



Iced over

Christabella Barac

Magic, Mythology

The glorious sound of new life filled the air, a beautiful baby girl with bright honey eyes now lay snug in the arms of the Tsar. However, not only a few minutes had passed and soon he held two, the second with eyes the icy colour of hell fire. neither of them made a sound both now sleeping soundly. The Tsar's eyes slowly began to water as he stared down at his new heirs, he could have never wished for more in this life, nothing at all. He handed the newborns to a servant and kneeled down, grabbing the queens delicate hand, smiling as he placed a kiss upon it. As he stared into her eye's she gave him a smile, muttering the words "I love you" and breathing her last breath, he had loved her with all his heart, but it seemed as if it was now her time to go, to leave this earth, and at her departure she had given him a gift, a wondrous one at that. He prayed to the gods that both of them would grow to be strong and beautiful and that each of them would be special, that if the Tsarina's life was taken for them to come to this earth, they were birthed for a purpose, that they would help the land prosper. At that thought a scream was heard from behind him, as he turned he saw something magical. A small wolf and a doe, the wolf of darkness and the doe of light, wisped around the children's heads, the soft sound of laughter soon filling the room as each creature nuzzled the faces of the children, the wolf, seemed to take a liking to the little girl with the ice blue eyes and the doe to the other. Each spun around and backed up turning into a ball of light, zooming through the air and plummeting into the chests of the chosen children. The gods had indeed granted the Tsar his wish for the children to be special, they had each been gifted with a power but that would only be revealed as time progressed.

The years passed, and soon the twins had prospered into two beautiful women. Yet even though they were

twins the pair could not be more different, the first child had been named Vesna, Golden hair flowed behind her as she ran through a field of endless colours, all sorts of small woodland creatures gathering at her feet. She was graceful in all she did, her golden eyes lighting up whenever she was joyed. She enjoyed wondering through the markets of Avaria, speaking to all around her. The city adored her, unlike her sister that they found vile and even cruel at times.

Morana had quickly been judged by all and named the evil of the family. Morana, unlike her sister had long raven hair, nails long and sharp, almost as if they were claws. She did not converse with anyone, unless necessary. Morana would spend most of her days locked up in the grand library that lay at highest point of the castle. she read and read and would only return to society for food, not even for that at times. The only contact she would have from the outer world was her ravens, and the large dark, monstrous wolf of hers. All believed that she just hated all in the land for no reason. Yet of course that was not true, one must always have a reason for hatred. The reason for her solitude was the people, in the beginning she had tried, tried to be nice, talk and help everyone around her but they were the ones that had pushed her away. A few years prior something had happened, she had discovered the extent of her powers, and not in the best way. She had become angry, angry at one of the men in town as he would relentlessly try his luck in trying to court her. She detested him for it and one day in a burst of anger she had killed him, in front of all the people in town. She did not kill him with a weapon, oh no, she had turned to snap at him once again and all of a sudden, a ball of darkness emerged from her hand and soon the man lay dead on the floor his skin slowly freezing over. She was the goddess of death and winter and later soon her sister discovered she was of spring and life, thus leaving the people to pick a favourite of the two. Morana did enjoy being left alone however, soon she grew sick of all the love that the people gave her sister, leading her to lock herself in the library and there among the vast rows of books, she learnt to master her powers, she read of spells and potions that the witches of old had once used, and she too learnt them all. She wished for them to suffer, all of them that had treated her like monster scum. They had all wished for her death and now she would bring them theirs.

As winter grew near, she grew strong and her sister weak, the time had finally come to wreak havoc among the people of Avaria. To wipe the smug grins off their faces, the grins that appeared each time they made some snark remark toward her. They would suffer, just as she did because of them.

She placed the map upon the dark oak table, then the glass bowl over the city, she poured frigid water into the

bowl and gathered the jars of air placing them at the four corners of the map. She slowly moved around the table muttering incoherent words but soon her voice rose as she called upon the gods of wind to aid her in her destruction. She reached for the first jar, her claw like nails tolling against the glass as she unscrewed the lid. And as she spilled the air into the bowl she spoke "Boreas, god of the north wind I call upon you" she slowly made her way to the next, repeating her actions, she then called "Notus, god of the south wind I call upon you." Her voice growing in sound, reaching for the next she unwound the cap, now shouting, frozen breath coming out of her mouth as she exhaled "Zephyrus, god of the west wind I call upon you." the contents of the bowl now beginning freezing over. Finally, she reached the last jar and as she opened it she roared in a fierce voice "EURUS I CALL UPON YOU, I CALL UPON YOU, THE FOUR GODS OF THE WIND TO BRING A TERRIBLE STORM OF WINTER OVER THIS LAND, A STORM SO HORRID AND HARSH THAT ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL WILL PERISH AND CRIPPLE." Her voice lowers by little and she continues "I call upon you, powerful deities to aid me" and at that the bowl completely freezes over and four voices, harmoniously whisper "we aid you, daughter of death and winter, we aid you Morana Romanov".

A howling wind could quickly be heard outside and soon, snow and ice fell from the heavens at a speed so quick that within a few moments the entire town was completely covered in a powdery layer of snow. Morana basked in the cold and as she stood out on the balcony of the tower, watching the land freeze. her clothes began to freeze over too. A gown crafted of ice now covered her body and two stunningly detailed wings were carved delicately out of the frost, emerged painlessly from her back.

Screams and shrieks of fear could be heard throughout the streets. Vexatious Wolves and lithe ravens ravaged the town, killing animals and destroying crops, cutting off all food supplies, without it they would all starve, and that was what Morana wished for. She built a fortress, forged from ice upon the highest mountain peak and waited for them all to starve, all while she slept in the comfort of her new home.

Days passed, weeks even till anything was seen moving in the frozen city, the figure that now climbed the steps of the frost palace was familiar to Morana, Vesna, clambered up the giant stairs, Morana's creatures watching her from the tree line. Morana was intrigued by her sister's confidence, why had she ventured here? She was weak, out of her element. There was no way she could ever best her.

"Morana" Vesna croaked falling to her sister's feet. She stared up with hope in her eyes. she had come to reason

with Morana, to get her to stop this storm, the people were starving, many had already died and she would let no more perish under the hand of her sister. “please Morana, everyone is starving, dying, I need you to bring this winter to an end, I wish for us to come to an agreement, for the both of us to perhaps somehow live in harmony, all have agreed to welcome you back, to treat you properly.” Vesna spoke, her voice cracking.

“I wish for them to die Vesna, do you not see that, they deserve all that I’ve brung upon them, the way that they treated me all these years for a mistake that I had made when I knew nothing of my powers, they are the true monsters not me.” I sneer at her, turning my back, walking toward the golden throne that stood in the middle of the room. Vesna rose to her feet, sighing

“And what would father think, what would he say of what you’ve done. He loved the people of this land, he loved the land itself, and all you’ve done is killed what he adored.”

“Do not mention our father” Morana roars, minuscule shards of ice falling from the sound. “he would hate you for all of this? Would you want that? him to hate you, to think ill of you from where he lays? Father always wished for us to live together in peace, to have the bringer of life and the one of death, living in harmony. So please Morana join me, stop this cruel winter. For father’s sake” She begs, holding out her now frail and pale hand for Morana to take it. Morana was conflicted yet Vesna had spoken the truth she would never want her father to be mad at her. So Morana took her sisters hand and all disappeared, Morana’s gown faded and the old black on remained, her wings folded back into her spine and the castle fell. Slithering back to the earth in tiny dewdrops, cascading down paths of newly bloomed flax and gorse flowers. The snow slowly lifted back into the heavens and all was soon how it once was, the trees still had few leaves and all the livestock and crops were still no more but the sun now shone, the heat had returned and the whimsical sound of bird song filled the air once more.

Morana and Vesna rebuilt the city and eventually it thrived, just as it had before Morana’s attack. Life and death, spring and winter now co-existed in peace and harmony. All was well. And all would be well, till Morana’s raven would return to her, it would return with a force much stronger than anyone knew of. But till then Morana would wear her mask of happiness, faking her smile towards the people she still wished death upon. Her father had mostlikely frowned upon the woman that caused the storm but he would not even recognise the demon that would destroy all of mankind and plague the lands with an endless winter.

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