

Lady Snowfire's journey part 1

Lady Snowfire was upset. No she was more than upset, she was furious! That MAGE had left Bristol and had not told anyone where he was going or why. That was not what had her mad though, he had left without telling anyone goodbye. If Lillith had not been looking for someone to borrow from again, they may not have even known when and in what direction he went! She was going to kill him for this stunt, just as soon as she found him! Had he learned nothing from all that had happen this year? He could not go out on his own for Dracos where everywhere.

Of course if she had been paying more attention to what was going on around her, she may have seen the trap before it was too late. As it was all she heard was the last part of the spell that was coming rushing at her. She closed her eyes and prayed that it would be over soon.

The first thing she notices was voices, the second was that there was no pain. "Am I dead?" she thought to herself, for if she was dead that would explain the lack of pain. The voices were getting closer and clearer. It sounded like two travelers a man and a woman.

"I told you I heard something this way." The woman said.

"And we have not seen any..." the man's words trailed off.

"They must have found the spot where the spell was cast." Druscilla thought to herself. "I wonder how bad it is."

"Oh God," The woman whispered.

Was that Illyria that said that?

"No one could survive this." Grease's voice held a darker undertone that she knew was not good. How bad was it really?

"Grease, look, is that one of our dragon claw pendants, the special ones that Thoren gave to mark us as guardians?" Druscilla heard movement and saw a shadow kneel close to the brush she was trapped in.

"The pendant is ok but the core, its ash. What kind of sorcery could do this?" She had never heard that tone in his voice before, even when they knew, they would be attacked his voice was always grinning. She tried to move, to speak, something to let them know she was there. She may not be feeling any pain but she was stuck and her throat was too parched to talk. She wondered how long she had been laying there. It must have been long enough that her attackers thought her dead.

She saw the shadow move. He did not say anything probably so that if it was an attacker he could surprise them. The brush moved and there he was, looking down at her, with a look on his face that went from murder, to surprise, then to laughter. She probably would have been laughing to if she was not choking from a dry throat.

"This is not a laughing matter Grease Lugnut. A guardian died here and all you can do is grin like a mad man!" Ooh she was not happy, but who could blame her.

"Illyria could you come over here and help me, and bring the water she could use a drink."

It took them till dark to dig Druscilla out of the mess that they found her in. A large branch had pinned her upper body. Dirt and rocks her lower. The whole time Illyria was giving her an ear full about how irresponsible she had been to leave Bristol by herself. Lady Snowfire looked at Grease with pleading eyes trying to get him to stop her and all he did was smile more. Yes, she probably did deserve this after all hadn't she been thinking the same thing earlier about someone else.

They decided to spend the night in the area and head back in the morning. Druscilla awoke early and tried to sneak out of the camp in hope of continuing her hunt to see if she could find anyone who knew her past. As she was leaving a voice from the shadows spoke.

“You would not be trying to sneak away now would you?”

She jumped startled by the sound. She should have remembered it was Grease’s turn to watch the camp. She looked over at him and saw that he was looking at a scrap of cloth from her skirt. She looked down. No her old skirt. It seemed that her clothes had changed in the night at sometime.

“I have seen this kind of cloth at only one other time,” He continued. “There was a mage last year that traveled with one of the fey and that fey’s garb was made of this same stuff.” He looked up at her and said, “Your garments changed as I was trying to decide what to do. Those blasted disciples are watching my tribe and her.” He nodded at the Illyria, who was still sleeping. “They told me that if I kill you, they will leave us alone. I don’t trust them but I have no choice. Just as I was getting the will up to do this, your clothes changed. I have not seen this kind of magic before and I can only guess that somehow the fey have something to do with it and it is never good to cross them.” He gave a great sigh, the kind only a man torn can make. “She likes you and calls you a friend even though you are of different clans. “

He looked at Druscilla then and she knew the only way to keep them all safe was for her to die. “Grease, you’re a good man and I know that you will do the right thing but your right.” She said. “It would be best if I was dead.”

He looked up at her startled by what she said. “Don’t get me wrong, I don’t want to die but if people thought I was dead then the dracos would not be after the people you care for.” As she said this she dug around in her satchel that was the same as ever and took out a book. She opened it to a blank page and ripped it out.

“That scrap of cloth and this page should be all the proof you need to make people believe that I’m dead.” She said, as she brunt the page a bit. She gave the page to him and turned to leave.

“What do I tell people?” He asked.

“Tell them that there was another trap down the road and that I set that one off to.” She said with a laugh.

“Lady Snowfire” he called. “In London there is a mage of your order. If I remember right, his name is Talis Riverwind. He might be able to help you with whatever it is you are looking for.” Druscilla looked back at him and smiled. “I will see you next year Grease Lugnut and by then I hope that this unsavory business is done.”

“And I look forward to all the troubles your not death will bring.” He had that mad man grin on his face once more and Druscilla knew he would do the right thing. Oh she would be dead for a bit but that was alright. It would make her traveling easier, for the dracos would not be looking for her.

With that she smiled at him one last time and turned down the road. Where this path would finally take her she knew not but she did know this, she would see these people, no these friends again next year and that was all she need to know.

Lady Snowfire’s journey part2

It had been several day scenes she had last seen any of her friends and now she was almost to London. She had stopped for the night in a small town not far from there to think about what to do next. She had heard from the inn keeper that Talis Riverwind had passed throw here two nights ago heading north. He knew not why for, “it was not for the likes of him to now the workings of mages.”

Druscilla decided to stay the night and head to London in the morning, to wait for him there.

Sometime in the night a fire broke out in the lower part of the town. Lady Snowfire woke to the sounds of people shouting for more water. She looked out the window to see what all the commotion was about.

The fire was spreading fast. The town was going through a dry spell and the roofs were all ready to go up. Drucsilla wanted to help but she had seen the sign for the Draco disciples in the town that day and with them thinking her dead, she did not want them thinking any different. If she could not use the power she had learned from the paragons then maybe she could do something else. As she was rushing out to help she tried to think if she had any spell for this or if she had heard Caius use any. If only she could remember more about who she had been, then maybe this would not be so hard.

The fire was in a good rage by the time she got to the scene. People were running all over. Some were trying to put it out and others trying to get out. In other words, it was pure chaos. "The dracos must be behind this." She thought to herself, but for what reason she did not know. Talis was not in the area and they thought her dead, so why? Why would they burn a town they had established themselves in? Looking down one of the alleys she thought she saw why. Lady Tso was trying to sneak into the area. She was probably looking for something in London and did not want people to know she was there.

"Tso!" Drucsilla thought to herself. Whatever it was that brought her here she needed to be stopped. This "Lady" had gotten away with just too much but what could she do without letting anyone know it was her.

As she was looking for something, anything, she saw a sight that scared her even more. The fire had cornered a child in the upper part of a store. The mother was out front screaming for someone to help but no one was doing anything to help her. Lady Snowfire started to run in that direction looking for anything inside her to help. What she did not expect was for something to answer. The power she would feel when she first started to use magic, but oh so much more was there. All she had to do was call it and she knew this fire would be no more.

She had just started to call it forward when a voice that cracked and popped spoke. "Why you so scared Fire Child." Drucsilla stopped. Who had said that? She looked around trying to find the source of the voice and did not see anyone in the area that was speaking to her. She heard it again. "I would not hurt you." With those words she realized it was the fire that was speaking. The fire was the voice that was in her head! She did the only thing she could think of to save the boy; she tried talking to the flames.

"I maybe going crazy but if you can hear me you need to stop. There is a child trapped in that house and you're going to kill him if you continue." She said to the flames.

"There is no child in this stack of wood." It said to her.

"Yes there is. I can see him from here." Then she opened her mind and showed him what she saw. She showed the flames the boy and the mother. She showed it the people that were running around trying to save their homes.

The fire responded in kind and showed her what it saw. It showed her all the kindling that it had to burn. The wood that stood still and the ones that moved. To her horror she knew that those

where people. Last it showed her how it saw her.

The being that stood where she was in the fire's mind, looked like one of the fey. She was red, gold, yellow and orange. Her hair was like fire and her clothes moved like a flame in the wind. She could not believe that the fire saw her as that. The fire showed her one more thing. There was a draco coming up behind her.

Druscilla recognized him as one of Lady Tso men. They must have seen her watching them from the ally and wanted to get rid of any witnesses. Whatever that harpy was doing in the area must be really important. She turned her back to the fire so that she could see what the man was doing. The fire did not see the threat that she saw but she knew that she would have to defend herself.

"Why are you concerned about that twig Fire Child?" The flames asked.

Druscilla ignored it; she could not take her eyes off her attacker. If she let this man land a hit she would be dead. The flames did not like the fact that this fire child was worried about the walking twig. It did know that for all the wood that was here now, soon it would be gone and it would die.

"You have not the same..." it searched her mind for the right word. "Weapon. How do you plan to stay safe fire child?"

"It does not matter what weapon he has, I have the power of the Paragons on my side. So if you don't mind I need to stay focus on this man." She said in an irritated voice.

"I will help you Fire Child if I can come with you." It said.

Druscilla was startled with the offer. A flame of this magnitude wanted to travel with her? The only problem being, how she would take it with her from place to place. It was not small and would "eat" too much for her to take with her.

"If you can find a way for me to take you with me that would not stand out, then I cannot say no." She told it.

With that said the fire surged forward till there was none left on anything in the town but the disciple. The poor man did not see what hit him but Druscilla would always be hunted by the sight she saw that day. The man went up so fast and with such a hot flame that he seemed to melt on the spot. All that was left of him was a ring that lay on the ground.

Lady Snowfire went over and picked it up. At one time it may have been a dracos insignia ring but now it was changed. The ring was smaller, much more delicate, like it was made for a ladies hand. The garnet stone that was set in to it had also changed. The ring now gave the allusion of fire and if you looked to the heart of it you would see a raging storm of flame.

"A storm of flame, I like that." The fire said to her as she slipped it on her finger. "You may call me Firestorm."

With those words spoken Druscilla looked around. The town would have some rebuilding to do but it was all minor. She would have to leave she could not stay for Lady Tso would come looking for her man soon.

"So what way should we go?" She asked Firestorm.

The wind blowing from the north called to Druscilla saying "come, come" as Firestorm said "Let's go south. I don't like the cold."

The guards at the gates must have thought her crazy for talking to no one, but she said “No, I think we should go north. I think something is going to happen that way.”

“Fine,” Stormfire said, “but you had better keep me warm. I really don’t like the cold.”

Drucsilla laugh as she head north, what she would find she knew not but it was sure to not be so lonely.