Isabella’s Visions

The world closes in around you, darkness enveloping your vision. The dimly lit stone room fades, and the last thing you see is the broad smile on Fairfox's illusionary face as he lounges on his throne, his gold eyes glinting through the bangs white hair.

*You open your eyes... but they don't feel like your eyes. You look up, and the stars greet you, twinkling and smiling in the dark night. The cool air kisses your skin and rustles the leaves of the trees around you. You step through the impossibly soft grass to a pool of water. The water, still and pure, glittered, and reflected the stars above. You kneel in the grass and dip your hand in the pond, the ripples reflecting your white hair and golden eyes.*

*You open your eyes to the sight of a crimson valley, the mountains on each side of you are bathed in the light of the great fires. All around you the trees burn, and the air fills with ash and gusts through the valley... but you don't see the trees or the mountains wreathed in flame. You see the setting sun in front of you framed by the peaks of the mountains, lowering itself into the distant ocean. You see the lines of spears entering the valley, marching towards you, marching to kill you. You see the wave on the horizon--the wave summoned in anger and hatred, the wave raised to destroy the hearts of men, the wave that will win you the war--and you smile, your white hair whipping in front of your golden eyes.*

*You open your eyes. Your bare feet leave light imprints in the wet sand, only to be washed away by the smooth blue tide. You look out over the dark, calm sea, and feel the warm sea breeze on your face. You stop, and look down at the new bodies, gently laying in the sand, their eyes never before beholding the grandeur of the sky, the mountains, and the grass. You run your hand along the body's smooth white skin, and stand up. You lift your head and sing, gently, the ancient song that you've always known. The notes dance off your tongue and along the beach and into the hearts of the bodies lying at your feet. You sing, and the world hears you. You sing with the beauty of life and you feel the cold water wash upon your feet. Your song gives breath to those at your feet, and they open their eyes, beholding the stars above them. You look down at them, and in their clear, untouched minds you know they are happy, and you share their happiness. The sit up and behold the sea as it tickles their toes. They stand and behold the earth, the mountains, and the trees. They turn, and behold your golden eyes.*

*You open your eyes and look at her. She, dressed in a white coat and white hat so humbly rowing the gondola. She hums softly, but you hear it. Her song brings you memories, memories of a music long ago, and you look at her again, seeing her beauty. She was born under the light of Uuranor and Isilme, and she manifests their light and grace. You see how lightly she stands upon the boat, her feet gracing the smooth wood with their touch. You pull your crisp red cloak tighter around you and look away from the girl as you remember why you are here. Soon, you will forget about the girl, as will all others. Feet pad quietly along the rooftops beside the thin watery channel. Soon. A knife grasped by a wrapped hand unsheathes, sneering in the cold night. Soon. She is poor, you know. Poor, but blissful, undeserving of such a death. The killer jumps from the rooftop, knife poised. Soon...but...No. You feel yourself move without thinking. No. You lift your hand. No. You clench your fist—and the man is gone. I refuse. You look up at the girl. She stops humming and looks down at you, and asks your name. You do not answer. You cannot answer, knowing that she should be dead, that she needs to be dead. You stare up at the underside of a bridge as you pass under it, and pull back your hood, letting your white hair out into the night. "Alright, if you will not tell me your name, I shall be forced to name you. Fairfox. Fairfox shall be your name." She voice echoes, bouncing off the close stone walls.*

*You open your eyes, and raise your head as the hot air rushes, whipping, through your hair. You stand in the maelstrom of flame that has engulfed the field. Swords ring and shields splinter around you as you stand amidst the battle, casting your gaze over the fields. The sky is burnt green by the falling star, ripping the horizon apart in its wake. Magic arcs across the sky in unforgiving bolts, and you look down at the two eggs, shining like mirrors in the night, prismatic in their reflections. The time has come, come for the waking of dragons. You smile and laugh, and the eggs crack, the fissures cutting lines through the reflection of your golden eyes.*

*You open your eyes and peer out over the field. You see the elves, the men, the dwarves, and you know them to be wrong. You see the cities and towns and farms and know them to be wrong. You see the fates of all, and their lives are wrong. You know what is right, and you know what you must do. You step out onto the dead grass and you judge those in front of you to be unworthy. You walk forward and show them their fates. You step over them and you show them order. You cleave them and you show them right. You pull your blade from the chest of the fallen boy and wipe from it his blood, and in the shining steel, for a moment, you see your golden eyes. You drive the sword into another heart.*

*You open your eyes and look down at the rose. You think of her, her hair, her eyes... and you bend down and caress the soft blue petals. You think of her, and you remember dancing with her. You think of her, and you remember her words. You think of her, and you think of what she is. You think of her, and wonder what she sees in the mirror.*

*You close your eyes.*