five years older then her mother was.

Trista had light brown hair with streaks of blond mixed in it, soft facial features and pale green eyes much like Melissa does. It took many years before her father adjusted to being a single father. He worked hard to keep the family going after Trista disappeared.

A few years later Melissa's dad found new love again with Jenny Torres a slender Latina with long brown hair, tanned skin, hazel eyes and a curvaceous, exotic body. Jenny is down to earth person and loves Melissa like a daughter. They both got along very well. When Melissa turned eighteen, she got a job and helped with the income. Melissa's dad currently works as a sales representative for an insurance company in the city of Irvine.

Melissa works at a local Wal-Mart as a part-time cashier and Jenny is a realtor for Tarbell. After Melissa got home from the park, she was alone. Her dad and Jenny stayed at the park to socialize with the other relatives for a little while longer. A warm breeze was blowing outside. Melissa was wearing her old faded flare jeans, a micro-suede tank top with gold studs along the edge of the front of her top, and her black tennis shoes.

Her long straight hair cascaded over her shoulders. She brushed her hair up into a ponytail after she got home. While she was looking for a tomato in the refrigerator vegetable bin to put into the sandwich she was making, she noticed that there weren't any tomatoes in there.

"Damn." She mumbled. Melissa went to the backyard to pick a tomato from the tomato patch. It was seven-thirty in the evening and the sun had set behind the hills.

She turned on the porch light and walked along the cobblestone path searching for the tomato patch. She came across the peach tree and she picked a peach from the tree. The juice from the peach filled her mouth with delight.

"Summer fruit is the best!" she thought to herself. The garden was truly enchanting. The garden has a few fruit trees, a strawberry patch, and a few vegetable patches.

What makes it so enchanting was that Melissa's grandfather designed the garden to look like an old English garden. To Melissa it looks like something from a fantasy movie. Her grandfather died many years ago when Melissa's mom was fifteen so Melissa's grandmother raised Trista on her own.

She came to a brick wall, east of the patio towards the old oak tree and she noticed a white rabbit sniffing along the wall's bottom edge. Melissa looked closer where the white rabbit was digging and found long vines covering something that was very old and hidden. Melissa got closer and the rabbit stood still.

"Hey, little fellow, what are you doing here? I don't believe you belong to us. You are not our pet. Where did you come from?" The rabbit's nose twitched. It looked at her curiously.

The rabbit began to dig by the wall quicker. With every step Melissa took near it, the rabbit dug faster. It was trying to dig under the fence to get to the other side.

Melissa yanked some of the vines out of the way and noticed an old wooden door. She accidentally dropped her peach. "Why is this here? Maybe grandma didn't know about this door," she said to herself. "It seems to be pretty old." The rabbit looked up at her with an almost intelligent curiosity shining in its eyes.

The latch was unhinged and the lock was on the floor. “How curious!” She said. After pulling the vines away, she slowly opened the door.

To her surprise, the rabbit shot past her and disappeared through the door! Melissa ran after it. “Wait!” she called out. She did not want to be responsible if it got lost on the other side. It could be one of her neighbor’s pets.

She would feel responsible if it got lost. A gust of wind pulled her through the door. She found herself in another part of the garden--or so she thought. As she looked around in awe, a force unknown suddenly knocked her down.

Elves!

Something heavy pounded her to the ground. Her small frame scrambled as she panicked, knowing that someone was on top of her pinning her down. “Please my lady, don’t move.” It was a man’s voice with an English accent!

It confused Melissa because she didn’t know her grandmother’s neighbors were from Europe. The man slowly got off Melissa and helped her up. Melissa caught her breath as she dusted off leaves and dirt.

“Hey. Let go of my arm!” Melissa ordered as she strained to get loose. “Are you a spy for the Sorceress Myrna?” Melissa’s tank top was covered in dirt; her jeans were torn at the knees. Her ankle ached from the fall. She feared that she might have twisted it.

“What the hell are you talking about and who the hell is Myr--” Her voice trailed off and the shock of getting the wind knocked out of her was nothing to what she was looking at.

Another accompanied the person that she thought was a man, which looked very much like--Elves! They were dressed as the Elves described in her favorite fantasy books. Their facial features resembled Elves, the ears, hair and even their weapons. “Wow! I know that I am not dreaming--who are you? Where am I?” She asked.

They looked at one another and stared at her. “My name is Melissa I came through the door, I was running after a white rabbit that ran through the same door I came from.” They glanced at each other. She was not sure, if they understood her or if they were unnerved by her presence in their land.

“Did a white rabbit pass through here?” The tall elf asked. “Yes, there was a white rabbit that came through here. Did you see it?” She said as she stared dumbfounded at the elves. “Come with us.”

The elf that had knocked her down grabbed her arm and escorted her to his white horse. He helped her mount the steed and he sat close behind her taking the reigns in his hand. The other elf followed on his brown Arabian horse.

They rode for an hour, stopping only once at a brook to give their horses some water and fill up their canteens too. The elf that Melissa was riding with, had dark brown shoulder length hair, beautiful green eyes and his skin was so perfect,

like porcelain, totally flawless. He was wearing forest green cotton pants with dark brown suede boots and his pants were tucked into his boots neatly. He wore a brown tunic over a light pale green poet shirt. Around his waist was a golden belt consisting of large rings hooked together.

Melissa noticed that on his left hand middle finger was a ring shaped like a dragon. He offered her a drink and she took a sip. Melissa's mind raced and she felt so confused. Did she stumble and hit her head and was imagining all this?

On the other hand, did she somehow travel back in time? A pain shot through her ankle. She winched in pain. As they rode, the other elf pushed his horse forward so that both horses were side by side. The elf that was on the other horse had light blond hair past his shoulders.

He wore his hair in a ponytail. Small braids hung from the sides of his head and his aqua blue eyes sparkled. He was slightly dressed the same as the other elf but wore a few garments that were different from his companion.

His boots were made of black leather with a decorative braided strap wrapped around them.

His poet shirt was beige and he wasn't wearing a tunic like the other Elf. A golden rope was tied around his waist, perhaps as a fashion statement. He sported the same ring that the other elf did on his finger.

They both carried bows and arrows. The elf with the light blonde hair spoke to the one that was riding with Melissa. Melissa could not understand them because they spoke in Elf tongue. It was not the kind of language used in any fantasy movie Melissa has ever seen. Melissa had read the Lord of the Rings trilogy books and seen the movies but these elves were different in many ways from the ones portrayed in the movies or in any book.

The elves that were with Melissa are about 5‘8. A normal size for any man but they were not men. The elves were talking to one another. They were staring at her, especially at her tank top. She realized that in this world the women they have seen during their travels do not wear tank tops and fitted jeans. Melissa felt out of place. They were smiling at one another and looking at her. She shyly grinned back at them. “My lady, you said that your name is Melissa. Is that correct?” She gulped nervously, “Yes.”

Melissa didn’t want to let on that she was scared out of her pants, but the sound of her voice gave it away. “Don’t worry. We will not hurt you.” He said. “Melissa I am Arowyn and this young lad next to us is Keefe. He is my brother. We are the sons to my late father Lord Auril.” Melissa smiled warily at them. Then suddenly she realized that she had heard that name before. “Auril?” She whispered.

She heard that name before. The stories her grandmother had told her when she was a little girl--that's where she heard that name before. How could it be true? She didn't have time to throw around the notion that her grandmother might have known about this other world that was located in her own backyard. Perhaps her grandmother had a good reason for keeping this a secret.

After a long silence, she decided to ask a question. "Who is Myrna?" Arowyn looked at Keefe. "Any questions you may have will be answered at the Hall of Alondra." Melissa felt irked.

She wanted answers--now. When they finally reached the village, the other elves greeted Arowyn and Keefe but stared at Melissa with uncertainty. She looked around and noticed that their homes were beautiful large tree houses. All the Elves wore similar colors of clothes, earth tone colors seem to be their favorite. She noticed that the female elves wore cute sandals made of suede that went along with their beautiful long flowing dresses.

There were children elves playing with one another. Melissa felt as though she walked right into one of her fantasy books that she loves to read so much! The three rode to a large building, which reminded her of Celtic architecture. Once they reached Alondra Hall, Arowyn and

Keefe dismounted. Arowyn helped Melissa dismount. “You will be given a pair of elf shoes once we are inside the building.” All three marched up the stairs and into the building. Arowyn helped Melissa as she climbed the stairs. Melissa suspected that she slightly twisted her ankle when she was knocked down. Her ankle was throbbing.

The female elf (who is the Healer) looked at Melissa’s ankle and concluded that it was slightly sprained. She wrapped Melissa’s ankle. “I will concoct a serum that will heal your ankle faster.” She told Melissa.

Melissa looked at the female elf’s garments. Then she looked at herself. Melissa’s long flowing light brown hair cascaded over her shoulders because her ponytail came undone during the scuffle. It was messy and untidy. There were some leaves still hanging at the tip of her hair. She pecked them out of her hair.

Her halter-top fitted perfect hugging her large bosoms, but she felt out of place, uncomfortable. Most of the men she has ever met stared at her breast and the male elves were no exception.

All the female elves wore clothes that covered most of their bodies and the gowns flowed beautifully on their bodies. “Keefe will go and get you appropriate clothing.” Tallesin said, as he noticed Melissa eyeing the beautiful dress that the female elf had on.

Keefe bowed and headed out of the building. The Healer bowed at Tallesin and left after she examined Melissa's ankle. Tallesin seemed to be much older then the other two elves that brought Melissa to their village. He wore a white robe with a gold sash around his waist. His hair was gray and past his shoulders pulled back in a ponytail. He wore a silver leaf tiara on his head.

His hands were adorned with three rings, one had an emerald with rubies, another was a silver band, and the third, most intriguing ring looked like a Claddagh ring made of gold.

He looked stern and confident. "He is beautiful," Melissa thought. "Arowyn did you find Syrina?" Tallesin asked. Arowyn shook his head, "This woman has seen her and possibly might know where she went." Melissa gave Arowyn a sharp look.

"Who is Syrina? Who is Myrna? Where the hell am I?" Melissa was not instructed to answer and it was offensive to speak when not spoken to in front of Lord Tallesin, head council member of the Forest Elves, but Lord Tallesin made an exception.

"My Lady, this land is called Agartha. You have somehow stumbled upon our domain. Forgive us if we are leery about your presence here but we must know if you know Syrina the sprite." Melissa told him everything, from the time she arrived home to when Arowyn

knocked her down. Melissa sat across from Tallesin at the table. Arowyn sat next to her. Keefe had not returned yet with the dress that was promised to Melissa. “To answer your question about Syrina, she is one of Myrna’s puppets, one of her spies. Myrna is an evil sorceress that lives in the land call Un~ui. It is a mountain region and her castle is located there.

Here in the elf town of Rojan, the elves have set up a magical barrier to protect us from her. She has been trying to take over our entire world. It is said that she has come across a secret weapon that will sway everyone to her side and make slaves of us all.

She wants the power of immortality; the Goblet of Life, which is located at the base of the trunk of the Tree of Life, but she needs to find the key in order to enter the mountain and use it to open the chest where the goblet is hidden. Tallesin said.

“Apparently the key continues to elude her and we want to keep it that way. It is said that the eyes of an innocent can see the key that is hidden in the pond.” Arowyn said. “Myrna will stop at nothing to get a hold of those eyes.”

“But why would you think that Myrna sent Syrina to find it in my world?” Tallesin stood up and walked to where she was sitting. “Because my dear she believes in the prophecy.