

*Dynamo Tales*  
*presents*

# *The Fear*

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## Chapter One

During eleven years of solitude, Felix Eden had explored the twisted corridors and many rooms of his lonely mind in great depth. One day he had accidentally stumbled across a nondescript broom cupboard, somewhere that he eventually nicknamed 'the space'. It had proved to be an incredible discovery, for the second that he stepped over its threshold, he became someone different, someone with super powers. The space somehow brought whatever he imagined, to life. It was an exciting secret that he kept from his mum. He reasoned that it was fine to keep secrets, since she kept one from him and her secret was turning out to be even bigger than his.

Her secret involved a door that was below their house in the bunker. They grew all of the vegetables that they needed to eat in this bunker. It had domed, mud walls and was dark, damp and ivy ridden. The growing rooms however shone bright all day and night from the harsh, flickering neon lamps. Felix was supposed to be tending tomatoes, but instead he stood before a door, a door with flaking red paint, a door that had the strangest invisible barriers protecting it, a door that his mum had forbidden him to go near. The day she forbade him, was the day that Felix had vowed to open it. What had started out as a quick, sneaky grab at its handle had now turned into a year long obsession.

He glanced behind to check that his mum wasn't around. His hand was now centimetres from its handle. He was so nearly through the last of the invisible barriers. He didn't know how or why they were there, but he was desperate to know what could be on the other side. Using the power of his mind alone, he had already struggled through six of them. This was the seventh and final one.

"Concentrate and do not waver," warned the soothing Italian voice in Felix's head. The voice only spoke to him when he was exploring his mind. "That's right. It is our destiny. Open the forbidden door". At first it had only whispered gently to him. With each passing day it had become stronger and more demanding. Recently he had wanted to shut it out, but he couldn't. Right now however, both he and the voice wanted the same thing – to get through the door.

Felix closed his eyes and moved forward. The route through his mind to the space was now so familiar that he could go there within seconds. He stepped inside and shut the door behind him. In the darkness, he imagined his body dissolving through the final barrier.

"I can smell it!". The voice had become excited. "Our freedom is near. Open it Felix. Open the door and let the fresh air in".

His hand trembled.

"Don't stop" the deep, balmy voice enticed him on. "Nobody tells Felix Eden what to do. Nothing is forbidden to him".

If his mum had forbidden him to go near the door, it surely had to lead to freedom and that was all that he wanted. Freedom from the four walls and ten doors in his life. A boy could not be expected to be confined to just ten doors forever!

He felt a familiar tingling sensation as he stepped forward through the barrier. It moulded around his body, leaving a faint impression of his features on the air. He was somehow able to make solid surfaces pliable. Suddenly the structure of the final barrier altered and his heart leapt in excitement. He had gone clean through it. He had finally reached the wooden surface of the door itself. Slowly he placed his hand around the pitted iron handle. Immediately it seemed to respond to him and he was able to pass clean through the door itself.

The front of his head came through before the rest of his body. He blinked. His whole face was bathed in incredibly strong sunlight. He took an involuntary gasp. At first he

thought what he saw before him must be the result of an illusion, but it was so vivid and alive it had to be real.

All around him was a beautiful wildflower meadow. It swayed in a crisp breeze. Through the middle of it and for as far as he could trace with his watery eyes, was an overgrown pathway. It meandered through the sweet smelling meadow ending a long way in the distance, in a beach. Beautiful as it was, nothing came close to the object of his full attention. Far out to sea was an island, an oasis of bright colour against a washed out horizon. A mountain towered high above the landmass, its peak glowing a soft pink colour, pulsating in the changing reflections from the silky sea. The sky on either side of the peak dipped, as if its energy was being funnelled inside the mountain.

Tears rolled down Felix's cheeks and he didn't know why. This place, this secret, was everything he had hoped for. It was the promise of a brand new place where he could walk free of his house and live a different life. He had known that something special was behind the forbidden door. But this? He had never expected this. It was heartstoppingly beautiful.

"Heaven" he muttered to himself.

"A sort of heaven" mused a cheerful voice. "It's a place where you can dream without boundaries. To some that is heaven".

His heart raced and Felix shrunk back into the door in surprise. It definitely wasn't the voice in his head, for it sounded so breezy and friendly. He had not spoken to anybody other than his mum for three whole years. The very prospect filled him with horror, but this voice wasn't threatening. He had to find out who it belonged to so he pressed right through to the other side and his eyes rested straight away on the man who had spoken. He was well camouflaged amongst the high grasses of the meadow. The man moved forward so that Felix could see him better. He wore a long green coat and his forearms rested on a twisted wooden walking stick. His long beard intermingled with the plaited wood, just like the stalactites of knotted creepers that hung off the bunker's soil ceilings.

Felix did not know whether to feel afraid, since he knew he should not be there, or elated, to have found someone to talk to.

"I'm sorry" Felix apologised, but not really knowing what he was apologising for. He really didn't know what to say. He raked his scraggy blonde curls back from his face and tucked a few annoying pieces behind his ears. He continued to look at the man, but no words would come. The man seemed completely content with the silence. Felix's curiosity finally got the better of him.

"Who are you?" he asked tentatively, staying put in case the man turned out not to be as friendly as he looked.

The man's bushy black eyebrows twitched. It seemed unnatural to Felix that he could have such deep, black eyebrows and yet such a wispy grey beard, which glanced against the flowers like cobwebs caught on a draught. He used his stick to part the grass, but they almost seemed to bend before him, as if in reverence.

The man stopped at a respectable distance and scrutinised him. Felix returned the questioning look, wondering how old he was, who he was and why he was here. The man had looked old at first, but his skin seemed smooth and his smiling eyes had playful, young sparks firing behind them. He reminded Felix of the badgers that occasionally entered the bunker from their adjoining sett, with his flashes of black, white and grey. The whole while the man pondered him, his hands played with the wings of a bird that were carved on to the grip of the walking stick. He cocked his head by way of greeting and smiled.

"Raximus" he said. Felix felt a pang of frustration. That didn't help answer any questions. "You are Gethan's boy?" he continued amiably, but cautiously. "Felix?"

Felix almost choked. This man knew his father? His heart felt as if it had pounded right out of his chest.

“Dad! How do you know my dad?” he blurted out.

The man turned his face towards the shining mountain and his mouth melted into a vanilla smile.

“Very well” he replied cryptically. “He has taken his rightful place”.

Felix couldn't help but stumble forward to the man. He wanted to grab him; he wanted to force him to tell everything he knew.

“Rightful place. What do you mean?” his voice rose in expectation.

The man looked from the vision to Felix. He lifted his strange looking stick and allowed it to hang in the air, the bird tilted forward, pressing towards the island. It took some time for Felix to understand what the man was trying to indicate.

“Over there?” he spluttered. “My dad is over there - on that island?”

“*The Island*” he clarified.

“Oh my god” Felix muttered to himself, trying to take in the magnitude of what this man Raximus, was telling him. “But we thought he was dead. My mum...” his voice tailed off. “My mum. I must tell her,” he said panting excitedly, swishing the grass aside, and moving back to the door. Then he stopped. He didn't want to leave these surroundings, but he had to tell his mum.

“The Island is only for immortal spirits,” Raximus said calmly. He let the words float in the air as if there was so much more to say.

“Oh please don't”. Felix choked, putting his hands to his mouth. “Please don't say that”.

The man's face crinkled into a smile. Something about his manner put Felix at his ease. Just being able to talk about his dad, a subject that had remained buried for the three years since his death, was helping.

“Your father is someone very special. He belongs there. Did he never tell you about his skills?”

“Skills?” repeated Felix. He was beginning to feel that he had stepped into someone else's life.

“He was the gatekeeper,” said Raximus warmly. “Gethaneden is one of the words the ancient seers used for ‘gatekeeper’”.

So many questions were now racing through his mind, just so many. He didn't know where to start.

“Felix?”. It was his mum's voice. He looked back at the doorway. He could see the long tunnel that led back to the bunker.

“You must return” Raximus said quickly.

“No way” Felix hissed. “I'm staying”. He crossed his arms stubbornly.

The man smiled, as if tickled by his display of belligerence.

“You have an active imagination. That much is sure, for you made it through one of my most complex incantations”.

“So?” said Felix defiantly.

Raximus looked at Felix and gently, slowly placed his hand on his chest.

“Five hundred years!” he spoke the words to himself in disbelief. “I have searched for five hundred years”.

“For what?” asked Felix quickly.

The man shook his head over and over as if he couldn't quite believe what he was saying.

“For you!” he breathed.