But I'm Fine
By C. Jade Wyton

After falling asleep on stream and being approached by a strange creature, Becky Bloom went quiet. Her best friend, Adam Frankenstein, is extremely worried about her. And even though it's past 2 in the morning, he can't bring himself to sleep until he knows she's safe.... Luckily for him, Becky decides to climb in his bedroom window; completely unaware about the creature— And confused as to why people are so concerned about her safety.

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It was a ten past two on a Friday night— Technically, a Saturday morning. But nobody still awake would have called it that.

Adam Frankenstein had lay awake in bed all night. He hadn't been able to sleep a wink.

Not after seeing his best friend, Becky Bloom, host her stream earlier that day.

It had started out fun. She had run around the woods as her usual peppy self; eating things she shouldn't have, and falling out of trees.

But the end of the stream had sent the remaining viewers into a panic.

Becky had fallen asleep and had a nightmare— Nothing unusual for her.

But then. A hand had reached for her.

A lanky, monstrous hand had slowly come from off screen and caressed the girl's cheek.

It is sleeping.

Adam shivered as he thought of the message the creature had left before ending the stream and turning off Becky's phone.

Or, he assumed that it had turned off her phone.

All calls had gone straight to her message bank, after that, and Isa had said there was no signal to use to find her location.

So Becky was out in the woods.

With her phone off.

Alone with a creature and a herd of deer.

And there was nothing Adam could do to help her; he couldn't even go out and *look* for her, with the injuries Portia had inflicted on him the other night while on... *something.*

It terrified Adam to his core.

He had no idea where Becky was.

Or if she was okay or not....

And it was only about an hour ago that his Spellbook notifications finally stopped blowing up.

It hadn't taken long for the news of Becky's encounter to spread to their classmates.

And then, of course, the rumours that she was dead. Which had sent Jareth into an absolute panic.

Adam was pretty sure the orc was still in the woods with his brother looking

for Becky.

He wished he could join them; but his fathers would never let him. Not in the state he was in....

Tap tap tap.

Adam's long ear perked up at the sound of something light-footed on the roof above him.

Had Lord Byron gotten out again?

Tap tap—

Scrabble—

THUMP!

Adam flinched as whatever it was slipped and fell heavily onto the tiled roof.

That was *not* Lord Byron.

The thing above him began to scrabble on the tiles as it slid down the roof's slant and then—

Becky fell past his window with a loud cry and Adam sat bolt upright.

She barely managed to get ahold of the window's frame as she tumbled past, and there was a loud *CRUNCH* as the force of her weight slamming to a stop cracked the wood.

'*BECKY?!*' Adam cried, leaping out of bed to pull her into the room. 'BECKY, OH MY GOD!'

'Hey Adam!' Becky chirped as she tumbled to the floor in a heap. 'I know it's late but like, I woke up and I had *sooooo* many messages! And usually that means something really bad has happened! And Jareth said I'm not allowed to look at messages like that without him anymore for, like, my own sake. So like. I didn't read any of them. Instead I like, I went to his house to ask him what was going on but he wasn't there and stuff! So like. I thought I'd come see you, instead!'

Adam stood, stunned, staring at his friend —his perfectly safe, unharmed friend— as she grinned up at him.

'So like... do you know where Jareth is?'

'He's— Becky he's out *looking for you!*' Adam managed. 'Everyone is!'

'*Whaaaaat?!*' Becky gave a gasp. '*No way!* Really?! Did something happen? What happened?! Is everyone alright?'

Adam blinked at Becky, still feeling stunned, before stumbling back into bed and sitting down heavily with his face in his hands.

'Adam?' Becky asked worriedly, sitting next to him. 'Adam what's wrong? Are you okay? What's happened?'

Adam opened his mouth to answer but paused when he heard the sounds of footsteps rushing up his bedroom stairs.

His fathers, Igor and Victor, burst into his room in a panic— And upon seeing Becky rushed to her and threw their arms around her.

'Oh, Rebecca!' Victor said as he squeezed her tight. 'Oh, my girl! We were so *worried* about you! Are you alright?! You're not hurt, are you, dear?!'

'No,' Becky answered, sounding as stunned as Adam felt. 'Why would I be hurt...?'

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Becky couldn't believe the explanation that Adam had given her.

Everyone had been worried about *her?*

She almost thought Adam was pranking her— Until Igor had called Isa, and Adam had called Jareth, and both of them had demanded to be put on to Becky at the same time and she'd been overwhelmed by two lots of panicked questions and relieved sighs.

Apparently, there had been some sort of creature by her while she'd slept on stream that day…. It had stroked her hair, and calmed her from a nightmare— Which just made Becky confused.

Why was everyone so scared of this creature, if it had clearly been caring towards her?

Just because it was *different* didn't mean that it was *dangerous*….

Becky thought that, of all people, Adam would have understood that.

But instead, he was *arguing* with her.

'It could have hurt you!' Adam exclaimed, sitting up and immediately being pushed back down by Igor. 'It could have *killed* you!'

'I mean, if it really *wanted* to hurt me it had *plenty* of time to do it!' Becky defended, huffing several loose strands of hair from her face. 'It could have killed me in my sleep *easy!* And if it wanted to, I doubt it would have cared about doing it on camera or whatever. It would have just like. Scratched my throat out or something!'

Igor turned to Becky, looking faint, as Adam let out a laboured breath.

'Don't *say* that!' Adam breathed.

'Why not?' Becky asked, crossing her arms. 'It's not like it did it or anything. It *comforted* me! That means it was a *good* creature!'

'Or biding its time to lull you into a false sense of security,' Victor muttered, carefully pulling up Adam's dressing to examine the wound on his neck. 'Waiting for the right time to strike….'

'I think the right time to strike was *while I was asleep!*' Becky scoffed. 'Like. You don't get a much better time to kill someone than when they're asleep in the middle of nowhere, with like. Nobody around to help them.'

A sigh from Igor, who put his face in a hand. 'Becky. The scenario you're describing is *exactly* what everyone thought happened to you.'

'But it *didn't!*'

'But we didn't *know* that it didn't!' Igor took Becky's hands in his and gave a tight squeeze. 'Look— Becky— If it was Adam out there. And some weird creature showed up and turned off his camera, leaving itself alone with him with no way for you to know he was okay, how would you feel?'

Becky stared for a moment, processing Igor's question.

If a weird creature showed up…. And made it so she couldn't talk to Adam…. And Adam was….

'Oh, well—' Becky felt her ears drooping. 'I'd be really worried about him….'

'*Exactly,*' Igor sighed. 'And that's how *we* felt about *you*.'

'But why? I'm fine.'

'*But we didn't know that!*' Igor stressed. 'We thought you were *hurt!*'

'But I'm not.'

'*We didn't know that!*' Igor's tone made Becky flinch— She'd never heard the

man so frustrated before. 'Becky, we thought you were hurt! Becky— We had no idea where you were or what was happening to you. We couldn't get in contact— Do you understand why we were worried, Becky?'

Becky was *trying* to understand what Igor meant. She really was. But she just... didn't understand what the problem was.

She was fine.

The creature hadn't hurt her.

It had been nice to her— Very nice. And everyone had seen it being nice to her.

So why did they think it was going to hurt her?

'Do you understand?'

Becky looked up at Igor and blinked before answering, 'But I'm fine.'

A sharp inhale; and Igor exited the room.

'Becky...' Adam's voice sighed from across the room, and Becky turned to her friend. 'The woods aren't safe.'

'Yes they are,' Becky retorted, simply. 'At least for me they are— They've never done anything to hurt me, before.'

A moment passed, and then Adam made a face. It was a very strange face, that said a lot of things all at once.

Concern. And frustration. And relief and confusion and annoyance and love all rolled into Adam's furrowed brow and tight lips.

Becky wasn't sure why he was making that face.

But he made it. And it made her feel... guilty.

'C'mon, Adam,' she said, slowly. Softly. 'You know what I mean, right? It's not like anything's ever actually happened in the woods. Not that wasn't like. A person. Like Romero....'

'Becky...' Adam paused, and sighed, motioning for Becky to sit with him on the bed.

Slowly, Becky joined him. She noticed he was wringing his hands nervously, and gently placed her own hands on his to comfort him. 'Adam?'

'Dad, could we have a minute?' Adam asked Victor.

'Oh, yes— My boy of course!' Victor gave a nod and stepped down off Adam's bedside table. He made for the door and disappeared into the stairwell without another word.

Adam waited until his father's footsteps had faded away before he looked back to Becky.

'Becky, something *did* happen to me in the woods,' he said.

'What?' Becky felt her breath catch in her throat as she leant forward. 'What do you mean? What happened to you?'

'Something... *horrible,* once attacked me in the woods,' Adam told her. 'I don't want to talk about it, but.... I was *so* scared that the same thing had happened to you. And that... that you didn't get away like I did.'

Becky swallowed, and opened her mouth to respond— But nothing came out.

Something had attacked Adam?

What attacked him?

When did it attack him?

Was he okay?

Why didn't— Why didn't he tell her?

Was it what had caused this injury on his neck?!

'Oh, jeez, Becky— It's okay— Come here,' Adam pulled Becky into his side and embraced her. 'Sorry. I didn't mean to freak you out, but I just…. I *need* you to know how serious this was for me. Okay? I thought you were hurt.'

'*Okay,*' Becky muttered, curling up into her friend and giving a heavy sigh. 'I didn't mean to scare you.'

'I know that,' Adam replied. 'You were asleep; you didn't call that thing over to you on purpose. I just… want you to understand *why* everyone's worried, yeah?'

'Mm,' Becky still wasn't sure she understood.

'Oh—' Adam's attention was drawn by his phone, and he picked it up to look at the message he'd received. 'Ah. And it's not just me and Isa and Jareth. Look—'

Becky looked to Adam's phone as it was turned to her, and let out a tentative hum.

It was a message from Angelo, asking if there was any news on her.

'Angelo was freaking out, too?' Becky asked.

'The whole *school* was freaking out,' Adam told her.

'Oh…. Should I say something?' she asked. 'To let them know I'm okay?'

'Yeah— That's… a good idea,' Adam gave her a nod. 'Post something on Spellbook, to let everyone know you're okay.'

'Yeah, okay!' Becky sat up, licking her lips, and pulled out her own phone. Then she paused. 'Um…. What should I say?'

'Uh…' Adam pursed his lips. 'How about… "I'm okay"? Short. Simple. You know?'

'Yeah!' Becky replied, opening up her social media. 'Okay…. Hm….'

im ok

it seemed a little… *too* short…. Would it make it clear she *was* okay? Or maybe would it seem like she wasn't?

Maybe she could add something else. Explain a little more. That she was okay.

Oh! Yes! She knew *exactly* what to do to show that she was fine— Better than fine!

'Becky, what are you doing?' Adam asked as she stood up and reached into her pocket.

'Just a thing,' Becky replied as she pulled out a small grey stone. 'Fuzzy? Fuzzy! Hi baby! Can you hold this for me?'

'Rock!' Fuzzy chirped happy.

'Yeah! Rock!' Becky agreed. 'Hold it up for me, yeah?'

'Rock! Rock!' Fuzzy gave a happy trill, and did as he was told; holding the rock in his tiny robotic hands.

Becky snapped a photo, and then pet Fuzzy before taking the rock back. 'Thanks, cutie.'

'Cutie!' Fuzzy echoed.

'Yes you *are!*' Becky cooed, pecking a kiss onto Fuzzy's beak before hurrying back to join Adam on the bed.

'Becky, what are you doing?' he asked.

'Just making sure everyone *knows* that I'm *actually* okay!' Becky said, attaching the photo to her post and beginning to type.

She put together (what she thought was) the perfect post to explain her situation.

hi
im ok
slept reallly good and feel like a happy person
dont know y every1 so scared of hand
hand was nice lol
on way 2 town i found a rock
itt is a very good rock
please enjo y the rock
fuzzy for scale
please also anjoy fuzzy
:)

'And it is sent!' Becky said, happily, posting her message and photo to Spellbook.

Adam immediately checked his phone— And let out a very loud sigh. 'Welcome home, Becky,' he said. 'I'm glad you're alright.'

Becky replied with a giggle, and lay down against her friend. 'Oh my god, so. I'm not tired, like, *at all!* We should have a sleepover and like, watch a movie or something!'

'Heh…' Adam gave a tired chuckle. 'I don't think my dads are going to let me stay up any later. They keep saying I need to rest and stuff. And I'm pretty sure Isa's already on her way to pick you up, anyway.'

'Bleh, *dumb,*' Becky gave a playful snort— And then gasped. 'Oh! My! God! Adam, I haven't shown you yet!'

'Shown me what?'

'I can make *strawberries!*'

'What?'

Becky leapt to her feet again, and flapped her arms happily. '*Strawberries!* I found out yesterday, when I was like, trying to make a succulent bloom! I held out my hand, and I tried to think *really* hard about plants growing— Except I was hungry, and got distracted thinking about strawberries, and then strawberries appeared in my hand!'

'They… huh,' Adam stared at Becky. 'For real?'

'For *real!*' Becky clapped her hands together and jumped up and down, and then held out her hand. 'Watch! Watch! I'll try to do it again! Look look look!'

Becky took a deep breath and held it; squeezing her eyes shut and thinking as *hard as she could* about strawberries. She tried to channel her magic into her hand.

Strawberries.

Straw… berries….

'Becky, don't hurt yourself,' Adam chuckled. 'It's fine if you can't— *Whoa.*'

Becky felt a weight appear in her hand and opened her eyes, grinning— And was met by a small pile of grapes.

'What— *Grapes?*' she sighed. 'I was trying to make *strawberries* for you!'

'I like grapes,' Adam stated.

'Good!' Becky declared, pouring the small pile into Adam's hand. 'Cos these

are *for you!* To make you feel better!'

Adam chuckled, accepting the grapes and rolling his eyes before tentatively trying one. 'Oh. These are good grapes.'

'Yeah, cos I made them with *love!*' Becky declared. Then, she heard a car door slam shut outside and hurried to the window. 'Oh— It's Isa and Dad!' she gave a laugh before leaning out the window and shouting. 'ISA! DAD! *HIIIIIII!*'

'Becky, no!' Adam exclaimed. 'You'll wake the neighbours!'

'I think I already did,' Becky commented as she saw the lights go on in several houses. 'Oops…. SORRY ADAM'S NEIGHBOURS! EVERYTHING IS FINE! GO BACK TO SLEEP!'

Becky finished waving to Isa and Ken, who both had their faces in their hands, and turned back to Adam— Who was making the exact same motion, his cheeks three different shades of hot blush.

'Adam?' Becky asked, curiously. 'You okay?'

Adam let out a sigh— And then he chuckled. 'I'm glad you're alright,' he said before popping the rest of the grapes into his mouth. Heh. You're right, though. Eating *did* make me feel better…. I shouldn't have skipped dinner.'

'You skipped dinner?' Becky asked with a gasp. 'Why?!'

'Because I was worried about you!'

'You were worried about me?' Becky asked. 'Why? I'm fine!'

Adam looked just about ready to stand up and climb out his own window as he took a deep, calming breath and met Becky's eye. 'Becky. We just spent a full twenty minutes talking about why I was worried about you.'

'Oh? Ooooh…' Becky nodded, and then smiled widely. '*Right!* We totally did! I forgot!'

'Of course you did,' Adam grinned, and let out his breath. 'Alright. Well… come here. Give me a hug before you go.'

'Yes!' Becky exclaimed, rushing over to Adam and giving him a very tight, loving hug.

She squeezed him as tightly as she could, while he pet her back gently…. And when she pulled away, flowers had sprouted in his hair.

'Oh… oops,' Becky bit her lip and brushed several petals away from Adam's face as they fell loose.

'*Whoa,*' Adam breathed, looking past Becky at his room. 'Did you just do that?'

'Do what?' Becky asked, turning to see what Adam was looking at and gasping as she saw crisp orange leaves fluttering from his roof to his floor as if caught in a light wind. 'Oh my gosh, *did I?!*'

'Yeah… I think you did…' Adam said, lifting a hand to catch a leaf as it fluttered by. '*Wow*…. Becky, it's beautiful….'

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