

Lady Snowfire's Journey part 4

My name is Blair. I have a younger sister named Bonnie that I have cared for since our parents dead 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.

My sister found out last night. She woke from her sleep and heard me talking in mine. She fears what will happen when people find out. If they will think that she dreams too. If we both have the sickness, that has killed so many.

She does not know how sick I am yet. That my mind is already going and I think she may be a monster. That this village is not real and I am not who I know I am. They don't talk about the sickness, they don't talk about the signs but we all know. What is new with mine is that I hear a voice in my head that sounds like a man and a roaring flame all at once.

The voice is a comfort; it makes me warm when all I feel is cold. I don't know when I started to feel like this, when I lost heat. It feels like I have never known it but something tells me I have. The voice calls me Firechild and tells me to wake. It says that I sleep and I need to get up now before we are both dead. Somehow I know its right.

Firestorm didn't know what to do. He had been fighting this ice spirit for a day and a half. His power was almost used up but he could not give up just yet. The monster had killed her mistress and had made her its slave. Before the Lady had died from the cold, she had trapped the thing in a prison of ice.

The ice spirit could not free it but the monster could still use its magic to control her. It used the spirit to conceal its self from its victims and call them to it. Only another spirit or one of the fey could see it for what it was. That his Firechild had seen as much as she had before she fell, told him that she at least was part fey.

Firestorm knew that he or at least someone had to get rid of that demon before this could be finished. He knew that the other spirit needed to be freed and he was pretty sure that he was not the one to do this. He wished he had never agreed to go north, only bad things happen to fire spirits here.

The dreams changed once more. I only see the four people now. They're mad but I don't think at me. There yelling at something that is behind me. I try to turn to look but then the ground shakes and the rain starts to pour. The wind blows and fire erupts around me. The four beings in front of me do not want me to see it. I know in the dreams that they are not of man but have take their form and are somewhere in the world. I know they are not bodily here but that their spirits can be anywhere that they are welcome. Whatever is behind me in these dreams does not want them here but I do.

I awoke to my sister telling me that the head man is here. I can tell from the look on her face that she has told them. They now know that I have the sickness. I want to run, but where do I go to. There is nothing but snow and ice for miles around here and I would die from the cold before I

got anywhere.

I put on my best clothes and go out to meet him. Just because he will probably kill me does not mean I don't have to respect the man. My parents did teach me better than that. I'm mad at my sister for telling them, for not standing by me. I can understand. She is scared that they will think the same of her but still. ...

I exit our small sleeping area to the living part. It's not just the head man but all the elders that are waiting for me. This will be bad, I can just feel it. I wish that the fire\man voice would come and make me feel better but I have not heard it in days. My sister is off on the side of the room. She is staring at a ring that I did not know she had. I think I can hear her talking to it but I cannot be sure.

The head man starts talking and I cannot hear what he is saying. I feel something in me snap and places and people start to fill the empty part of my mind. I know the truth now. This place is an illusion and the thing I thought to be my sister is really the thing keeping me here. I turn to look at her and she is gone. In her place is a twisted deformed woman that at one time may have been a real bully.

She looks at me and we both know that this game has come to an end. The other people in the room disappear leaving just it and me. She stands from her place off to the side and comes over by me. We face off. Her to one side, me on the other, oh how I wish I was not alone for this.

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Firestorm was at the end. He had nothing left in him but his will to live. He had given up hope that his Firechild would ever get up again. Now it was just how long he could last. The ice spirit would win and he had failed. He was just going to let the next spell hit when a scream tore from the spirits throat catching them both by surprise. As fast as it started the maiden stopped and fell to her knees. They both turned and watched as the monster seemed to burn inside of its prison of ice. When it was done all that was left was a shell wrapped in a fur cape. They both turned to look when they heard a moan coming behind them.

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The fight with the monster went on and on. From spell to fist to blade, all was used and nothing was spared. Drucsilla could feel the power of the Paragons running through her and giving her the power to keep going. She knew that she had to get the ring away from the Thing before she could leave this spell. Then she remembered a spell that she had seen in her book, the writing was in a strong hand and had a warning to never be used unless there was no other way. She knew that she had to win; hers was not the only life that laid on the line now. With this thought she spoke the spell.

By the flame of my heart and the heat of my soul

I call on the power that lies in us all

The power of my birth and the will of my line

With this spell I do bind

Flame within and flame with out

The fire in my soul burn you out

The first sign that the spell did anything was the smoke that started to rise from around the monsters feet. As the flames started to consume the hag, Druscilla heard a scream that came from the monsters hand. She had forgotten about the ring! She ran over and tore the ring from the monsters hand. The world started to spin and blur as she passed out.

She moaned as she started to come to. Her body was so cold and stiff that she was sure that she was frozen to the spot. Druscilla opened her eyes and the first thing she saw was the skeletal remains of a hand, just inches from her face! She did the first thing her heat starved mind could think to do, and screamed. She only stopped when she heard laughter coming from a few feet in front of her and looked up to see where it was coming from.

Lady Snowfire was not sure if she should be reassured that Firestorm was fine or horrified that the field that she was laying in was covered in corpses. The monster must have been trapping and stealing the lives of people for years now.

“Do you feel like getting up anytime soon,” Stormfire laughed. “Or are you going to lay there all day fire child?”

Druscilla glared at Stormfire as she tried to move her body into a sitting position. As she moved her hand she felt what seemed to be a ring lying in her palm. She opened her hand and looked down at the silver and diamond ring that lay there. She heard a gasp come from the ice spirit that stood a little behind Firestorm.

“Ice Maiden, where did you get my ring?” The female spirit asked. “The last I knew, the Hag had it after taking it from my Lady. Her body lies next to you. She gave her life so that the monster could not leave this place. Her death was in vain thou, as you see she used her voice and my magic to trap victims any way.”

Lady Snowfire looked at the ring in her hand and then at the corpse of the lady who with her life had tried to stop this monster. Who in death must have known that her efforts had been for not but had to try anyway. She embodied the ideal of the Order and Druscilla knew that she could not leave this place till she gave this noble woman a proper rest. She looked at the ice spirit and knew she could not just leave her here on her own.

“What is your name spirit?” She asked. “And thou I dread the answer, why did you call me Ice Maiden?”

“I do not have a name Ice Maiden but you may call me Diamond Frost. As for what I called you, it is because that is what you are, a maiden of the ice.”

Lady Snowfire could just see that this was going to work out well as Firestorm started to argue with Diamond Frost about how she was a child of fire not of ice. Diamond Frost countered with the same lines only one pointed out how she was with ice as the other did with fire.

Druscilla stood up and looked at the grave yard that spread around where the monster had been. She walked stiffly over to the shell and took her cape from around its shoulders. She put it on trying to get as much warmth back into herself as she could. She did not know a spell for this but she was going to give these poor souls a proper final resting place. As she listened to the bickering coming from the two spirits she slipped Diamond’s ring on to her finger a spell came

to her.

Rest lost souls your journeys done

Sleep you now away from the sun

From the womb we all come

Return you now, your race is run

The ground beneath each body opened and claimed them back into the earth. She looked at the grave yard that only she and the spirits would ever know was there and smiled. She may not have much energy left after the fight but now the souls of these people would be at rest.

Drucilla looked over at the still arguing spirits and shook her head. "If you are planning on coming with me, I'm heading south. There is a man that I need to see about some Fay, since everyone seems to think that I'm somehow linked with them." She muttered the last part under her breath and headed south. The spirits followed behind still fighting over if she was fire or ice.