

Fairy Tale Endings

By
Xelica Cxryillia



Dedicated to Xarbisan



Introduction

"

There is something I want to tell you, something that I've wanted to tell you for a long, long time. When I first saw you, it was something different than just seeing another stranger. You were different, I can't explain it. Your outer shell might look like any other individual, but it seemed to me that there was something shining through, something great, something special.

The first time I saw you, I couldn't help but stare. Your eyes were like stars, as if the whole universe lay behind that face of yours. An endless expanse of wonder and beauty all trapped in that mortal shell. And if it's true what they say, that the eyes are the gateways to the soul, then your soul must be never ending. And at that moment I wondered, with an everlasting soul, what kind of person you would be.

Your clothing was plain, but it was like trying to use a blanket to cover the sun, your strength shone through. I wondered how everyone else could just walk past without a second glance.

You didn't look like you belonged, among the rest of us mortals. You weren't an angel, you weren't a godly being, but you were special. Special in a way that no one could compare to, and no words came close to describing. Even now I'm having trouble finding the right words, to explain to you, because you can't know your own beauty, or else you wouldn't be trying to hide it.

When I first met you, it was like stepping into the warmth of a fire on a cold, winter's night.

Your kindness and your smile were like a blessing that only a god could bestow upon us. A blessing that came with a promise, that whenever you were there, we would be safe and we would be happy. Every word you spoke held a spell, one that would make everyone listen, and one that no one could ignore, me included.

And however cliché this sounds, but I felt a connection to you. And the better I got to know you, the stronger that feeling grew, till it always was there in my mind, right at the back, bringing me hope even in the darkest hours. It felt to me like nothing bad could happen, and that you would always be there to help me out of my misery.

But till now, I've never been able to build up the courage to confess. Because there were some moments when I doubted I was good enough for you. I didn't want to tie a being like you down to earth; I didn't want you to give up your freedom because of me. But then I remembered, everything about you, and I realized nothing I did would change who you are, and no matter what happened, you'd still be there.

So I guess what I'm trying to say is...

I love you

"



He said.

But he was too late.

And she was already gone from this world. His hesitation had left him staring down, stunned and shocked, at the girl he loved. And ever so slowly, still unable to comprehend, he took her into his arms and held her tight, trying to keep the warmth in her body.

When realization finally set in, and he couldn't pretend any longer, he couldn't stop the tears, or that sadness that dared to shatter his soul. For all his feelings for her, he had never noticed, nor anyone else, that in that never ending expanse of soul, a lonely girl was waiting for a way back to earth.

For all the beauty, she had gone through so much, pushing her deeper and deeper into an ocean of sadness that swept silently inside her. And only occasionally, at night, when the moon rose and the tide came rushing back in, did her true self surface. But there was no one there to see it.

And no one understood it. No one can understand it.

Because this is a fairy tale and fairy tales don't have happy endings. No marriage, no reunion, no love confession, only the cold hearted truth that the story is over. And the girl died waiting for her prince, a prince who never came, because he found his end in a foolish quest. No magical fairy that waves its wand and makes everything turn out happy. No magical beasts, nothing.

Nothing at all.

Leaving this story with just one thing left to say.

My life is a fairy tale.

And it's ending.



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Wayward Lineage

Once upon a time long ago,
One little girl clad all in red,
Made her way through the grim forest,
And came out the other side dead.
Many a tales hence forth be told,
Of the lassie who met a grey beast,
Who ate the gran and then the gal,
What a big meal to say the least
But it wasn't a wolf she met,
Nor her death in his big hungry jaws,
The tale forget to say her name,
And the matter of what she was.



Prologue

One little girl went into a dark scary forest, and every story since called her daft. One little girl who couldn't see past a disguise and see that the creature in front of her wasn't her gran, wasn't even human. Daft indeed. The only thing that can be learnt from those tales is that the not so small wolf was smarter than any little girl. Even if he died in one way or the other, the story tends to diverse here.

But no little girl is that stupid... ok, I take that back. But this girl wasn't so little, nor was it her gran she was visiting. And it wasn't a wolf, well not really, that she met in that dark scary forest. They just called it a wolf because they had no explanation for what really happened, no witnesses either, anymore at least.

So here's a tale of one not so little girl, and one not so smart wolf. Set in a dark scary forest, where it didn't matter if you stayed on the path, they all led to the same, dead, end.



Chapter 1 – The Forest

For a split second the sky was lit up by a blinding flash, the loud thundering like a beast's roar had driven everyone into their homes when they first saw it approaching. Under the cover of their homes they felt safe from the thunder and rain, and anything that hid inside the darkness of the storm. They were living a lie, but they didn't know, nor is anyone in the right to shatter their last hope.

And hope that the storm would pass was the only thing that kept them calm, huddled together trying to laugh and ignore the continuing tapping of the rain and the ear piercing shrieks. For all their faith they still wouldn't look outside, an instinctual fear of what was out there, and so they didn't see the shadow creeping past their homes, so close that if they reached out they could touch it, and lose their arm in the process.

But if they had seen something, they would have seen something strange, and if they recovered from the initial shock fast enough, they might have even seen the girl under the snow white cloak. Well, girl wasn't the right description. Rather a girl who had become a young woman, with fiery red hair that was noted down her back, and ebony brown eyes looking out of a soft pale face.

But the initial appearance was a disguise, and the innocence was only a lie. This little girl was all but innocent, if you haven't guessed yet by the fact that she was out in the storm while everyone else was safe inside the warmth of their home. This little girl was on her way into the forest, the home of everything, and exclusively only, bad.

Her name was Scarlet. Why? Well, why do mothers call their children after colours or objects? For absolutely no good reason except the lack of originality, a quality that at that time was indeed greatly lacked, at least among other things. But it would be unfair to say that the lack is caused by the goings on in the kingdom at this time, it is the general state of the human populace.

To put things in perspective, this story finds place in the Kingdom of Euphoria, why it is called like that no one knows, and no one really wants to know. Let's assume it has something to do with the kingdoms history and leave it at that. And the one thing known for certain about the kingdoms history is that it has passed through many rulers and eras. Currently we find ourselves in the era of chaos, a nickname that pretty much states the overall standing of the kingdom. To explain, the person currently in power is the Queen whose name we have conveniently forgotten, but what we do know is that she comes from an old blood line called Adalwulf.

Adalwulf would also be Scarlet's family name, were she not an illegitimate daughter of some forgotten soul who was only one in a long line of people who were used by the Queen. And as it is common at that time, the illegitimate offspring are cast out, and at that time it often meant death or the creation of yet another causer of chaos. How Scarlet turned out, well, we will just have to wait and see.



Scarlet grew up alone, and every lesson she had learnt in the wild had been burned into her memories. Learning from the foxes, she became cunning and learnt how to stay hidden and unseen to others eyes. From the hawks she learnt patience and speed. And finally she learned how to hunt and the importance of loyalty from the wolves. With so many natural teachers you would think that she would turn into someone worth more than the common human. Well, anything is debateable.

All good and evil intentions aside, whatever she turned out to be, she was back, to where it all began, to confront the past. The centre of this kingdom, the castle, was right ahead, the only thing between Scarlet and her origin was this big dark scary forest. And what was inside.

This kingdom, of magic and fable, held true to its reputation, and as any power hungry ruler who didn't want to give up their throne and yet knew from the past that it was very likely to happen, the queen was prepared. This dark forest, as I said before, held everything and exclusively only bad. What exactly that was no one knew, neither did they know where it came from. And how could they if there was yet one person to come back alive to tell the tale.

And as too why Scarlet was risking her neck, literally, to return to the place and the people that cast her out like dirt, well we would have to look in her head to find that out. And if we looked into her head there would be one dominant word, and that word would be revenge.

She was returning to her origins to reclaim her place as the rightful heir, because if there was one thing that she learnt growing up, was that it didn't matter if she wasn't from two royal bloodlines. If there was no other heir, then she would be the rightful successor. Not that the Queen was dead, or nearing death, neither was it that Scarlet was the only heir. With all those facts at hand, use common sense to figure out exactly what was going through her mind at that moment in time.

But back to the story at hand, Scarlet was making her way into the forest, not following any specific path, because there was none, and not that it would matter either. There was no safety in the forest, anywhere. And the forest, in its simplest description was dark, creepy and in all senses bad. And in its most detailed form it was evil.

The forest, if it could be called that, was leached from all its colours and essence, coloured in dull shades of grey and red. The trees looked more like twisted creatures frozen in place; their trunks broken and disfigured, looking more like stone than wood. The only colour came from the random splatters of red of unknown origin. Their crowns, if they had any, were frozen in time, coloured in shades of crimson, it looked more like they had been showered in blood than autumn.

The ground was littered with crimson and ashen leaves, and the earth beneath was bleak and cracked and peeling back like skin on dry lips to reveal the empty blackness beneath. But for all its emptiness the forest was never silent. A constant wind raced through



the maze of trees, pulling behind it a long winded wail, the call of a hundred dead souls crying in despair.

Sounds echoed through the dense shrub from encounters long past, reminding every being that could hear, of the sorrows and wrongs that found place amidst the trees. Creatures crept through the darkness, nothing more than a shadow to the eye, a stray wanderer would be driven to insanity by the potential of danger that lurked just beyond the light, before finally feeling the warm breath done their spine and teeth embedded in their neck.

But Scarlet was a shadow herself, even if she didn't hide, her pace was calm and confident, because she knew nothing in this forest would touch her. Her white cloak stood up from the bleak landscape in protest, and the attention of every predator in the surrounding forest was aimed at her, watching, waiting.

Every so often she would take a deep breath, inhaling her surroundings; she felt the essence of the forest flow through her, the magic and evil like a fire that burnt passionately. The satisfaction that soon all of this would belong to her was more than enough to bring a smile to her face, a smile that had nothing to do with happiness.

A shout ripped her out of her dreamy state and she sent her awareness out into the forest, searching for the source of the scream. The fear and terror sent her chasing hungrily towards it, instincts taking over; she ran full speed towards to source. And finally stop, just outside a small clearing, and took in the scene before her.