



Drowned Sorrows

George Smith

Fable, Magic

He tried so hard to hide me. Down in the deep waters. I lurk here. I rot here. But here I am suffering in the darkness. I have so many secrets to tell in so little time. But I shall tell of my biggest secret, a great secret that Triton never wants out.

A little girl born from us both, yes you heard me, me and King Triton had a baby. I was once a mermaid too. The most beautiful. I was not however vain and callous as most beautiful merpeople. Triton loved me and from our love Ariel was born. But it was a mistake, a mistake of his, for he was married to the Queen. Ariel was born with brilliant vermillion hair however hidden beneath it was a strand, one pure black strand of hair that shone out. It was evidence of Tritons betrayal. Now you must be wondering how can the hair be proof? Surely the baby is enough proof of his adultery? Ah but I forgot to tell you, its the mermen who play mother under the sea. So yes it was the hair that gave it away not the baby. I was never there at Ariels birth obviously. I stayed away. But then I was the mistress and even then I did hide away. But no, me just staying away was not enough.

So the baby was born, a baby that seemed to drain Triton of his energy as he gave birth to her. The wife Elaina sat with him, holding his hand. Crying tears of love and joy. He gave birth and saw the baby and loved her instantly. Elaina held the baby then passed her to Triton, he saw that strand of hair. Looked at his wife, asked her for a few moments rest with the baby. Magics in the sea are so balanced and peaceful. It is customary tradition to leave father and newborn alone to help the balance restore. The queen left her husband, unaware of his treachery and his love to me. With his trident he weaved a spell. He tried to remove the strand of hair, but to no use it stayed true. No magic would remove it. So he wove a spell of concealment upon it. Only he would see the hair. It exhausted him. The balance of magic does not like to be tempered with and he set a

ripple upon the sea that could only amass tidal waves.

He grew resentment towards the baby, how could he be so foolish to betray his wife. Elaina knew her husband grew distant but thought it was just the hormones of the birth. Anyway Triton wanted me gone. He wanted no trace of me in the kingdom. He came to me, in the dead of night. I heard the tell tale signs of the seahorses coming to my home. "Ursula" came the voice of a man who fought an internal war.

"yes my love"

"The baby is born, I am sorry"

In that moment the sea rippled. He was inside my head trying to take control. Lights blinded me and sliced at me. My eyes were burning, through the light I saw his trident glowing, his eyes burned a bright hot white fire. I swayed under his power, falling to the darkness. But then something changed. Reversed was the balance and I felt my way along the light. Placing my power against his.. Along the channels of his magic pummelling against me I found some gift within myself. I pushed ever so slightly against the light. And from my hand the light dimmed. I lifted my hand and Triton swayed a little. I realised I could take control, he was trembling now and the trident showered sparks. The sparks fell like fallen stars as my voice spoke. My voice had changed. It became more submerged, like a demon speaking words of fire. I shouted and spat fire at him, the water around us steaming and bubbling. I knew then that I could take him, smash him into dust and take that trident for myself. But then he looked at me. I looked at him. I saw him then, struggling against my power, and I did not want to hurt him. I let go, the fire subduing, my breath and energy gone. But that was my foolish mistake. My mercy was my condemning to Hell.

In that moment of stupidity my lover arose then, and shrunk me, formed me, shaped me. Pain exploded across my body as he changed me. I was ripped apart, limb from limb, only to be forced back together again. I begged screamed for death. But death did not come.

I awoke in cold water, funny how the water is always cold yet this water was colder still. He had cast charms of many a kind upon my new home. I was in a cave. I moved to feel the wall and where my hand had been now a thick slimy mess arose. A horrid black tentacle. Like that gorgon I too had been robbed now of my beauty and cursed. I fell to the floor, no more tears left to cry but a wave of darkness filled my head. I had truly lost everything, my daughter, my lover, my dignity. How could I be so foolish to think our affair would go untroubled. Something about the girl must have shown her relation to me. But that fire in his eyes, and the way the trident glowed. That was not pure, good magic. That was dark magic he used against me. Dark spells to

twist me, turn me inside out and smash the ripped parts of me back together again. A rippled warped animal of what I once was.

I had no company in those dark waters except my own thoughts. Those thoughts alone in the darkness were so much worse than dying. Dying would have been mercy to me. Never knowing night or day. My body a ticking time bomb. Never knowing when I was going to die. The sluggish days just edged by. But my emotions grew stronger. My plotted revenge always grew sweeter with each new plan. I wanted to see the man I loved to eternity be punished. I also wanted to see my daughter. Both conflicting ideas fused in one. I hatched a plan to take my daughter and use her against him. But how? All my time in my prison had taught me that sometimes ideas present themselves.

I'd also think back to that moment. The moment when his eyes of fire diminished the second I pushed my resistance. I had power. For Triton was afraid. Afraid of me. Afraid of what I could become and scared his secrets would rise to the surface of this ever changing water.

I have been here for so long. The years have passed so many, and the spells still last. But not as strong as Triton thought. I have grown, my powers have stewed and strengthened and I have picked away at some of the weaker spells. The thoughts of my past self have gone. And with this new body she is gone. That woman who fell for love. I am here now, the new darkness. The new witch of the sea. Slumbered for too long in this hole I will rise from this past. I will destroy Triton and all he's made. Though it pains my heart. No it is her heart that hurts, the old us, you, me. We will take the seas. The Caspian Sea and all within it will be mine. If I can't have him no one will.

It will soon be time. The spells wither at my touch now and my essence screams for change. Love is the burden of all true hearts, and burns them just as much.

Ariel will never know the secrets, the pain.

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