

Lady of The Mists (Senhora das Névoas)

By Flávia Côrtes



She had big wings that seemed to split in four translucent parts, almost invisible in its thickness. She was wearing a long, flail, flowing bluish dress, its color fading below her waist, almost ending in mists. Her face was different. I don't know exactly how, but it was like she didn't belong to this world. She had expressive blue eyes and her auburn hair was pulled back with a shiny tiara, showing her slightly pointed ears, and cascading down her back, below her waist. Tiny creatures, not so different from her, were flying at her feet, and although it was new for me, it didn't surprised me, at all. I didn't know who she was, or what she could possibly wanted from me, but there was one thing I was sure: that creature was not human.

I stood on my feet, but couldn't move, as I was stuck to the ground. I wanted to run away, but I couldn't. She was analyzing me, now with an expressionless face. She snapped her wings open, and they were huge, probably twice her size. Fear dominated me and I couldn't think straight, wishing it was just a dream.

'Hello, my beloved faerie. Welcome to your new life!' she said.

Her voice was soft and she was pretending to be kind, but her eyes were showing something else, something that I was not quite sure. I just knew something was really wrong. The air, and everything around, looked different, heavy, surreal. I started thinking I wasn't at Barra's grove anymore.

I couldn't ignore that she called me *faerie* and I already knew what it meant. If I had doubts about Morgaine, now it was clear that the lady before me was a fairie. I just had to find out why did they think I'm also one of them.

'Who are you?' I said, trembling in fear, feeling smaller before that incredible creature, though frightful.

‘I am Eileen and we are going to be friends from now on.’ She spoke coldly, and her last words hit me like a stab, making my entire body shudder.

‘What do you want from me?’ My voice sounded helpless. She grinned, enigmatic.

‘Your training begins now. You need to leave this shallow life behind and embrace your destiny.’

‘Why does everyone talk to me about destiny? I make my destiny!’ Anger started flowing through my chest, surprising me, though she didn’t look to bother. On the contrary, she seemed to be amused.

I took back control of my body and started to withdraw from her, as quick as possible. I needed to get back home. I run into the grove exit, but the more I walked away, the less I recognized that place. The plant life was very different from the one I was used to and I couldn’t find the alongside dirt track, not even the playgrounds. I stopped walking, exhausted, and bended over, putting my hands on my knees, trying to catch my breath.

Astonished, I saw her in front of me, restless, as she has never moved.

‘Your powers must have been disclosing since the last full moon. But they will tonight, during the solstice; they shall settle, although instable and unpredictable at first.

‘Powers?’ I felt dizzy.

She was nothing like Morgaine. Her personality seemed to be totally different. She didn’t ask, she commanded. And something about her voice crossed over my soul, but not in a pleasant way. Her eyes revealed some contempt and I was wondering why that fairie was so interested on me.

‘You just have to accept them when they come. The less you fight, the more ethereal you become, and closest to your essence you shall be. I will be by your side from now on, guiding, and training you. You only need to summon me.’

‘Sum... What?’

‘Call me, Isa. You just need to call me and I will be here. Come to my side and you will never regret.’

‘No!’ I yelled, decided to end that craziness up, running away from her once again.

This is where the chase begun. The night seemed to be endless. I don’t even know how much time it lasted, but our conversation kept going on like this: I started running in circles, among the trees, desperate to find a way out and get rid of that creature, but she was too powerful and emerged before me wherever I was, hunting me with her words, predicting my future and my destiny, with no shame.

‘Your transformation has begun, it is only a matter of time now. Do not fight against your destiny. Let the energy flows through your body and come with me to Ynys Afallach.’

‘You mean Avalon?’ I said without thinking and, unwittingly, I feared for Morgaine.

‘I know she came to you,’ she said, as she was reading my thoughts. ‘Do not trust on her sweet words, Isa. I am your rightful ancestor and you should trust me. I am the only way you can find your path back.’

‘I ain’t find no path! I don’t wanna be a faerie! I’m happy here!’

‘What is happiness, Isa?’ she seemed surprised. ‘You don’t even know what real happiness is. You can only be complete when you accept all your potential.’

‘I am already complete! Can’t you see?’ I stretched my arms beside my body, defiant.

She scanned me. Then glanced to herself, in some ironic way. So I got it. For her, being perfect was being just like her. But I didn’t want any of that for me. Didn’t matter how tempting it was.

‘First of all, you have an assignment. But only when you are able to control your abilities.’

‘What’s the assignment?’ She didn’t answer.

I was freezing, shivering, goose bumps rising along my neck, related to low temperature or fear, I was not even sure. Maybe both. Eileen caused me weird sensations, unlike the ones I felt when I met Morgaine. Fear, confusion, doubts... and fascination. Something about her made me feel extremely curious, eager to get more information. I was willing to face my fears.

‘I am going to help you, Isa. I will be right beside you when you least expect it. Come with me and I will show you how it is to be complete.’

She vanished as she has appeared and I felt myself falling into a bottomless pit.