
Call it memories

Posted by ValentineShyre - 2007/11/15 22:02

It was the night. It had to be. The cold chill of wind racing to nip at any exposed skin, her nose, her fingertips, her lips. She was different tonight. It must have been the cold. She'd led herself down a road that seemed distant and empty, a long forgotten past. But why? It held memories so exceedingly painful that it left her feeling weak and abandoned once again. Feelings she thought to have placed behind her along with this road. This was another time, a different Valentine.

Her eyes plummeted downward but she kept walking. She continued on her path even when the buildings grew shorter and farther spread apart. The city was dimming and the horizon was decorated with a line of trees beckoning her closer. They promised untold secrets, mysteries and answers to questions she thought were gone a long time ago. So much had happened. So much had changed. She had changed.

The breath pushing from her lips fogged the instant it came in contact with the night air and blurred her vision of each step she took. It seemed that the closer she got, the slower each step seemed. Soon the pavement turned to gravel, the gravel to dirt, and the dirt to a small path through the grass. The trees were closer now. Maybe this hadn't been the right idea. Her face, cold and flushed with a light shade of pink had stood emotionless the entire trip. Now, here she stood just a few steps away from the line of trees and a sadness traced the fine lines of her features. She straddled the line of Rhydin comfort and a past she'd labored to forget. Entering now would only be asking to experience that rush of emotion wave over her. Could she stand to be reminded of all the things the world had taken from her? She struggled between breaking the invisible barrier and turning back. Stepping through meant facing these memories. Turning back meant pushing them away once more.

Being this close forced the memories to emerge. Her father's smile. Even now, it lingered at the front of her mind. Being this close brought him back. Silently, she cursed the damn path for possessing both the good and bad. The persistent wind whipped at her small frame causing her to tremble under the green hooded-shirt. She sighed and for the first time since she'd arrived, looked away. The sound of the wind thrashing through the trees kept the distant sounds of the city silent and Val was thankful as she lowered to sit on the path. He arms moved to hug her knees to her chest and her chin dropped on them. Where was the smile that usually devoured her expression? Tonight it failed to grace her lips even to be short-lived.

That was a different time. She's a different Val now. But tonight, she's alone despite the many faces they may await her back inside the comfort of the city. Tonight she was alone and the tree line mocked everything she once knew. It taunted her the way Wren's voices taunted him. The trees swayed and their chatter begged to bicker with her the way Havoc enjoyed doing so much. The forests noises begged to be experienced, discovered and revealed. Another sigh, a puff of fog from her lips and her green eyes closed. Why had she come here?

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