

The Tales of The Chosen

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The Tales of The Chosen – 1st ed.

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For my parents,
Rita and Scott Faulkner

Chapter 1

It was a dusty morning where the second sun had risen before the first. The Institution of Learning was expecting to receive a reward for their 1400 years of consecutive perfection. The rulers were pleased to see their minions moving about so seriously, as the display of emotions was strictly forbidden at the

Institution of Learning.

The Chosen were taught at a young age to swiftly complete their studies.

Each week they were given pills that fed a Chosen member for a seven-day period of time.

After the seven days, the individual was reevaluated to see if they were keeping up with the required study of

knowledge. If an individual did not meet the level necessary for that week, they would starve for one week until they proved themselves by subsequent week's judging. The "Intellectual Elite" made all the decisions. The design for the Institution of Learning was state of the art. The interior was equipped with high-tech

security cameras, motion sensors, and twenty-four hour patrols at all entrances and exits. The exterior, on the other hand, had been weather-worn over the past 1400 years since the great war but in its prime, no one could crack it. The exterior was equipped with reinforced concrete walls, guard towers that reached one

hundred feet high, missile
detection systems,
electrified chain-linked
fences with chicken wire
wrapped, but their greatest
defense of all, was the
fact that no one could
reach them. They floated
miles high in the sky using
stolen technology. The
Intellectual Elite spared
no expenses but as the
years went on, the rules

and protections originally
in place were greatly
relaxed. Even still, they
were cruel monsters that
feasted upon the finest
meals from around the
world. They hardly knew or
could understand what the
Chosen were even learning,
only that their ancestors
in the past used this
knowledge to create a
powerful world of wealth

and harmony. The Intellectual Elite were evaluating one of their minions when, all of a sudden, shouting broke out, there were three Chosen boys bad-mouthing a girl named Cherry.

The three Chosen boys thought it would be hilarious if they knocked Cherry down over the railing. They wanted to

show off to all their friends watching how strong they were. There was a crowd around the boys cheering them on. "Do it! Do it!" the crowd shouted.

Cherry's friend, Rye, tried to grab her while she was hanging onto the railing but the boys did not want him to ruin their fun so they proceeded to punch and kick the boy

named Rye in the eyes,
legs, arms, and chest
relentlessly. The crunching
sound of his bones could be
heard echoing through the
hallways as Rye continued
to help Cherry up.

The crowd, once
cheering, paused in the
shock from the sound of
broken bones. They all
quickly looked at each
other until one boy

shouted, "I am not getting in trouble with the guards," and quickly ran into a nearby room to avoid the incoming guards towards the scene. The boys kept screaming and laughing, "Look at this fool!"

Rye continued to hold Cherry's arms for dear life. Rye was finally able to pull Cherry up to the very edge of the railing so

she could hold onto the
metal safety rail securely.
Then Rye's face turned very
red and angry. For the
first time in his 274-year-
old-life his primal
thoughts surpassed his
intellectual teachings.
He'd grown wild and fought
back with his legs kicking
them in the face and chest.
Through his powerful blows
from his martial arts

teachings, his kicks
crushed two of the kids'
ribs into their hearts,
killing them instantly. The
other boy screamed for his
friends and made a
temporary retreat. It was
then Rye immediately pulled
Cherry back up from the
dangling 173-mile drop.

Rye could feel the two
suns beaming on his face
forcing him to block the

light with his hands. Then
out of nowhere, a fourth
boy showed up and stabbed
Rye rapidly in the chest
with a three-inch boot
knife he'd stolen from a
guard. Surprisingly, Rye
drop-kicked the kid in the
face knocking him
unconscious and launching
him across the room into
the safety railing in which
the boys had recently

thrown Cherry over. Rye then looked down at the knife in his chest. Seeping around it was a waterfall of blood.

He then turned his attention to Cherry and asked, "Are you okay? Did they hurt you?"

As the Cherry began to respond Rye's vision began to fade and his feet started to give way. While

Rye started falling to the ground, he attempted to grab Cherry's shoulder for support. As Rye began to fall farther to the floor, Cherry grabbed him by the hand then shoulder to slow him. As Cherry began to survey the area, she saw the pool of blood around Rye's body. She then screamed, "Call a medic!" But the panicked crowd

around her drowned out her voice out, plus the guards were too busy to even notice what was happening.

Cherry began checking Rye's vitals and airway to make sure he was not choking on his own blood. She kept screaming, "Help! Help! Somebody help!" until there seemed like there was no hope left.

She had her hand around Rye's wrist feeling for his pulse, and every minute that passed the softer and slower Rye's pulse became. After the medics finally arrived, they took him to the hospital. While Rye was being taken away, Cherry insisted on being in the ambulance with Rye. Cherry needed to hold Rye's hand, to feel for a pulse.

When they finally got to the hospital the security guards and hospital nurses were forced to physically detach Cherry from Rye's side. After twelve long hours of surgery and sixty expensive cups of coffee, the doctors finally came out of the urgent care room. They began to talk to Rye's parents. Cherry quickly ran

over to hear what the
doctor was saying.

The doctor said calmly,
"Excuse me ma'am, I have
some bad news..."

This is all Cherry
needed to hear; she began
to walk away in tears. Her
feet began to grow weak.
Eventually, she collapsed
back in her seat in a loud
uproar of sorrow towards
the sky. Cherry's parents

began to comfort her as she
cried for hours on the way
back home. Cherry went to
his funeral that weekend
and placed a white rose in
his coffin, she muttered,
"This is not fair..."

She felt alone. Cherry
was depressed for weeks
after Rye died. Her studies
were starting to slip week
after week. The
Intellectual Elite began to

take notice and summoned
her to their chambers one
day. They were not pleased
at all.

End of Book Preview

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