

A Day in the Life of Lamair

by **Sydney Murdock**

PROMPT #1: The garden is being infested by a particularly troublesome family of gnomes.

PROMPT #3: Looking through old family photos, multiple generations back, you notice there is a cat in almost every group photo. The same cat — color and pattern: the cat that is currently purring on your lap.

In a country called Valia there is a rural town named Wrenn. On the outskirts are two neighbors who have yet to find common ground. Living in a home built in a crystal garden is a large clan of gnomes. For gnomes the plants and trees are nearly three times their size, while for a human of average height the plants generally reach to the chest or over the heads in the case of trees. Their home was placed in the nook of a tree and between clear shiny brambles that have a gradient of blue leaves. It was grown out of wood and crystals of many colors. It held many rooms and halls to hold the thirteen people clan—the Mowbray Clan.

Their neighbors, the Amethyst family live very close by. In fact, they share a property line where the two sections of land meet. This family has whittled down to two—a mother and son, or three if you count the cat. Despite that they still live in the large ancestral house. It was longer than tall, but it held two stories. There was a small porch that wrapped around the whole house. The house was made of dark wood, but the doorways and windows were painted a bright yellow.

The teenage son of Asana Amethyst is called Lamair after his great-grandfather. He has olive skin, fluffy chin-length brown hair, hazel colored eyes, and a button nose. While still shorter than his mother who is around five-five, Lamair is nearing her height now.

On this day around noon, Lamair was sitting cross legged on a cushion in the living room petting their pet cat, Xerxes, who deemed him worthy enough to get affection from. Xerxes was an unusual cat from Lamair's perspective, but then are not all cats odd? Lamair knew Xerxes had been in the family for quite some time, yet he thought that regular cats died after so many years. And this thought was reinforced as Lamair was flipping through the family album.

Xerxes was in most photographs and even in older portraits. And this was the exact cat. Not a similar looking one. They all had the slender build, dark fur with burnt orange stripes, the long tail, green-yellow eyes and ears that had tufts at the tips. In one such older portrait was of his great-great-grandmother Kleo sitting with *this cat* on her lap.

Furrowing his eyebrows, Lamair looked away from the album to Xerxes who was staring right back with his head tilted, trying to look innocent. With a pout Lamair demanded, “Just who exactly are you, Xerxes? There is something odd about you, for sure.”

Xerxes held eye contact for several seconds before yawning and jumping away from Lamair. Lamair stood up, crossed his arms, and mumbled, “Fine! Don’t say anything...”

A woman, who looks similar to Lamair just with darker skin and black hair, came to the doorway. This is Asana, a single parent to her son, and proud of it. With a teasing tone, she spoke to Lamair, “Trying to talk to animals again? Why don’t you go outside for a bit before dinner, yeah. Might get more results there.”

Lamair had looked up to her with a smile as soon as she started speaking. At her suggestion, he rolled his eyes, but nodded, “Sure. I can practice what I’ve been learning too.”

“See you,” Lamair calls as he rushes past Asana, who stepped aside, out the door, and ran to one of the back doors not far from the living room. Once out back, Lamair does not stop; rather he speeds up as he tries to gain a bit of distance from the house. Lamair knew they had a couple acres of land, so he was not worried about going too far from the house and running into people. Unknown to Lamair, Asana had requested Xerxes to follow him, so he had a dark shadow darting behind him. When the land started to get dotted with trees and plants, Lamair came to a stop and got into a stance for fighting.

Back at the house, Asana had gone out to their garden to collect a few things for dinner. But when she went to pick a few chives they crumbled to dust, making her react by backing away. She narrowed her eyes as she looked at her plants, and saw a dark green miasma swirling around them all. She shook her head and clenched her fists, as she knew who had done this. Out loud, she said one word filled with malice, “Mowbray!”

A dark green hand pushed some branches out of the way allowing for the person to see the tall, to them, human swing his arms around and occasionally have blasts of yellow light that shoot out from his hands. A smirk crosses the mouth of the green skinned gnome.

As Lamair moved to strike the air again, suddenly he was immobile from thick vines that had shot up out of the ground to wind about his body.

“Wha-?!” Lamair shouts as he struggles to get free. Laughter reaches his ears causing him to turn his head in the direction it came from. He quickly spots his attacker who was an average sized gnome that came up to his knees. She had dark green skin swathed in a leather outfit, dark purple leafy hair pulled into a ponytail, pale violet eyes and sharp facial features. “Aluna! Untangle me, now!”

“Hahaha—why should I? Your magic skills are bad anyways. I just wanted to show you how it’s done, Lamy.” Aluna wiped her tears away before smacking her hands on her knees. Then she walked right up to Lamair before breaking the connection between her and the vines causing them to wither. Lamair takes that chance to break them off, and crushes a few beneath his boots. He sits down with huff and sarcastically says, “Yeah, yeah. Aluna is the best.” The two enjoy the afternoon together before they have to part ways once more.

When Aluna gets home she finds that quite a few plants were broken and thrown about the place. She was worried about her family, so she ran past the broken doorway calling for her parents and siblings. Of their home, itself, only the door was broken, luckily. Aluna found them all in perfect health sitting in the inner living room. “What happened while I was gone?”

Her parents Kifune and Wilhelmina looked at each other and then at her. Kifune starts speaking first, “Asuna Amethyst is what happened. She came raging about her destroyed garden, and when we denied it being us she tossed a few plants in anger before stomping off again.”

“So we want you to stop going over there to spend time with that Amethyst boy. Clearly his mother is quite hotheaded, we don’t want anything to happen to you, even by accident, dear,” Wilhelmina finished off with a stern tone, “The important thing here is that we did not actually do anything this time, so that means there is also an unknown over there messing with them.”

“Well, shouldn’t we warn them at least? I don’t want my friend to be caught off guard by something I could have helped with.” Aluna said with determination and a willingness to rush back out there. Her and Lamair had been meeting semi-secretly since they were little kids. There was no way Aluna was going to leave Lamair to a horrible ending.

At the Amethyst house, Lamair was eating dinner with Asuna while Xerxes was stalking around outside. Lamair was mostly pushing around his meager serving size of broccoli, “So-tell me again why we just have broccoli, mom? The gnomes destroyed our garden? I highly doubt that.”

Asuna chomps down on her utensil, eating the piece of broccoli on it, before pointing it at Lamair, “I’ll have you know, son, that I am nearly one-hundred percent certain it was them. You know how I’ve told you about that one time—”

“-that Kifune Mowbray once overran our whole house with weeds and you couldn’t leave the house for days. Yes, I know, you mention it a lot.”

“Hmmp, well. Don’t interrupt me, Lamair,” she sighs and leans back in her chair, “I guess I’m just overly emotional about things sometimes.”

Lamair looks to the side without her noticing and mouths to himself, “You think?” He also sighs before pushing his plate to the side. “Can I head on to bed?”

“Sure you can, but may you? I’m not sure yet.” Was Asuna’s sarcastic response, but then, “Yeah, yeah...go on and get to bed. You have school work to do bright and early.”

When Lamair has walked away, and can no longer hear, Asuna turns completely serious. She fixes her eyes upon the door opposite the one Lamair just went through. Greeting her sight was a tall thin male who was wearing baggy clothing, had dark hair with two pointy cat ears upon his head with tufts, his eyes were red, a long tail flicking behind, and his pale skin has burnt orange stripes racing across it. He walks in on bare feet and sits across from Asuna. His voice when he speaks is like velvet and a purring undertone, “Asuna, child, you do have such a heated temper it was a surprise when Lamair didn’t have one too.”

Asuna fixes a menacing glare at him, “At least I don’t hide from real children, you Bakeneko.”

He cannot hold back a feral grin, “Come now, that’s not my name. You have been negligent recently in keeping that *thing* sealed away. That was what destroyed your garden, not the gnomes. It’s only just getting started.”

Closing her eyes, Asuna wearily holds her head up with a hand, “You better be speaking true, Kousuke.”