

Kisses and Failures

Maleficent stood next to Andrea's bed blinking away tears. She had started out hating this little girl. She was the representation of everything that had been stolen from her: her heart, her wings, her future, and (even if she didn't want to admit it) a bit of her sanity and logic as well.

Cursing the man's child wasn't the best way to get back at him. She could have cursed him directly, wished for new wings, and destroyed the entire kingdom. There were a number of better, more direct ways to break Stefan's heart (hell, cursing his wife could have been a better idea), but no. Instead she choose to curse his child and break what little was left of her own heart in the process.

The pixies made it very clear they had no useful ideas about love. Maleficent watched from afar as they rushed the young man into Andrea's room, the hope shining from them brighter than any light could. But how could they seriously expect a ten, maybe twenty, minute conversation to end in "true love?"

Maleficent shook her head, dislodging the thought and focusing again on Andrea. Maleficent, pulled by curiosity, had watched the child grow, she witnessed the disaster that was the pixies attempting to raise anything, let alone a child. That curiosity slowly shifted to conversation, some education, and a lot of care. And now, the one being she had cared for more than Stefan was laying in a cursed sleep that she caused.

A sleep she would endure until an impossible idea kissed her.

Diaval left his perch on the window and flew around the room twice before landing on the bedpost closest to Andrea's head. Andrea had captured his heart just as completely and Maleficent had heard more than enough from the bird on this whole situation. Unfortunately, he was having a hard time understanding (or accepting) that there was nothing Maleficent could do about the decisions past her made. There was no way for her to correct what her pain had set into play. She could, however, try to change its course, to right the future. She could make another wish.

"I wish that when you awaken," her voice grew stronger, "because you will awaken, Beastie," she paused for a breath. "When you awaken, you will understand the truth behind my evil." Then she leaned forward and kissed Andrea's forehead.

She felt the magic in the room shift around her, but assumed it was nothing more than her wish, beginning its way, figuring how it would manipulate the universe to overcome all the obstacles of the previous wish made all those years ago. It lifted her spirit some, knowing that at some point in the future she'd have the chance to repair this relationship, to once again be god-mother to her Beastie.

It didn't matter that she didn't believe in true love. It didn't matter that, after three months of grieving and war, she put the whole kingdom to rest. It didn't matter that her truth was buried so deep she barely had words for it any more. She knew her magic was powerful; that her wish would be granted; that she would be given the chance to make this right.

Flight and a Doll

Andrea, standing in a small cottage, was facing a doll that looked like the memory of Maleficent--things are slightly off, as if the image faded in the creator's mind before they transferred it to the doll. Then there were these huge black wings coming out of the doll's back and Andrea knew for a fact Maleficent doesn't have wings. Andrea wanted to take the doll, hug it, throw it, steal it away to where her body lays still asleep, but she can't. Each time she tried her fingers went through the fabric, the way her body moved through walls and floors. It took her long minutes to figure out how to move this mist of a body and, for a moment, she was worried it'd take as long, if not longer, to figure out how to touch something.

Around her fifth attempt at picking it up something happened. She could feel the doll against her fingertips before they slid into it. She knew her mind, her thought, was what moved her about, almost like it did in the waking world, but with slightly more effort. That didn't seem to be the case with touching things, with interacting with the waking world. She rolled her thoughts and shoulders back, trying to pinpoint what she was thinking when she felt solid. She imagined the doll as her own, but she also imagined it in her hands, and saw herself owning it.

She pulled that thought to the front of her mind again, determined the doll should be in her hands, she thought about what it would feel like to hold the doll, the weight, the texture, and then it was in her hands. She wanted to do a little dance of excitement, but that was pushed aside for a moment, she worried her bottom lip and wondered: Should she take it?

She hadn't been back to her body since she figured out she could leave it. She had thought she was awake until she attempted to get up. When simply getting up had failed, she put all her might into lifting herself, which had led to her flying out of the bed, across the room, through the wall, and about four miles away from the castle. After an hour of floating and soaring, diving and sinking, she had a handle on moving around. She had no idea how she had gotten to this state of consciousness or travel and wondered if it had something to do with the dream she had before she'd "woken up."

She had dreamed that Maleficent wished she'd awaken, which was strange since she knew Maleficent was the reason her body was still at the castle, frozen in a cursed sleep.

Instead of going back to her body right away, she floated around, enjoying the feel of flying, and checked out the village she'd never been to. She found homes full of sleeping people. Everywhere she went, people were asleep. Most were in bed, but some lay slumped over chairs and kitchen tables, some on the floor in front of dead fires. She'd even found someone asleep in a field of flowers. In all her exploring, she found no one travelling as she was.

Andrea held the doll in her stretched out arms before flipping it over and looking at the back again. She sat the doll down and picked it up again. Twice, just to make sure she had the thoughts and control. Then she held it to her chest, it only sank a little before she made the rest of herself solid enough for the doll to lay against. As much as she wanted the doll, she could imagine the owner's disappointment and maybe tears upon discovering it was gone, and knew it would not leave this space. She told herself it was okay, because she liked this cottage, and could just stay here, instead of the castle and room decorated in a way only her aunts could do. Plus, her body lay in a strange glass box that made her uncomfortable to look at. This felt much more like home.

So there she floated, in the middle of the room, holding the doll near to her heart and wondering if the wings were true.

Books and Understanding

Andrea travelled the kingdom for a week, going back to her body, and resting inside it (a weird sleep within sleep) only when her mind was so tired it'd start to pull towards the glass box, needing to recharge and refresh. When she wasn't looking through people's houses and things she was at the little cottage with the Maleficent doll. She learned quite a bit about the people that lived there. There was an older woman, most likely the mother, who made dolls and sold them to people in the village. The windged doll, however, appeared to belong to the little girl who was sleeping next to the woman. Andrea had decided to call them

Andrea travelled the kingdom for more than a week, going back to her body (and resting inside it, enjoying a strange sleep within a dream) only when her mind was so tired she'd start to drift towards the castle. She stayed there, almost hating her glass coffin, long enough to recharge. If she wasn't out, exploring the homes and belonging of the villagers she was at the home than held the Maleficent doll.

The house was made up of two rooms. There was the main living/cooking/eating/etc area, with a decent size table, a fireplace, and a smaller table (with clothes and needles and buttons and fathers and such). Then there was the sleeping area, which held the bodies of Purple and Orange (if her aunts were named after colors, why not other people as well?). Purple looked like she could be the same age as Andrea's father, while Orange looked younger than Andrea was. She assumed all the materials on the smaller table belonged to Purple and that she made the doll Andrea now thought of as her own. There were other dolls on the table, but they were boring compared to Maleficent. {I have to make sure this doesn't go against anything I already set up for the house.}

After Andrea had explored all the houses she could find, she spent some time tracing the wall of thorns. She was tempted on more than one occasion to travel to the other side, to find out what was there, but the sense of "keep out" was very strong and she felt no need to disobey it. {While Maleficent has taken Andrea to the Moors a few times, each time she put the girl to sleep and "carried" her there, so really Andrea has no idea where the Moors is or how to get there.} So, really, there's nothing else for her to do but explore the castle, the place that would have been her home had Maleficent not cursed her with this sleep.

- do i need general knowledge about castles?
- why is her parents (mainly her dad's) studies boring the first time around?
 - or, does she find the library first?
- she does start with her mom's room. finds it first and spends a good deal of time there.
- she does see the wings when she enters her father's study, they shake in the case, scaring her, she sees the doll in her mind, remembers the words of her mother's journals, but still wants to give her father the benefit of the doubt, Mal did curse her.
- she reads her father's journals, begins to hate him. he slightly brags, never did love Mal, understood he could use her. andrea understands he is the evil one.
- the wings shake in their case every time she walks by. this time she stops and looks. it's as if they know she is there, they are still beating, well, as much as they can. could they still be alive.
- she knocks them off the wall, the glass shattering and some of the iron bits falling off. The wings break free and zoom out the closest window, andrea follows close behind until the wings go over the wall of thorns.
- here she pauses, although, thanks to very thing she has read, she knows it's the Moors on the other side, but Mal clearly did not want her there. Andrea had always woken up in the Moors, Maleficent watching over her, with no idea how she got there. so instead of crossing the border, she hovered higher, trying to see what she could see, and waited.

she didn't have long to wait before maleficent appeared in the sky,
flying as if she belonged there. daival a mere dot behind her.