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Monsters

By

P.S. Power

Chapter one

The Special Service combat armor was just as hot and uncomfortable to wear as

Gwen had figured it would be, causing sweat to drip down her face uncomfortably. The other Westmorlands, including her friend Bethany, walked around in theirs easily, making noise only from the deep footfalls, or the occasional clank of dull silver metal from a hand or leg rubbing against more of the same. They were covered from head to toe in the stuff, all identical, except for height. They didn't even have badges on so you could tell them apart. They didn't need them it seemed.

Sweat dripped down her forehead making her eyes sting a bit, which was annoying. The only air Gwen had was let in through a small mouth plate, a grating that let in some light as well, but it didn't help her see much. So far she was totally blind except her ability to get a vague impression of her chest and feet. That... and the legs and torsos of the people clomping around yelling, at least when they passed in front of her.

It wasn't that they were screaming at her like marine corps drill instructors, not really, they were just trying to call out helpful instructions and knew she couldn't hear them yet. Finally she caught on to the overall idea when Beth hit her armor on the left shoulder to get her attention, which made only a single dull thump that didn't ring, metal armor or not.

"It's like charging a crystal! Just focus on any part of it and it will bring up the basic radiative effects. It's built in, so just charge and keep doing it!" It was a shout, since the armor muffled everything greatly until it was powered up, which was part of the built in protection.

The magical armor.

The very idea nearly blew her mind, even though she used magical items every day in this place, and had for months. It made her wonder, for about the fiftieth time in the last few days, if she'd just lost it and gone totally insane. Misplaced her mind somewhere along the line for real and taken to living in a fantasy instead. After all, she woke up one day in a new body, in another world, where she was rich, good looking and had magical abilities? OK, she didn't know how to use that magic very much at all yet and almost everyone else had some too, but she was still at the top of the food chain that way, being naturally

very powerful at it. After a life of being at the very bottom of almost everything anyone cared about.

It was close enough to what she'd have dreamed up for herself if given a choice that Gwen had to keep in mind the fact that she might just truly be insane. As in it could be something that was more than just a passing consideration or response to a new and unlikely situation.

If so, it was still way better than what she'd had before. Sure, this world was a bit strange, like something out of a Victorian fantasy novel written by someone on acid, but most of the people had been nice enough to her. Even the jerks here were Monsters (Gwen Farris Book 2) more polite in Monsters (Gwen Farris Book 2) general than the people from back home. One of the nicest people she'd met in this place had been the man that Monsters (Gwen Farris Book 2) stabbed her in the heart when she'd first been stolen from her own world. A thing that she'd survived... which didn't lend itself overly to the idea of her being sane, did it? Who got stabbed in the freaking heart and just shrugged it off like that? No more than a few weeks of real healing either, thanks to the technology of the place.

At least it all seemed real, which was a good sign. Hallucinations didn't have that kind of feeling of reality over the long haul did they? They didn't hold that much clarity and purpose. Not that she knew of. Then, psychology had been an interest of hers, but just a hobby, not a career. Still, she didn't think that visual hallucinations tended to persist like these Monsters (Gwen Farris Book 2) would Monsters (Gwen Farris Book 2) have Monsters (Gwen Farris Book 2) had too. Unless it hadn't really been months and was just a dream? That would be odd, but could happen, she thought. If so, she really hoped she didn't wake up anytime soon. Her real life sucked compared to this.

Taking a Monsters (Gwen Farris Book 2) moment to focus, she tried to pretend she was charging an airships main drive crystal. That was something she'd gotten pretty good at in the last months, having had a lot of practice at it. The girl who's body she was in... her make believe parents now, Monsters (Gwen Farris Book 2) owned a massive shipping concern and had needed some help, so she'd pitched in for a while. It made sense, because this place didn't even have television and their version of radio kind of blew chunks, which meant finding things to keep herself busy was a must. Work fit the bill nicely, when she could find something that everyone would let her try to do.

The world snapped into view as if she wasn't wearing a helmet suddenly. A flash of light and the whole thing seemed to vanish, except for the minimal fresh air coming in. It was kind of a neat design as far as most of her senses went. She could still feel the heat though, which was oppressive enough Monsters (Gwen Farris Book 2) to get her attention. Apparently it had never occurred to anyone to design a cooling system for these things. It was a real flaw too, since it meant that you could only wear the armor for an hour or two in battle before climbing out of it. Stay Monsters (Gwen Farris Book 2) in longer and you risked heat stroke.

Then, these people didn't have air conditioning either. Monsters (Gwen Farris Book 2) Not even refrigerators. They used Monsters (Gwen Farris Book 2) ice boxes instead. If she could figure out how to do it, she was totally going to be inventing something like that. Get someone else to do it at any rate. It wasn't like she knew enough to use the technological magic of this place to do anything that advanced. Not yet. It was hard for her to learn new things here, because she couldn't just openly go to school like everyone else. She was supposed to already know everything, which would make her asking the wrong questions sound really weird and give the whole thing away.

Monsters Gwen Farris Book 2

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