

A Song of Lorelei; Unseen Destinies

I can feel the shivered and shallow depths of the ice capped waters that I rest in. The gentle ripples left by the slow-moving islands of frozen death that awaits those caught in their grasps. A floating abyss of quiet and ear shattering silence. Its in these waters that I live to watch the ever-shifting molecules.

My father once told me that the changes in time can be read in the ripples of the ocean's waters. His main point being that of the waters quick reaction to things that disturb it from its slumber. He would look on in wisdom as the school of fish cradled themselves in the warmth of the heat geyser near our home. I was skeptical until the waters spoke of his death and not soon after the waters stilled with his breath.

It was also his wisdom that the earth is the most ordered of Primals. "Earth does not move easily, not without the hammer" were his words, planted in my mind to remember them to this day. But it is on earth that fire burns unwatched, rampant and dangerous. "Man is naturally made of Fire. A Fire deep within their core that surfaces when their frigid waters melt. When the Earth does hold their waters back from stemming their fire, that is when war surfaces and the ocean feels their ripples." Father was wise, I wish he was here. I wish he was here to interpret the ripples in the ocean, for now I must read of their wheel and woe.

I couldn't help the skepticism or the need to look back on my father's wisdom as I watched the kelp that looked strangled in the distance; A few fish floated upon their touch. The Geyser has risen in heat and the whale bone made artifact has shadowed with a storm that brews energy too dark to behold. It bothers me that I do not know what is to be done. There is light in this darkness, but I don't know where to seek this light or how my touch will help.

I couldn't help but struggle as a cold breeze washed through the waves. The feeling of woe passing through the atmosphere and I could feel my gills freezing under the pressure. It was a few moments before the feeling passed by. I could only catch my breath before, within the guise of water born spirits, my eyes were caught by the sight a few mermaids as they beckoned me.

I couldn't hesitate with the signs that were shown, and I rushed after them and followed. Bearing my head to the surface frightened me. The open air pressed down upon my skull and the warm rush passed through my body. It left me shivering, but the spirits nodded my attention to a floating figure, its arms pushing against the waves that mattered it.

The woman's body was colored blue, like mine, the bleeding pink of hair pressed against her skull as her heavy gulps of air left me still in the water as I admired her beauty. I felt the breath catch within my lungs... my mind whirled as I felt warmth fill my cold-blooded heart. I watched her push

on against the onslaught; the fierceness and bravery enamored me. I was nudged to follow the woman by the spirits, and I did so. Pushing my own body against the bruising fight. I did not know what she was looking for or where she was going but I could only push on.

She stilled in the water, her breaths heavy and her eyes lidded as I looked on from afar. The droplets of sea water dripping from her face and her skin glistened in their tracks. Father's words filled my mind, "There are those that are not of fire, but of a light deep from the bowels of the world's creation. Those destined by the Primal to move earth, to ripple water, to snuff flames, to gust wind, and to harness arcane. Heroes and villains, those who define history. You will meet one eventually, the waters have destined that, and one day you will know where you are needed. Ask yourself; are you ready for that destiny?"

I turned my head to the spirits to see them off in the distance. They were restrained and unable to further help the woman, the clear look of a worry etched in their ethereal presence. I looked back at the lionheart to see her eyes rolled back and her body attempting to push forward. I've seen that look on father's face long ago and I myself had taken that very same look when I "saw". I realized then that this wasn't real. A dream perhaps, but it sure felt real. I remember when I had my first vision where I saw all creatures as soulless entities. Their eyes pure nothing; a void where something should belong. I did not belong here in this realm, but I was needed. This was her vision not mine and it only confused me more.

I will admit to myself that my heart fluttered and plummeted to know I wouldn't see her eyes. To be able to see her soulless wasn't enough, I wanted to see her for who she was inside. I wanted to look into her eyes and feel my heart swell with her beauty. I could already feel my cheeks chill as they blushed under her allure; as I was so named for.

A crack of lightning lit up the sky and the crash of thunder reminded me of where I was. The sight of the woman as she struggled against some unseen force within her mind. It scared me, but her bravery as her arms pushed forward struck a chord in my heart and I swam forward my arms stretching towards her.

I don't think she was aware of my presence as my hands touched her, pulling her forward through the waters, as I pressed my warmth into her skin. Whether through some help or the effect of her proximity, warmth flooded my own form as I used the hammering of our hearts to ignore the thunder that filled the skies. I tried to memorize the feeling of her against me as we pushed forward, the battle no longer fought alone as the ice tried to overtake her and the waters beating her.

I was growing tired as we eventually hit the shallows of an island. The shores almost glass as our bare skin pressed into its frostbitten sands. I pulled her close and with me as she mindlessly clawed her way forward, my hands slipped against her smooth skin, and her eyes flitted across the landscape. I could see the skin-burned sheets of ice that formed across her arms. My eyes latched onto her chest as her shirt pulled taught and parted from its newfound weight. The sight of ink drawn into her skin kept me enamored and pulled the cold from my form even further, a symbol I only saw once before and had long forgotten, but I am sure I won't forget again; a skillfully etched compass rose against her water blue skin.

A rumble and growl from nearby drew my attention and I turned my head to then shutter in fear. This Spirit was enormous and that of a bear. It shadowed me under its maw as its eyes pierced into my soul. It wasn't long before the Spirit nudged me towards the woman, who shivered against the ground, her arms tried to push herself upwards, but it was clear she was once again under another onslaught of psychic pain. I looked back towards the Spirit before I crawled forward and cradled the woman's form.

I reached my hand to caress her collar and pulled for my Primals. The feeling of positive warmth filled me as my eyes shifted to watch my Spirit Animal peak itself from around my back to study the woman. The small polar bear Spirit sparked with healing energy and warmth that cascaded around us. I could see and feel the positive effect it had on her. It flustered me and filled me with pride knowing that my energies could help even a goddess.

There was another growl and her Spirit nudged me. Its eyes convey the simplest of commands, "leave". I don't know why, but that truly dug shattered ice into my heart with jolts of pain. My cold heart turned numb as the woman gathered herself and moved forward. She pushed herself up and followed the Spirit into the whitewashed lands without a second thought. My voice caught in my throat as I wanted to holler out. It surprised me to watch as my Spirit rushed off after her, the normally frightened thing, bouldering its way towards the fading forms.

My help was no longer needed, I was no longer apart of her vision and I could feel it, and It pulled my heart to lay in the frozen shore. I felt weak and I could remember my father's last spoken words as I felt my vision darken and I stumbled to un-cradle myself from the ocean floor within my adobe, "There will be a time, when you are needed, the ocean will call you to its behest, and then the waves will move on without your touch. Your heart will swell and warm with love; you should remember that, perhaps in time it will find its way home."

This place did not seem like my home anymore. The geyser that boiled with a gush of heat and the kelp fields that swayed with the water's movement, nor the small cove that I rested within. They were nothing to the fluttering of my heart that lay upon that frozen shore. I was filled with a wish to see that woman's face just one more time, whether in my dreams or in life, to see her eyes and to see her beautiful light.

Revision #2

Created 14 July 2025 01:10:11 by Mechseroms

Updated 14 July 2025 01:17:29 by Mechseroms