

Untitled

By Thomas Oxenreiter

Chapter 1: Elizabeth and I discover something important

I bend down to let Elizabeth in. Never before have I experienced this.

“Come on in, Eliza,” I whisper so that They do not hear. “They’ll never find us here, it’s just a small nook in which we can hide.”

“But Ted,” Elizabeth whispers, “They only kill the descendants of the gods, so why are they attacking us? I will just say ‘Why do you attack me? I am just Elizabeth Firbolg.’”

“Eliza,” I whisper, “What did you say? The Children of Firbolg are long dead, haven’t you heard the Celtic myth?”

“I am a Firbolg,” Elizabeth debates. “Therefore, I am – say, you’re right. I did do my homework, so yes, the Firbolgs are long defeated. I presume you’re a child of Llyr.”

They are outside, searching for us on Pele Alley. Both Elizabeth and I stop talking. If you’re wondering who I am, I am Theodore Tangaroa. I doubt I am a child of Llyr. Tangaroa sounds Pacific Native American, or African.

“Do you know any other mythology than Celtic?” I ask, in a whisper. I beg that They didn’t hear me. They did.

“Is anyone in there?” a gruff voice croaks. The door to the nook slowly opens, then it closes in a fraction of a second.

“Signor Albert Ruffmann,” an Argentinian member of They asks, “Why did you drop the door closed?”

“Carlos, sorry to interfere,” the gruff voice, Albert, replies. “But I saw two harmless children, not half-deities.”

“Are you sure?” Carlos asks.

“No, at least I presume so. What are your last names? Speak, or I’ll shoot.”

“Theodora Tangaroa,” Elizabeth says, pretending to be my sister.

“Theodore Tangaroa,” I say, not pretending to be Elizabeth’s brother.

“Twins, eh?” Albert Ruffmann asks.

“Yes,” Elizabeth lies.

“Tangaroa is not Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Celtic, Norse, or North American Indian. It isn’t Incan, and neither is it Aztec, Japanese, Chinese or Indian. Let them go.”

I go home and type on my search computer that can tell me anything “Tangaroa.”

The following came up: Tangaroa is a Pacific deity. According to a Tahitian myth, he was a human being awarded by becoming a god. He was in Vanuatu, the co-ruler of the universe. Tangaroa was commonly in statues, often as a native king. Tangaroa was believed to be real between the 6th century BC to the 20th century AD.

“BELIEVED to be real?” I ask. “Why I am descended from him! Of course, he is real.”

Elizabeth waits outside for an answer to the mystery of Tangaroa. Then she gasps as she sees someone. Or some people. Three members of They, a stranger, Carlos, and Albert Ruffman.

“Signor Albert,” Carlos says, “have you seen those darned Tangaroas? I’ve done the research, he’s a deity. Say, ma’am, have you seen Theodora Tangaroa?”

“No,” answers Elizabeth quickly.

“My, my,” sighs the stranger, “I need to find her. Does she go by Theodora, Thea, or Dora?”

“I’d guess Theodora,” Albert guesses, his eyes still staring at Elizabeth, “yet this lady looks awfully like Theodora Tangaroa.”

“I am not Theodora Tangaroa!” Elizabeth says. “I have copied my friend’s name, Ted Tangaroa. My real name is Elizabeth, but you can call me Eliza. No, you will call me Eliza or terrible things will happen to you.”

“Madam Eliza,” the stranger says, “sorry, Carlos, I mean Signora Eliza, what is your last name?”

“Well, what is yours?” Elizabeth asks.

“Signora Eliza, my name is Andrew LeBris, but my parents always called me Phony LeBris. I am a pirate, no member of They.”

Albert peaks in through the nearby window, so does Carlos. Phony LeBris peaks through my window.

“A youth,” Phony LeBris says, my heart thumping, “about 12 years old. He knows more about Tahiti than anyone else.” Of course, Phony had been “Phony,” for I knew nothing about Tahiti.

“Send Xotol here!” Carlos cries.

“Send Xotol here!” Albert Ruffmann and Phony LeBris echo.

I gulp. Who IS Xotol?

THE END