

Lady Snowfire's Journey part 3

The words on the wind continued to call to Lady Snowfire as she crossed in to the Highlands of Scotland. Drucilla had been following the words "come, come" for days now. At first she thought that it was Aria calling, for as one of the paragons surly she would know that Drucilla was not dead.

It was on the fourth night of travel that she knew it was not Aria. The voice was female but there was darkness in it that she did not have. Firestorm tried to get her to go back, for he did not like the cold and as a fire spirit she understood. The voice though it kept calling. With the weather so warm for fall it seemed they could travel for days more, if not weeks before the snow hit. Like all good things this to came to an end.

"I'm telling you the voice you hear it's not real. There is no voice; I would hear it if there was!" Firestorm exclaimed as Drucilla continued on warred.

"And I'm telling you there is!" Drucilla shouted back at him.

She was not happy. The wind and the cold had picked up and she was starting to feel it. The strange thing was that she had never felt hot or cold before. Her clothes had done there magic change for winter and she should have been fine. She was wrapped in heavy cloth and furs, not adding Storms gift to help keep her warm she should have been fine. Something was wrong. The fur cape she wore seemed to be made of light silk for all the good it did.

Drucilla knew she should turn back. This weather was not normal and the snow that wiped around made it hard to see. With those thoughts in mind, she turned to go back. From the corner of her eye she saw something, movement from the hills just ahead. Lady Snowfire stopped, was that a child?

"Well of course it's not." Firestorm said. "If there was a child in this mess it would have frozen solid by now. This mess will kill us to if you don't turn back NOW!"

Lady Snowfire continued forward though, she knew that this was a child and that it needed her help. As they got closer, they saw a little girl. The girl was trying to hide behind a snow hill to get out of the wind. She was dressed in only rages and had no shoes. If Drucilla did not help this poor girl, she would die.

"There is no child there, Firechild! Please let us turn around and go back. Let us see that mage in London and see what he knows to help you." Firestorm pleaded with Drucilla.

She could not turn from a child in need though, so she went to the girl to see if she could help. She toke the heavy fur cape from her shoulders and raped it around the shivering child. "There, there it's alright." She said. "Where did you come from?"

The girl looked up and smiled at Lady Snowfire but there was something wrong with her grin. It looked distorted, like there were two people smiling, one over the other. "Thank you Lady. I live just over there." She pointed over a hill not too far from there.

"Well let's get you home." Drucilla said. The sooner she had this child home the sooner she could go south again. She thought that she heard a voice in her head trying to tell her something but all she heard was the roar of a fire. She looked around trying to find it so she could get the girl warm. "What's your name child?" she asked.

The girl looked at her with a strange expiration and she thought she heard her say "no one has asked me that before". The girl smiled and said "My name is....." The fire noise was back and Drucilla did not hear what the girl said. If she could just find this fire then they could both be warm for she was starting to get really cold without her cape.

An annoyed expiration crossed the girls face before she smiled and toke Drucilla's hand. "My

home is this way, come.”

That come, where had she heard it before. She was so cold and tired; she could barely keep her eyes open. She tried to go with the girl, but before she could take another step, she felt the cold of the girl’s hand traveling up her arm and trying to consume her body. If that was not bad enough the fire was roaring in her head so bad it hurt. There was nothing else she could do but pass out right there.

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Firestorm didn’t know what to do. He could see what this thing really was and had tried to tell his Lady but the thing was cunning. When it realized that he was there it started to block him from her. It wanted something and the monster was not going to get it from His Firechild if he had any say in this. He took the form of a man and stood tall in front of his fallen friend. He would fight this thing until he could not anymore. He just hoped she woke up before then or they both would be dead.

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My name is Blair. I have a younger sister named Bonnie that I have cared for since our parents died in the sickness last year. I have a secret that I tell no one, for I fear what they would do. It is a sin in my village to dream, but I do.

In these, I see a lady that tells stories who is dressed all in red. I see a man with one eye and deep scars on his face. I see people who gather around wagons, they sing, talk and laugh together. I know this place and these people but I know not how.

Then the dream changes and sometimes I see four people. I cannot see their faces nor can I hear their voices but I know they speak to me and I should hear them. Other times I’m laying on a snow covered field, which the snow is whipping around as if it is a weapon. Standing in front of me is a man made of fire, who is fighting a woman made of ice. Behind her is a monster of some sort with a white fur cape draped over its shoulders. Somehow I know I should help the man but I know not how. This is a fight for a mage and I am but a simple peasant.

My name is Blair but some days I know my name is Lady Drucsilla Snowfire and I think that my sister is that monster from the dreams.