

## You Never Notice the Ninjas

Shara rolled over in bed.

At that movement, the ninjas halted their approach.

“Careful, she might wake up!” one whispered to another.

“Shhh!”

“Quiet, do you want to be caught?” The leader nearly said.

Shara snored loudly, causing the ninjas to jump.

“Come on,” the leader mouthed to the others- a useless gesture, since the mask covered her face entirely. Nonetheless, the followers were used to their leader’s ways, and imitated their master perfectly.

As one, they approached the sleeping girl. It took nearly five minutes to travel two yards, but they finally reached the bed.

The leader held a handkerchief with sleep-inducing chemicals over the girl’s face, just to ensure that she remained asleep.

The other ninjas followed the symbol, and lifted the mattress off the bed’s frame. They quickly crept from the room, and loaded her into their getaway airplane.

Most of the ninjas were not entirely sure how they’d managed to evade notice, since it was a fairly loud vehicle, but their leader had apparently managed it. At the very least, there were no noticeable spectators, and no police cars.

Within an hour, they had returned to their lair.

The leader ninja directed them through the catacombs of their cave. The followers knew where they were going, but it was always nice to have someone out in front to ensure that none of the novices had set any new traps. Although any of them would be able to evade a trap on their own, holding a corner of a bed with a person on it made things trickier. Ninja-rolls just wouldn’t work.

Finally, they arrived at their destination.

The throne room, where the king of the ninjas was supposed to sit, was impressive in its hiddenness. A throne had been hand crafted out of the wall. It melted into the shadows, successfully masking if anyone who was sitting there.

At the base of the throne stood the Mystic.

“Your eminence,” the group leader bowed respectfully. “I have brought her. Is she the One?”

The mystic walked towards them, did a spontaneous triple-backflip (just to show he still could) and landed gracefully about six inches from the sleeping girl.

He peered into her face and muttered something powerful sounding under his breath. He closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them. “Brassica fati!” He exclaimed. “Yes. She will be the one.”

The ninjas’ faces brightened. Again, this was not apparent, as they were still wearing face masks.

“She is to be our new queen?” a younger one asked.

The entire group turned to look at him. “Did you not hear His Eminence?” the leader asked. “Yes! She will.”

The mystic turned to the group leader. “You understand that she must not know until it is time. Therefore, return her to her home.”

The ninjas bowed, picked up the bed again, and backed up.

“Guard her with your lives, if you must. Be sure she will come into her birthright.” With that final proclamation, the mystic sprang away, melting into the shadows without a sound.

With joy in their hearts at having found their new queen, the ninjas carried the bed back through the catacombs, back to the jet that had been refueled, and back to her house. They crept back into the room, replaced her mattress in the exact place, and left through the window leaving only a curtain’s sway to indicate they even existed.

The next morning, Monday, Shara went to school. Everyone was talking about the amazing weekend they’d had. Some had gone ice skating. One person had made a weekend trip out of the country. Shara stared at the ground.

“Why,” she asked the dirt, “can’t anything exciting ever happen to me?”

The ninjas who abducted her the previous night smiled at each other from the ceiling. Mission accomplished.

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