

*Wasting Time Teaser Scene – Ravil*  
(Author’s Note – this probably won’t make anything clearer)

Ravil shrieked from the depths of her black hole. Her voice bounced off invisible barriers and returned to her, amplified. She held her head and kicked, slamming her feet in to the splintered mirror her mind had created for this place.

Ravil’s reflection dissolved into white fire. The flame fuzzed in and out of view, changing slightly with each movement it made. The fire spoke with a feminine voice, “You *are* Ravilaea, aren’t you? I am not wrong, am I? That would speak poorly of my observational skills if I were to make a mistake *that* simple.”

Ravil winced at the voice. “Of course I am, and I created this place so let me go or get the fuck out!”

“I really do not understand what you are so angry for.”

Ravil glared at the fire. “My friends are in danger! I can’t stay here!”

“Friends?” The fire edged closer. “Don’t you recognize me?”

“No!” Ravil spun, looking for a way out of the black hole. “Why can’t I remember a way out?”

The other Langone shrugged from within the flames. “I might have changed things since I moved in...remodeled you might say. What do you think of my changes? Do you like the scenery?”

Ravil eyed the flame. “You’re *mad*.”

“I am not. I’m really happy now that you’re here! I have wanted to speak to you for some time about your Weapon. I have not seen it in action like this before. You don’t know how long it has been for me—”

“Why does my head hurt so fucking much?” Ravil raked her nails along her scalp and glared at the fire. “What the fuck are you?”

“Yes, I mean, what?” The shifting creature trembled. “No. Stop confusing me with someone else. I am me!”

Ravil snarled. “Be helpful or go away!”

The fire moved around the boundaries of this place. “How long has it been?”

Ravil pivoted to follow the flames. “Since *what*?”

“Since you created this place within your Weapon?”

“I made this like...I made this...I can’t remember.” Ravil looked ill and touched her temples. “How could I have forgotten I made *this*?”

The flame swirled. “Oh, it might have been a bit then. Why are you out here?”

“What do you mean *out here*?”

“Aren’t you away from the others? I know you are not allowed out alone, it’s too dangerous with the way things are.” The fire got closer. “You speak with a strange accent as well, not our native one. Something is strange with you. I am going to examine your memories now, so stay still.”

“Oh no you are fucking not!” Ravil backpedaled. “Get away from me!”

“You do not have a choice.” The fire formed into a white light girl, too bright to see her features clearly. “You know as well as I that this will be painless and done in an instant.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Shush. Let me link with you, then things will be clear to me. It is only fair!”

Ravil threw up her hand, creating a net of light. “Don’t get near me! I don’t know who you

are, and I don't want anything to do with you. I don't want to share memories with you!"

The girl disappeared and reappeared behind Ravil. "Quick to anger, that is a habit you might want to control, young lady." She grabbed Ravil's short cherry red hair. "While I'm doing this, let's get your look back to normal too. I don't approve of this; it does not suit our kind or your station."

Ravil kicked. "Let go of me, you crazy bitch!" She turned and elbowed her counterpart, but in the contact, their lines linked together. Incomplete memories, images, and thoughts travelled from Ravil's mind to the other.

The girls shuddered and spiraled apart. The flame hissed in pain. "No wonder you are strange! How odd, I can't see *anything* clearly. What is the damage from?"

Ravil rubbed her temples, her eyes wide. Her hair returned to its mid-back length and pure white color. She glared at the fire. "That felt *terrible*."

"I can't tamper with it. Can't fix it, not at all, not a *Jungay*. Those behind it no doubt at all." The girl smiled and cocked her head. "I can only see what is left, but I do have this place and this place has its own memories. Yes, it has told me some things, but nothing that makes sense to me. Probably because I have no key, had no key, but now here you are. *My* key."

"What are you talking about?"

"Let's play a game!" The girl dissolved back into flames. "I miss games! It has been so long. May we play one together, Ravi?"

"Don't call me that." Ravil struggled to make her mouth move. "I haven't played games before."

The fire danced around her in a ring. "Of course you have! How much must be gone from your head. Where is Saroi? Why hasn't he taken care of this issue for you?"

"Who?" Ravil turned to follow the fire. "Look, I don't have time for games. I have to help my friends!"

"No, no, no! Why are they so important? You just met them! Known them for so short a time."

"They've *grown* on me." She growled.

"This isn't normal at all, not protocol. I guess you've learned a few things, but the ones you travel with...mostly men and no handmaidens, no Saroi. Oh, what would Viro think? He'll be not happy at all!" The fire laughed. "I hope he finds out. That will be funny! He'll be so pissed off! And Leth—"

"Viro? Leth? Who are you talking about?"

"Oh." The fire froze. "Never mind. So who cares about *him*. He's been a jerk recently, what about *me*? Can you tell me how I got here?"

Ravil's eyes glowed. "What *about* you? You're a crazy nut ball that's moved into *my* freaking black hole. I don't want to hang out with you just because you're lonely or something! And stop with the shifting already! Pick a look and stick with it! You're creeping me the fuck out!"

The fire scoffed. "You're the one shifting around, so *you* stop it! I'm completely solid and don't tell me what to do, I'm older right now, fuck face. Oh, I like that word, rolls right off the tongue."

"Don't call me *fuck face*, you...you fiery thing! *Listen to me!* Right now, my only family left are the people on that ship and the longer I stay around with you the more danger they're in. They are all that I care about!"

"Why am I here, Ravil?"

Ravil gaped. "I don't know, you tell me."

"In your place, your Weapon, the one that screams *made in Ravil*. A Langone creation, you and I." The girl burst into tears of sparks. "The only thing that's safe for me and now you want to throw me out! You don't want to use this place. Why can't I have it?"

"No, you're right, I don't want it!" Ravil scowled. "I wouldn't have even come here, but you chased me and tried to eat me!"

"Eat you? I wanted to see you! I've been looking for you since I woke up! You'd have to know...be willing to talk!"

"By eating my ship!"

"That was a ship? Small white egg? You are Langone, our princess, destined to fly in fleets, to move armies. Why were you in that tiny thing? That is what I ask. Was why I didn't think, I saw it, confusing yes, a little strange, but a ship? That hadn't crossed my mind, but I know better now. May I come back with you? I am intrigued by the things going on in this life. Things seem so strange, different. What year is it?"

"No, you can't come back with me!" Ravil ignored her other questions. "I don't know you!"

"But I called for you. That is why you're here, right?" The girl clasped her hands together. "To help me?"

"That terrible screaming wail?" Ravil glared at her. "That was you saying *hello*?"

"Before you got here I was less..." The other one giggled. "*Together*. I still have a hard time concentrating. I can't remember things and sometimes I remember other people's memories, those taken by this thing...it is highly confusing! It's *intolerable* and stupid when I can think clearly, but I can't do that so much anymore...I don't feel like me anymore, Ravil. I'm lost...my mind is lost here..."

Ravil edged away. "No shit."

"But now I'm corporeal again!" The girl twirled. "At last! It should be easier to be me now that you're here. The Weapon is already less chaotic."

"Good for you." Ravil rubbed her temples. "Can't you just tell me who you are?"

The other one shook her head. "Not fair not fun! Let's play a game instead! It will jog your memory!"

"No! Why?"

"Your head is hurt. I will do you a favor and see if I can find the cause. I am not able to fix the problem, but able to explain it perhaps? We used to do this and practice, remember? We learned the memory tricks to keep things from Saroi! Maybe not, but you will soon!"

Ravil pointed. "You stay the *hell* out of my brain!"

"This will be so much fun!"

Ravil lunged for her. "Why don't you just tell me your name?"

The girl flickered out of her reach. "In your current condition you'd only get confused by excess knowledge I think. You must remember it yourself." The other laughed and returned to amorphous fire. "Let's play and ease you into this process slowly!"

Ravil struggled for control. "Okay. What kind of game? May I pick?"

"A Langone's *favorite* game of course!"

"I've *never* played games!"

Light fractured the darkness and the other Langone grinned. "You've had your head stuffed with so much garbage and bindings, you've forgotten. I bet you can't remember your mother's name."

“Why would I know that?” Ravil swatted at the fire. “She was gone as soon as I was born. None of us gets to know their parents.”

“See!” The girl laughed. “While you play, I will figure out what happened to you! We shall solve this mystery together!”

“Just please let me go.” Ravil put her hands together. “*Please.*”

The fire wobbled back and forth. “No, that would be irresponsible of me.”

“Listen, my friends are in *danger!*” Ravil pointed outwards. “I have to help them.”

“Oh, yeah them. Well, they can come play too then and keep you company.” The girl cocked her head. “Maybe they’ll have some insight into your current condition.”

“Don’t bring them in to this!” Ravil shook her head. “They’re safer where they are! Leave them alone.”

“They are coming, what a great idea you had! We’ll save them together! They’ll be my friends too and we’ll all have so much fun together!”

“No!” Ravil grabbed at her.

“Yes! Are you ready?” She snapped her fingers and the scene went white.