

## Morpan

This fanfic contains the character “Yuna” from Final Fantasy X\X-2, however this fanfic is not endorsed or supported by Square Enix (Final fantasy). Also her personality is a cross between both games and her skills are a mixture from both games and some of my own ideas.

### Prologue

Walsall, West Midlands, UK

*Michael Morpan, an 18-year-old Englishman in collage studying IT. On the surface he looks like any student, yet inside is a lonely and troubled man, betrayed, hurt and lost. He thinks that everything in his life is crumbling, the government is corrupt and dishonest, lying and destroying the country. The latest terrorist threat hasn't been dealt with properly, which he calls the terrorists the “World Empire” because he thinks the terrorists think that this is like Star Wars only that they will win. The government has been using this threat for personal gain by scaring the living daylights out of us and, if his facts are correct to build the biggest oil constitution the world has ever known, that would make the world the stuff of apocalypse Sci-Fi's. He also thinks that the government has secretly imposed a secret tax on products, making them more expensive than in other countries and a slave nation sector around the west midlands, making sure that no development or benefit will occur there. As a result, more people smoke, look street, and are generally less productive. With Michael being born to a posh society and a medium family, he has the best of both worlds and therefore sees this as decay caused by the government.*

*He even has problems at home; he always seems to be at the knife-edge of his mother and older brother. He is always the one they call to do small persistent tasks even when they are available to do them, even when he does do them there is no sympathy for him, just more work. His family also thinks that he destroys things rather than fix them, especially the computer. He is also on the receiving end of any abuse or shouting, which makes him think he is a human punching bag. This continuing barrage of problems has led him to believe that he causes problems and that he is just a reject of life. He tries to tell him his problems but they end up either being dismissed as nonsense or blown out of proportion. He has tried to tell this to the collage but it ends up blown out of proportion making him think that he cannot trust anyone, and that he can't be open to anyone, keeping his true feeling inside and the feelings others want as a mask. His collage work always seems to stress him out; he mostly ends up with 3 or 4 assignments on the go. He blames the government again, for making him think that he is a battery.*

*He is on the verge of breakdown, sometimes thinking that nobody loves him, sometimes thinking that he should kill himself. But he knows he can't do it, he doesn't know what is beyond his life. So he lives out his sad life. The only thing which is keeping him from depression is his dreams, one dream is to overthrow the government and install a authority over the next one, hoping to send a shockwave over the world, giving the world the democracy it needs to defeat the World Empire and expand to the stars. The other dream, is about to become reality...*

*It began when he was walking to the bus after collage, he takes a less used route to the bus stop, along the way he saw 4 youths molesting someone, and he runs over.*

Michael: Hey, stop that!

*The youths turn to him; they were just as he thought, 4 thugs thinking they were all macho or something.*

Thug 1: Or what? Huh?

Michael: You know there are better things than assaulting others.

Thug 1: Like what?

Michael: Like overthrowing the government, you will help the people then by installing something that isn't fuelled on corruption.

Thug 2: He's gone...

Thug 1: Listen, kid, you move along or I will take your freedom fighting nonsense to last week.

*He goes up to Michael*

Thug 1: OK?

Michael: Thing is, the police won't help because they are corrupted and its people like you, not stopping this corruption, that gives freedom a bad name.

*The thug replies by punching him in the face. He responds back, he time trying to deal with bullies psychically at high school (which doesn't work by the way) has built up his defence, creating a series of punches and throws to defend himself. He Punches the thug back and then grabs and pushes him into the others. The thug charges back into him, sending him on to the floor, he stands up and punches back, making sure the thug get the message.*

Thug 2: Umm mate, I think we should leave. This man's is no pushover.

Thug 1: Umm right... umm... stay away you!

*With that the thugs leave. Michael walks up to the victim. It turns out that the victim is a middle-aged gypsy woman with short brown hair and brown eyes. She wears earrings, a medallion, bracelets and several jewelled rings. She wears a purple gypsy dress. She had a purple bag hung on a fabric strap on her right shoulder. The gypsy was known as Judy fenters.*

Michael: Are you all right?

Judy: I am dear, thank you.

Michael: Do you need anything?

Judy: No but there is something here that I want you to have.

*Judy pulls out from her bag a small soft plush doll. It was shaped as a young girl with medium brown hair with a small set of beads, symbolizing a wood earring on her left, it has one blue and one green eye, a nose and has a sweet smile. A white line with a small flower like shape at the middle of her neck, symbolizing a necklace. A white, crossed top covered her black bikini, a yellow obi (pre-tied belt) embroidered with hibiscus flowers. Long light ivory to pink sleeves (separated from the actual costume) on her arms. It has a navy blue skirt with pink hibiscus embroidery down to her feet and small-heeled black boots. She shows the doll in front of Michael.*

Judy: Here you go

Michael: Please, there is no need to reward me.

Judy: Please take it friend. You need it more than I do.

Michael: What would I need with a doll?

Judy: It will bring you happiness.

Michael: This...happiness...(sighs)...all right, I'll have it.

*Michael takes the doll and puts it in his bag.*

Judy: Thank you

Michael: I will better be going.

*Michael leaves the gypsy and heads to the bus. He has no idea what she meant by the doll giving him "happiness". But he might as well have it; he did try to turn down the reward after all.*

## **The awaking**

Great Barr, Birmingham, UK

*Michael has returned home, his house was an original semi-detached house built during World War 2. At least it was authentic unlike the housing estates that are popping up, destroying the environment.*

*Michael got to the dining room and opened his bag, there was his USB drive in the inside pocket, he will need to transfer his collage work to the hard drive with this. But then he noticed the doll the gypsy gave him. He still wondered what she meant by the doll giving him happiness.*

Michael: I better take this to my bedroom

*Michael goes up to the bedroom and puts the doll underneath his pillow. It is not technically his bedroom; he shares it with his brother. As he went downstairs his mom, Jane stops him.*

Jane: How it has been today?

Michael: It's been OK

*He has to say it has been fine, saying anything about his assignment work being too much, or that the buses were late because they don't care about the public would start hoo-ha's, Jane dismisses them and says he is stupid, Michael feels Jane is trying to repress him and force him to work in a corrupt government, not realizing the scale of the corruption. Michael doesn't want to be in some government's "dictatorship" plans. He wants to fight for freedom, but he doesn't have the support or encouragement to do so.*

*Later on, Michael was watching TV with his family while eating dinner. The news was on, showing a report that an appeal to overturn the parliament act used on the foxhunting ban has failed. As the report states this...*

Michael: Meaning Tony Blair's "I'm a dictator law" will still be used to destroy freedom.

Jane: Shut up, Michael.

*Even though Michael stays out of the foxhunting problem, he is disgusted that the government would have to use the parliament law to achieve their plans (the parliament act allows a law to be passed by the house of commons regardless of the house of lords decision.). Michael thinks that having such a law that defies democracy is something the world would really do without. His brother Steve adds extra "punch" to Jane's reply.*

Michael: I'm only telling the truth.

Steve: But because of you interrupting, we have missed what they have said.

*This what keeps on happening, every single time Michael responds to an event his family complains on both what he says. He can never tell what he thinks about the world. He feels that whatever he says will just make anything, regardless of what is happening, worse.*

*Later Michael goes onto the computer; he was on there happily playing when Steve comes up.*

Steve: Can I have the computer in about 15 minutes?

*Michael has already been on there for 15 minutes and already Steve is asking for a go. Doing anything else now is pointless and there is no way out of it, you give up the computer or you face verbal "punching" from either Steve or Jane.*

Michael: (Sighs)... fine.

*As Steve leaves, Michael stares at the monitor, he has a wallpaper of Yuna on there. Although he hasn't played Final fantasy X (And he can't because he has an Xbox, he would like a PS2 to play Final fantasy X on but it is expensive and he can't earn it.) he thinks Yuna is beautiful, he has other wallpapers as well, based on Anime and video games but he already seems to like Yuna out of all of his collection. He usually hides the wallpaper with a program, just in case Steve goes in and starts commenting about what he is doing (The results are usually with him complaining that he is*

*running or doing something he shouldn't, when he has run all checks on the program and that he likes to use it). He speaks to himself*

Michael: Why... why does he do this to me? He knows perfectly well I have just gone on here.

*He knows he can't win, every time he tries he gets overruled and possibly told off, saying that he is being selfish, he thinks he is just the family slave to them and they won't him just to do any chores that are needed, not to have any fun.*

*As he goes to bed that night, he silently cries, he has been doing this for sometime now, possibly after he did his first collage course, his family hasn't been giving him any room or comfort. He sees the doll he hid under his pillow, he takes it and holds it close and whispers.*

Michael: I wish I had a true friend... a true magical girlfriend.

*With that he goes to sleep. In the night the doll glows and leaves his now open hand and hovers near his bed. It glows brighter and starts to become his dream, his true friend he has always been wanting.*

### **The sweetest start**

*Michael was tossing and turning, waking up from another bad dream, he wonders why he can't be in control of his dreams, it would be like a playground where he can do anything he wants while his body recharges. He turns onto his back, it was a Friday and he has no lessons on a Friday, giving him some time to rest. As he was going back to sleep, a sweet, warm voice was heard from downstairs.*

Yuna: Michael...Michael

*He tries to dismiss it, thinking it was just his imagination.*

Yuna: Wake up

*Now he knows he wasn't asleep, he checks the clock it was 8:30 AM, his family is at work now so no-one but him should be home. He pulls himself up from his bed; stands up and heads down stairs into the kitchen to do breakfast.*

*When he got down to the kitchen he noticed some sandwiches were on a plate on the table. He pulls off the bread on top to find to his amazement that it was bacon, covered in brown sauce! He puts the top slice of bread back on and takes the sandwich into the lounge. He lies on the settee eating the sandwiches, part of him was wondering if he was dreaming, as these were the tastiest sandwiches he had ever had. Jane never cooked something that was going to be left for a while; after all, Michael usually wakes up at 10 AM every Friday so a part of him was wondering why this was cooked. He dismissed it though, eating every bit of the sandwich rather than thinking about it.*

Michael: Now this is one breakfast I would like to receive every day!

*Just as he was finishing his breakfast, a young woman walked into the dining room and was looking at Michael (The dining room and lounge was connected together,*

*with a door (usually left open) separating the two). She had medium brown hair, elegantly styled. She had one blue and one green eye and wore a wood earring on her right ear, partly concealed by her hair. She wore a silver necklace with a hibiscus flower in the middle. She wore a white, crossed top covering her black bikini, a yellow obi (pre-tied belt) embroidered with hibiscus flowers and long light ivory to pink sleeves (separated from the actual costume) on her arms. She wore a navy blue skirt with pink hibiscus embroidery down to her feet and small-heeled black boots. She wore two silver rings and two bracelets (one pearl and one silver), which are partly concealed in her sleeves. She was smiling sweetly towards Michael before she spoke in a warm, sweet tone.*

Yuna: Would you like any more sandwiches?

*She smiled sweetly again, waiting for Michael to answer, then she suddenly stop smiling and started to look concerned.*

Yuna: What's wrong?

Michael: Who are you?

Yuna: Your friend.

Michael: I don't have any friends.

Yuna: You do now.

*Yuna approached Michael and sat on the end of the settee. She looked at Michael again.*

Yuna: What's wrong Michael?

Michael: How do you know my name?

Yuna: I know a lot about you.

*A small shiver went up Michael. How does she know everything about him? Of course, that would be the response everyone would think if they were in the same situation.*

Yuna: I am what you dreamt when you felt alone and lost, that's why I know everything about you. I am hearing what you think about me; I remember what I know about you and what you are trying to do. You feel alone, don't you?

*That was the hammer on the head. How could she know what he was thinking? Unless she was telepathic, but then he only just seen her now so how does she know everything about him. Yuna then put her hand on Michael; suddenly Michael pulled his legs back and put them folded up with his arms around them.*

Michael: Stay away from me!

*Yuna moved closer to him. Her face showed that she was more concerned about him. Michael was starting to cry, he was thinking that was sudden and brash and that she meant no harm to him.*

Yuna: It's all right Michael, don't cry.

Michael: It's just me; I'm just so... alone. Yet I don't know if I am in control or not.

*Yuna continues to watch him cry, she too has become sad. She thinks to herself.*

Yuna (*Thinks*): Why... why is he hurt?

Michael: I'm just a defect, a person who will never be cared for. I try to help, I try to warn, what do I get, I get stabbed in the back.

*Michael sits up, his face was down.*

Michael: Nobody loves me.

Yuna: Michael, close your eyes.

*Michael closes his eyes. Yuna turns his head to her and then kisses him. Michael started to feel strange; warm heat was going through him, like his heart was being melted from all the cold that was accumulated over the years. He felt these warm, caring presences over him, like he was not alone, that there was someone who cares for him. He was starting to feel cared, loved, happy, some things he thought were just distant memories. As Yuna finished her kiss she lets go of Michael. He turned and looked at her in amazement.*

Michael: That kiss... was... so warm... I feel... so... happy... so loved.

*Yuna smiled sweetly, she knew she had done it. She had freed Michael from his depression. There was a small tear coming down from her as she began to speak.*

Yuna: I am here Michael; you won't be alone anymore. I will make sure that you are happy and loved no matter what. I will make sure your dreams come true and we will tackle anything together. You don't have to be afraid any more, I'm here now.

*With that, they hug each other, with Yuna whispering in Michael's ear.*

Yuna (*Whisper*): I love you Michael. I really do.

### **First things first**

*Michael and Yuna just finished hugging each other. Michael was now very happy; he finally has his true friend he has always been dreaming of. They both smiled at each other as they struggled to try and speak (As they were both shy)*

Michael: Um... I ... Um. Don't know what to say except...

Yuna: You don't have to say anything, Michael.

Michael: Well um... I'm sometimes called Mike. You can call me Michael or Mike, I don't mind.

Yuna: How about Mikey.

Michael: Well I...

*Yuna can already tell Michael was blushing. She smiled while she was waiting for his answer.*

Michael: OK, it's umm... a nice nickname.

Yuna: OK then, Mikey I will call you sometimes.

Michael: What's your name?

Yuna: Yuna

*Now he knew he wasn't dreaming, he was speaking to a computer game character, one he never saw in action.*

Michael: I don't believe it, you... you really are Yuna.

Yuna: Well, yes I am. I am what you dreamt about me.

Michael: What do you mean?

Yuna: I am a spiritual creation, summoned from the spirit world. The dimension you thought that connects your faith to others, the place of light and dream.

Michael: How did you know I thought of such a place?

Yuna: I am based on what I was created with and what you dreamed of. You dreamt that I inherit the best of both abilities from both games that I am based on and given other powers based on what you dreamed. One of those powers that you thought I should have was telepathy, so I know what you are thinking and can help with any problems you need.

Michael: So that's why you were concerned, you knew I was hurt. But, I don't understand, why didn't you tell me earlier.

Yuna: I prefer to let people speak, and let me find out if it is the truth.

Michael: You remind me of the...

Yuna: Doll? The gypsy gave you that to anchor me into realty. All it needed was your cry for help.

Michael: So she knew I was alone.

*Michael smiled; he thinks he should thank her should he find her next time.*

Yuna: Of course we will Mike. I...oops.

Michael: You were peering into my thoughts again, weren't you?

*They both laughed, at least Michael knew her telepathy wouldn't allow him to hide secrets from her, but it for the best.*

Michael: So, what powers did I give you? Unless you knew that already

*A small chuckle comes from Michael.*

Yuna: I can summon spirits from the four elements and cast energy blasts with my Rod.

Michael: I suspect you can summon your rod to your hands rather than carrying it.

Yuna: Yes. I can heal wounds with my hands or my rod. I can summon my element pistols.

Michael: Element pistols?

Yuna: You wanted me to be pacifist yet use the pistols from X-2 to fire shots of earth, air, water or fire.

Michael: That good to hear, you know it still uses mana don't you.

Yuna: Of course, Um... Shall I continue?

Michael: Go on.

Yuna: I can hypnotize people with my eyes, necklace or fingers, sometimes assisted by my voice. I have telepathy, telekinesis, and advanced empathy.

Michael: Advanced empathy?

Yuna: Empathic abilities as well as other powers like dream control and illusion.

Michael: That's what I thought you should have. You can essentially defy reality.

Yuna: Yes, that's right. I can change my clothes with my mind.

Michael: It's either that, or I will have to get a new wardrobe. *(Laughs)*

*Yuna smiles as he cracks the joke. Yuna is happy that Michael is openly speaking his mind. She tickles him for a bit before she continues.*

Yuna: I know Tai chi and ninjutsu. I will teach you Tai chi as well; it will make you more elegant in your fighting skills. I can sing and dance. Teleport...

Michael: with other people if needed?

Yuna: Yes, though it will drain my powers more if that occurs, OK.

*Michael understands the reason. She may be a spiritually created woman, but that doesn't mean her mana is on tap, she will have to rest to recharge her powers.*

Yuna: I can meditate, which I will teach you as well and I can go invisible, so I can hide from your family.

Michael: Unless they have something to detect you. Which they won't.

Yuna: My invisibility returns me to the spirit plane, rendering most detection ineffective.

Michael: You will still have to be careful (*Put his hand on Yuna*) I need you Yuna, I will never make you a slave because I not that kind of person. I fight for truth and justice, just like you. I mean it.

Yuna: Thanks Mike, I was worried that because I had all these powers, you could abuse me. But, I knew you wouldn't do that.

Michael: Is there anything else?

Yuna: I also have the ability to force my thoughts at another, effectually persuading them to do such a task. It called the dreamer's persuade.

Michael: Dreamer's persuade?

Yuna: It what I am, a dreamer, a spirit sent from the spirit world to repair a person's life. The dreamer will never leave her friend, so long as he abides her respect. That she will never be abused. Promise me, Mike, that will you treat me as a friend and not a slave and in return I will help you when you are down and help you in your dreams.

*Michael holds her hands.*

Michael: I promise. We will do this together, I want to free the world from corruption but neither had the support or encouragement to do so. I have been hurt, physical and mentally because of people who thought it was fun or thought I was mad. I felt so lonely and lost, until you came, you already given me that care. So, from now to infinity (and for some unknown reason, that sounded like it came off a song)...

*Yuna laughed*

Michael:...will you help me?

Yuna: I will Michael, you nothing to fear. We will do this together!

*Yuna kisses Michael. Michael flutters and feels enchanted by her.*

Michael: Thanks

Yuna: You too.

Michael: I will get us some tea. Do you have sugar?

Yuna: To be honest, I never tried tea.

Michael: I will do one with sugar then.

*Michael leaves Yuna and goes to the kitchen.*

## **Decode**

*Michael returns to the lounge holding two cups of tea. Yuna was still sitting on the settee as Michael handed her tea.*

Yuna: Thank you.

Michael: I will do one without sugar if you don't like it.

Yuna: That's okay; you don't have to push yourself out for me.

*Yuna takes a sip from her tea. She closes her eyes for a few seconds before opening, she smiles at Michael.*

Yuna: This is OK; do you do this all the time?

Michael: Yes, though I don't want to do it all the time, I usually make one for guests. Shows some of my skills.

Yuna: Well, you are talented

*Yuna giggles as she finishes her flirting. Michael blushes before both of them continue drinking their tea. After they had their tea Michael picked the cups up and put them back in the kitchen. He returns to the lounge and sits by Yuna.*

Yuna: Michael, um... I need to ask you to do something for me.

Michael: What's that?

Yuna: Well um... I would like to talk about you past and... I'm afraid you won't tell the truth.

Michael: You could read my mind.

Yuna: I know but I prefer if you speak about it.

Michael: Then you match it with what you read.

Yuna: Yes but even then you will select what you want me to hear.

Michael: You mean you can't trust me.

Yuna: No Michael, I don't mean that...

*Yuna lowers her head.*

Yuna: ...It's just... I need to see and hear what has made you unhappy & lonely, but you maybe still afraid to tell me what's wrong.

Michael: Why?

*Yuna raises her head and looks at Michael*

Yuna: Well, my appearance was sudden, and we haven't had time to really get to know each other. Yet, if I don't find out now, I won't know how to treat your problems. I don't want to guess Mike.

Michael: So what do you propose?

Yuna: I suggest I hypnotize you, and get you to recall your past. Don't worry; I won't subject you to any harm. I will try and treat the problems in your mind as well.

Michael: OK but... I would like to remember what you have done

Yuna: OK then, I will let you remember, after all you wanted to be hypnotized by a beautiful woman...

*She smiles for a bit.*

Yuna: ... I just want to make sure I can do it in the future; so I will make you more vulnerable to my hypnosis as well, OK?

Michael: OK, I will let you.

Yuna: Thank you, please lie yourself on the settee and we will begin.

*Yuna stands up as Michael puts a cushion on one of the ends of the settee and lies himself down on it. Yuna takes off her necklace.*

Yuna: I just want you to relax, let your body be unstrained, and look slightly up.

*Michael makes sure he isn't clenching or moving and moves his head up a bit. Yuna shows her necklace at Michael so it is between his eyes.*

Yuna: Look deeply at my necklace.

*Michael keeps his eyes on the necklace.*

Yuna: That's it, just think only about the necklace and listen only to my soothing voice.

*Michael was now focusing everything on the necklace.*

Yuna: Your head is now getting very heavy.

*Michael's head was starting to push into the cushion behind him*

Yuna: Your eyelids are now getting very heavy.

*Michael's eyes are starting to become heavy.*

Yuna: You are getting very tired.

*Michael's eyes are now closed.*

Yuna: You are falling into a deep, deep sleep.

*Michael is now hypnotized. Yuna puts her necklace back on and checks if he has been hypnotized by moving his right hand up. It falls back onto the settee.*

Yuna: Can you hear Michael?

Michael (*monotone*): Yes

Yuna: I want you to tell me your first...

*Already Yuna feels that this may be unwise, but she knows she has to find out.*

Yuna:... bad thought.

Michael (*monotone*): I was 5 when my parents split up.

Yuna: Why?

Michael (*monotone*): My father, he thought he owned nearly everything our family has, our house, our items, even me and my brother. He had an argument with my mother.

Yuna: Who are their names?

Michael (*monotone*): My father's name is Jones, my mother is Jane and my brother is Steve.

Yuna: What happened with your father?

Michael (*monotone*): He shouted at my mother so much, he even tried to break down the door once. His final insult was to evict us from our house. We moved here when I was 9.

Yuna: Did you see your father again?

Michael (*monotone*): Only a few times but he has become so obese and scruffy that he is barely recognizable from the father I knew.

*Yuna knew that Michael was rough but she can visually picture his father now. Did Jones abuse Jane? But then why does Michael dislike Jane? She had to continue.*

Yuna: Michael, I want you to remember something else. What happened at primary school?

Michael (*monotone*): Primary... I came into education one year later than starting age, but I learnt quickly. I made friends, I enjoyed playing on the computers, It became first priority to get on a computer, playing with other toys was secondary, but... upon year 3, things changed quickly.

Yuna: How?

Michael (*monotone*): I started to get bullied. I don't know why or how, but every day I got bullied.

Yuna: How by?

Michael (*monotone*): I got name called, pushed, blocked. I even had my books deliberately located to back of the pile or stolen.

Yuna: What did you do?

Michael (*monotone*): I attacked at them, punching them and tried to stop them. But they didn't stop.

Yuna: Did the teachers stop them?

Michael (*monotone*): No, they blamed me for bullying them, I even got dentition. They never helped me. They thought the bullies were the victims and I was the bully.

Yuna: You had friends, did they help you?

Michael (*monotone*): I did, but they stayed out of the bullying. Some bullies even tried to become my friends to betray me later.

Yuna (*thinks*): This is terrible; his friends didn't stand up for him. And all this time he kept being falsely accused. I need to know the school where it happened. But not now, I have to focus on piecing Michael's past. Our friendship depends on it.

## **The past gets worse, before it gets better**

Yuna: Tell me about secondary education

Michael (*monotone*): We had to choose a school where there is a clampdown on bullying. We choose a school, which has a support base because of my mental disability. I thought it would be the last of my bullying problem.

Yuna: But it wasn't

Michael (*monotone*): No, it was a new set of bullies, with new ways to bully me, including destroying and stealing my work, fiddling, physical attack and later on, surveillance.

Yuna: Did you respond physically, like in primary?

Michael (*monotone*): I did at first, but the teachers were more sincere and determined to punish bullies. I was able to write reports about the incidents, and the bullies got punished, I thought it was going to mean excluding them, but the law prevented that.

Yuna: How?

Michael (*monotone*): The law at that time stated that with each exclusion, the school would have to pay for the transferring. That has changed now, but it came to late for me.

Yuna: Did you get you punished for your physical actions?

Michael (*monotone*): I did, I got a few open detentions and a warning to stop it when I was in Year 9 or face exclusion. So I wised up, and only used verbal responses to defend myself and to physically defend only if I got hit first, but above all to report all incidents and to ignore them. When it came to the end of Year 11, they realised they won't be able to do this anymore, so they made up quickly.

Yuna: Did you have friends to help, true friends?

Michael (*monotone*): I did, I had a few good friends. I made good relations with them; I showed my skills to them as well. When bullies hurt me my friends comforted me. I have their signatures in a small book to remind me. I nearly made one my friend my girlfriend.

Yuna: What happened?

Michael (*monotone*): I wanted to have a girlfriend, it's seems careless now, but I couldn't help it. Other friends had so I wanted mine. I tried to get one but each time I was monitored by the bullies. They kept an eye on my actions even on my love life. One even told me it I shouldn't try. That made me too shy to even try to find another. Though I dreamt of one more before I left.

Yuna (*thinks*) It may have been for your own good Michael. Careless love never provides a happy relationship. But even then, I am dismayed that the bullies didn't even give you space to try.

Yuna: Michael, I want to know what you are doing now.

Michael (*monotone*): I am studying in collage but it keeps on building up I end up getting stressed out.

Yuna: Tell me more...

*Michael continued to tell Yuna about the state of the world right down to his collage work and family problems. She then thought*

Yuna (*thinks*): Michael, what have they done to you! They scarred your life so much, that you are barley recognizable.

*He also told his successes including his excellent knowledge for computers and favourite places, as well as his dreams. Yuna finally knew everything about him so it was time to perform the treatment.*

Yuna: Listen to my voice, Michael. I want you to never try and remember any bad thoughts, they will stay inside you, but you cannot intently try to harm yourself with them. OK?

Michael (*monotone*): Yes Yuna

Yuna: Also, you will allow me to hypnotize you at any time; you will never try to defend yourself from it because you know it is for your own good.

Michael (*monotone*): Allow more hypnosis from you...Yuna

Yuna: Good, now I will count to 3, after which you will wake up remembering what happened and obeying what I said. 1...2...3

*Michael wakes up and sits up. He looks at Yuna, who smiles at him sweetly but it on the verge of breaking down.*

Michael: Thanks, Yuna.

*Yuna then starts to cry.*

Michael: What's wrong?

Yuna (*Crying*): I will never let you get hurt any more. I am going to rebuild your life and make sure all of your dreams come true. I will never let you go, no matter who tries to separate us. No matter who tries to destroy us. I will be the friend you always dreamt of and together we are going to free this country from darkness and let it echo across the world. I mean it Mike. Your loss and suffering will occur no more.

*Michael also started to cry, he stands up and hugs Yuna.*

Michael (*Crying*): Thank you, Yuna. You're the first person who understands my pain.

## **Dream cook**

*Michael and Yuna finished hugging each other. Yuna sat down by Michael and dried the tears with her hand.*

Michael: Do you want a tissue?

Yuna: No thanks.

Michael: Yuna, I got to admit, what you did helped. I feel...um...

*Michael's tummy started to rumble; furthermore he noticed he was still wearing his pyjamas.*

Michael: ... really hungry.

*Yuna chuckled as he said it.*

Yuna: Not to mention you are still in your pyjamas.

Michael: I will have to get changed.

Yuna: And I will cook you something.

Michael: That's OK, Jane provides me lunches and...

*Yuna lays her hands on Michael's hands.*

Yuna: But what am I going to eat?

Michael: I didn't know you have to eat...

Yuna: A dreamer still has the same functions of a human. Tell you what, I'll look through the freezer and cook something up. You get changed or you are going to end up cold. I don't mind what you wear Michael.

Michael: OK, but what if Jane finds out and...

Yuna: Don't worry, you can eat them later.

*With that, Michael goes upstairs while Yuna goes to the sun lounge where the fridge is. Michael cleans his teeth, puts on deodorant and puts on a blue fleece, white t-shirt and blue trousers. He goes down stairs and goes to the kitchen. He sees Yuna stirring something in a pan.*

Yuna: I thought we might have something basic for now, means it is our first meal together, so I am cooking peas and potatoes in gravy, if that's OK by you.

Michael: Of course.

Yuna: This will take an hour, so you can have your packed lunch now if you want.

*With that Michael had his lunch and then played on the Xbox for a bit. An hour later...*

Yuna: Dinner's done

*Michael goes to the toilet and washes his hands while Yuna lays the table and serves the dinners. Michael goes back downstairs to the dining room and sits opposite Yuna who was already waiting for him. He started to eat his dinner. Although it was a basic meal, it taste like it was professionally cooked.*

Michael: This tastes great! And this was just an ordinary meal.

Yuna: You will be surprised by how simple meals taste better in the right hands.

*Michael was speechless; first she cooks bacon sandwiches in brown sauce, now she turns an ordinary meal into a unique and tasty full course meal. He didn't dream that she would be a cook, but then again maybe she needed some other traits to help him. He forgets about it as he looks at Yuna's blue and green wall-eyed eyes. He keeps thinking about their beauty, like one represented water and another represented earth. He resumes eating his food as Yuna spoke to him.*

Yuna: After this, I want to start training you.

Michael: What for?

Yuna: If we are going to fight for freedom, I will need you to be effective, mentally and physically.

Michael: OK, by the way, I been trying to say this but... you are beautiful.

Yuna: Thanks

*Yuna feels happy that Michael was starting to openly comment about things. She feels that Michael is starting to feel warm and happy, like he now has a friend to talk to when he is down. The comment Michael made may have felt like flattery, but then again, he likes beautiful women (it is also his weakness), so that is just fine. After having their dinner they had a rest.*

### **Train for freedom**

*They have just rested after their meal. Yuna stands up and then closed her eyes. A series of purple and white energies start to flow around her as her costume changes. Her pseudo-kimono starts to disappear as the energy spheres start to conceal her in a stasis like crystal. Seconds after the crystal melts away revealing Yuna in her new costume. She wears a revealing ivory top linked to a light pink hood with ivory threads. She wears short navy blue/black shorts and a demi gypsy skirt with a Navy to light blue gradient, finished with a blue and white trim on every third. She still wears her necklace and wood earring. She also wears two yellow armbands, a black strip round her left wrist. A satchel tied to her beige belt and she wore small-heeled black boots with white laces.*

*Yuna opened her eyes and smiled sweetly to Michael.*

Yuna: Shall we begin?

Michael: OK

*Michael and Yuna walk into the sun lounge, Michael gets the keys and unlocks the door and they both head outside. The garden was divided into two areas, a set of paving stones covered the left, while a grass patch covered the right, in the middle of the grass lies a wooden well ornament. Flowers were on the fringes of the garden.*

Michael: Are you sure we can train here? What if something gets broken?

Yuna: Don't worry; I will clear the grass for us to practice on.

*Yuna walks up to the ornament, she shows her right hand at the ornament and starts to concentrate on it. The well starts to move and slightly hovers off the ground. She moves her hand up and the well hovers up in the direction, she continues to move the well with her telekinesis until it was away from the grass. Michael was amazed at her.*

Michael: Yuna that was amazing

*Yuna turns to him and smiles*

Yuna: This is what the power of dreams can give.

*Michael was slightly puzzled by what she said but then again it added to her elegance and mystique.*

Yuna: Lets begin

*Yuna takes Michael to the grass and begins training him in Tai chi, she starts by showing him the basics, when he made a mistake she came up to him and readjusted his position. She was never harsh at him, always encouraging him never to give up.*

*Half an hour passed and Michael has already learnt the basics of Tai chi. His approach to it was rough and uncoordinated, but Yuna thought he would get better as she continues to train him. Michael then approaches Yuna...*

Michael: Yuna, I know you want me to learn Tai chi but I still think I could defeat my foes with brute force.

Yuna: But how would be able to focus and defend from their blows?

Michael: I would just make sure my opponent is down, I wouldn't think about defence.

Yuna: Maybe you should prove that.

Michael: How?

Yuna: Why not spar with me, your brute force against my Tai chi and ninjutsu.

Michael: OK, and the loser are declared when the winner puts a foot on the loser's nose. Obviously not breaking it.

Yuna: You wouldn't think I would do that Mikey?

Michael: Of course not.

*With that Yuna and Michael take up a fighting stance.*

Yuna: Begin

*Michael runs up to Yuna and starts to lightly punch her yet each punch seems to be blocked by her arms or hands. She then grabs Michael's right hand and then thrown*

*him on the floor. She was just about to put foot to nose when Michael trips her over. She rolls over and stands up. Michael also stands up.*

Michael: Impressive, but I still think I can beat you.

Yuna: Want to try?

*Michael gives a nod and grabs her hands. Looking eye to eye...*

Michael: You see... I can.

Yuna: Problem is... you gave away the move.

Michael: You mean...

Yuna: You played right into my hands.

*With that she summersaults over Michael forcing him to let go. She then turns him around and pushes him onto the floor. She then puts her right foot on his nose, signalling his defeat. Michael was exhausted.*

Michael: I...I...

Yuna: Was overconfident?

*Removing her foot from his nose. He stands up.*

Michael: I just thought, it was fancy footwork.

Yuna: Tai chi is designed not only for fighting but also for spiritual focus. You lost because you weren't focused on the task at hand.

Michael: But I managed to get you on the floor...

Yuna: That was because you were lucky, which helps... but when you were fighting you seemed more concerned on putting as many hits on me than focusing each blow.

Michael: You mean I wasn't concentrating and where I laid each punch?

Yuna: Yes, my moves on you were designed for full effect, plus I was able to recover or counter your moves quickly.

Michael: The problem is, when I fight the environment becomes a blur. I just unleash myself like a tiger on my enemies.

Yuna: You may be a tiger, but the real battle is in the mind, where you have to focus and outwit your foes. Maybe you need to focus on channelling the energy inside you first.

Michael: How by?

Yuna: First, lets clean up and then I will teach you how to meditate so you can be the tiger you have always been.

Michael: OK

*With that they put the well back in its place and head inside. Michael wondered what she meant by being a tiger or if it was just flattery on her half. He hopes he will be able to find that out soon.*

### **Ascension**

*Michael and Yuna return to the lounge after they had locked up the back of the house. Yuna changes back into her pseudo-kimono and sits close to Michael on the settee. Already there is a sense of chemistry going on between the two. Michael feels warm and tingly with Yuna by his side and Yuna feels happy that Michael is now at peace with himself. Michael always kept looking at her, thinking how beautiful and (as this is the first time he has met an oriental woman) exotic she is. As a result, they were once again struggling to speak.*

*It was Yuna who finally got around to speaking in the end. Remembering that she was going to teach him how to meditate.*

Yuna: I was going to teach you meditation, if you remember...

*Michael stops his little "daydream" as he listens to her*

Michael: Sorry, I was just distracted.

Yuna: I know why, handsome

*She flirty giggles at Michael as he blushes. They both realise where this is going and so pack it in.*

Yuna: Let's begin then... just sit on the floor.

*Michael stands up and then sits on the floor. Yuna sits closely behind him.*

Yuna: Let's just do the basics today Michael. All you need to do is to just let yourself go.

Michael: OK

Yuna: I am here Michael so don't be afraid.

Michael: But what if I mess up.

Yuna: Don't worry about not succeeding; just keep trying to reach your goal.

Michael: I won't worry.

Yuna: Good, now just take a deep breath and just relax. Keep your eyes closed and just think about letting yourself go.

*Michael takes a deep breath and then closes his eyes.*

Yuna: Just let yourself go... relax...relax...relax. Think that you are leaving your body and are floating... floating.

*Michael tries to think about what Yuna said but he is scared that he is going to sleep. He struggles to control himself. Yuna grabs hold of him and speaks in his ear. She was worried what was happening to him.*

Yuna: Michael...Michael, open your eyes.

*Michael opens his eyes. He realizes he was still in his house. She breathes a sigh of relief.*

Yuna: Oh Michael... I am so sorry.

Michael: No, I should be sorry.

Yuna: Why?

Michael: It's just... every time I think I am going to sleep, I feel like I am leaving reality and I am just... so scared. I don't know why, it is just ...a sudden shift, like you can't see where you are going it just drags you in to where it wants you to go.

Yuna: I see... you can't see your dreams properly. Which means...

*Yuna realises that his mind might be too damaged to be able to focus properly. Which is partly the reason why he is not an effective fighter. She knows that the only way to fix this is to use her psychic powers to repair his mind.*

Yuna: Your mind must be damaged... from the times you kept hitting yourself...when you thought there was something separate inside you, controlling you.

Michael: Is there?

Yuna: No.

Michael: Then I must be insane, I am just destroying myself.

Yuna: Don't say that Michael! (*Flirting*) You're brave, and fearless.

Michael: No, I am just mad, stupid, they were right, they were all right!

Yuna: No they are not; I won't let them hurt you.

*With that Yuna turns Michael to her and kisses him*

Yuna (*Thinks*): Why did my hypnotherapy fail, unless he thought about what I said was true, that he is mad. But no... he is not mad; I am like a fairy, sent by the spirits to cure this wounded tiger and I will succeed!

*With that she closes her eyes; she was in deep concentration while she was still kissing him. Michael was feeling enchanted from Yuna's kiss. Like anything he thought was silly, wasn't silly to her. His eyes were closed as her warm magic was comforting him, making him feel loved. They open their eyes with Michael realizing they were in a beautiful Japanese garden. There was a row of trees behind them with cherry blossom on its branches. A small waterfall sprouted out from the rock formation in front of them and various oriental flowers were around them, with a beautiful hibiscus flower beside them. Oriental walls surrounded the entire garden. The sheer beauty of the garden amazed Michael*

Michael: This is...amazing. I feel... so free...so cared...so happy.

Yuna: I am so glad that you are happy again Mikey.

*She hugs him*

Michael: So, is this what reward you get for meditation, an eternal calm?

Yuna: This isn't meditation Michael

Michael: No, it isn't, what was I thinking, I was kissed by the most beautiful woman known. Not concentrating to reach a certain spiritual plane. So, what is this?

*She stands up facing him. Her voice was more joyful than before.*

Yuna: I am using my illusion powers to create our garden. Which will only exist in our minds. We are now together, no matter what.

Michael: What do you mean?

Yuna: We can communicate via our minds. All you need to do is to reach out for me and I will be there.

*Michael seems to have got the gist of what Yuna was saying. She had formed a mind link with Michael to allow them to communicate to each other without anyone knowing. All that they needed to do was to focus their minds so they can communicate telepathically, even though Michael is not telepathic. The garden was designed to be a background for their communications if needed.*

*Yuna changed all of a sudden; she was now sad and was speaking with concern.*

Yuna: Mike, I... don't know what happened. I thought you were cured.

Michael: What do you mean?

Yuna: I thought when I used my hypnotherapy on you to prevent you from remembering bad thoughts that I cured you. But now it seems that it was my fault for bringing it up. Now I feel I am bad as all that had hurt you.

Michael: No your not, you're the best thing that has happened to me.

Yuna: Why?

Michael: If it weren't for you, I would still be a depressed man, and even worse I may have committed suicide. I know you brought it up because you never thought it would hurt me now I have had my bad moments blocked from me. But it was a mistake (*Holds her hands*), and we all make mistakes, it is part of us. How we fix our problems is what cures the wounds.

Yuna: Your right, I can make this up to you. There is something I can give to you.

*She lets go of Michael's hands and then places her right hand on his heart. She closes her eyes and chants some magical words. Michael felt a strange force go over him for a moment. She finishes her chant and then opens her eyes. She removes her hand from his heart and started to smile sweetly.*

Yuna: There, now you can be less afraid.

Michael: What do you mean?

Yuna: You were once afraid that you will be poisoned or have a disease or are paralysed. Well, I have put a blessing on you that will make you immune to all three of your problems. However, there is one drawback.

Michael: What is that?

Yuna: When you do contract poison, disease or paralysis you will suffer from common colds, sickness or other non-lethal illnesses instead. I am sorry but this is the only way I can cure this.

Michael: That's OK; at least I can't be hurt by such virals now. Mind you, it does offer a sort of cover if enemies do try to do such a thing. Thanks Yuna.

*Yuna smiles. She then removes the illusion, which sees them back in Michael's house. Yuna senses that his family is coming.*

Yuna: Your family's coming, I must hide.

Michael: OK

*Yuna gives Michael a kiss on the cheek. He blushes.*

Michael: You are going to keep on doing that.

Yuna: Whatever makes you happy Michael, Whatever makes you happy.

*As she disappears*

Yuna: Until we meet again.

**Epilogue (The goodnight kiss)**

11:30PM

*Michael was in bed (which he usually goes to bed at this time); he has just had a very good evening with his family. Even though he considers the fact that his family may have abused him he always keeps on remembering about his dream friend, Yuna. As he was about to go to sleep, Yuna appears beside him. She spoke quietly yet still with a warm, sweet tone.*

Yuna: Hi Michael

Michael: Hello Yuna

Yuna: I am just here to tuck you in

*With that she looks around Michael's bed and ensures his quilt is tucked in nicely into his bed. As she was doing this...*

Michael: Yuna, I just would like to say thank-you, for what you have done today. I have never felt happier.

Yuna: Aww... Thank you Mikey.

*She walks up to him and gives him a small tickle.*

Michael: I wonder if I will be able to visit Japan, Yuna? Just as I dreamed

*She puts her hand on Michael*

Yuna: We will Michael. I promise.

Michael: Still, we never got round to completing my meditation training.

Yuna: Don't worry Michael, we will get round to it.

*She then gives Michael a kiss.*

Yuna: Sweet dreams, my tiger.

*Michael's eyes start to slowly close as he drifts off to sleep. Making sure the last thing he sees before he dreams is Yuna, his true magical girlfriend.*