

# **Legacy of the Hidden Clans**

**By D.N. Manyagi**

## **CHAPTER TWO**

---

### **Dimension Theory**

The world is a tapestry of mysteries and knowledge, woven with threads of reality and hidden dimensions. Between the known and the unknown, between the mundane and the arcane, lies a fragile boundary—one that can be shattered by the slightest disturbance. This story begins when a small crack in that boundary unleashes a new terror upon an unsuspecting world and its reluctant savior.

In a remote village on the outskirts of town, a family stumbled upon a child, abandoned and crying in the woods. The child, a small boy with jet-black hair and a birthmark on his right shoulder in the shape of an infinity symbol, was cradled in the arms of fate. This was Kael—a boy who would grow up to carry a burden far beyond his years.

The family, brilliant archaeologists by trade and compassionate by nature, took the boy in without hesitation. They named him Kael and brought him back to their home in the United States, where he was raised in an environment rich with love, curiosity, and a thirst for knowledge. From the moment he could walk, Kael was surrounded by relics of the past, artifacts of lost civilizations, and the endless tales his adoptive parents shared of their adventures.

Kael's childhood was a happy one, filled with laughter, warmth, and the unwavering support of his adoptive parents, Wendy and Tim. Yet as he grew, strange things began to happen—things that defied explanation. By the age of two, the peculiarities of Kael's existence had already begun to surface. Wendy, in her haste one evening, accidentally dropped him into a tub of water during bath time. To her utter shock, Kael reappeared in her arms, dry and giggling as if nothing had happened. Wendy rubbed her eyes in disbelief, her mind grappling with what she had just witnessed.

As the years passed and Kael grew, the odd occurrences became more frequent. Objects would vanish, only to reappear in strange places. Tables, purses, keys, and even clothes would disappear and materialize in entirely different rooms. On his eighth birthday, however, something happened that changed the course of Kael's life forever.

After school that day, Kael found Wendy waiting at the gates with the other parents. The children were pouring out of the school in a boisterous stream, and Kael was eager to tell her about his day. But as he approached her, the world around him began to shift. The vibrant colors of the surrounding environment melted away, replaced by a surreal haze of neon hues. Kael blinked, wondering if his eyes were playing tricks on him, but the transformation only intensified.

The colors around him coalesced into specific shapes—distorted, otherworldly versions of the people and objects he had seen moments before. The children walking beside him morphed, their features elongating, their faces taking on grotesque forms. A boy who had been laughing with his friend suddenly sported a tail; a girl sprouted horns from her head. The sky above darkened, casting the world in an ominous twilight, as if reality itself had begun to unravel.

Kael stopped, fear gripping his heart. He turned to look at Wendy, but even she had changed. Her once kind eyes now glowed with an unnatural light, her mouth stretched into an eerie smile. Everything around him seemed to pulse with a sinister energy, and he felt a growing dread in the pit of his stomach. Was he imagining this? Was this some kind of nightmare?

He squeezed his eyes shut, willing the vision to disappear, but when he opened them, the scene had only grown more intense. The world was a twisted reflection of itself, and Kael felt as though he were seeing through a veil into another dimension. He tried to speak, to call out for help, but his voice caught in his throat. The last thing he saw before the darkness claimed him was Wendy's distorted figure lunging toward him, her hands outstretched, her voice a distant, muffled scream.

When Kael awoke, it was to the concerned faces of his adoptive parents. He was lying on his bed, the familiar comfort of his room around him, but the fear still clung to him like a shadow. Cold sweat drenched his skin, and his heart raced as he tried to make sense of what had happened.

"What happened?" Kael asked nervously, his voice shaking. "All I remember was leaving school..."

Wendy, her face lined with worry, placed a comforting arm around him. "My precious son, you fainted as you left the school gates. I saw you staring at everyone, and then you just collapsed. Are you okay? What happened?"

Kael looked down at his hands, still trembling slightly, and wondered if what he had seen was real. "I'm fine," he replied, his voice uncertain as he met his mother's concerned gaze. "I think I just worked too hard today and got dehydrated."

Wendy exchanged a glance with Tim, who had been standing quietly by the door. "Are you sure, son?" Tim asked, his brow furrowed with concern.

Kael nodded, forcing a small smile. "Yeah, I'm sure. I'm okay now."

Tim sighed, his concern not entirely abated. "Well, you've got a big cake waiting for you downstairs. Let's go enjoy it."

Kael managed a genuine smile at that. "Yeah, okay. Let's go."

As they led him downstairs, Kael tried to push the strange vision out of his mind. After all, it was his birthday—a day to be happy, not afraid. But even as he blew out the candles on his cake, surrounded by the warmth of his family, the memory of the neon-colored nightmare lingered at the edges of his consciousness. Deep down, he knew that something had changed, something fundamental that would alter the course of his life forever.

