

Glow or Fade away



I have to do this to save the one I love, the one we all love. I need to complete this, I've got this far. I won't stop. Further, deeper, into the rugged cave I venture until, I'm swallowed by a sheet of darkness.

A humming sound. It's quiet, but never-the-less there, steadily becoming louder with each step taken until I round the corner. I sweep the room with my torch only a narrow beam of light showing what lay ahead. The sight makes me stand up straight and my spine shiver more than once.

I can't believe I am going to do this. Try and steal an iridescent feather. The thing I thought was fake, a myth, something no one would see, but here in front of me it lay, deep in slumber. A vivid, red, flame, orange and bright yellow dragon with feathers and a beak. Its wings lay motionless, spread like icing on a cake. Under the head lay coins, millions and millions of golden coins. Though all I wish for is a single feather, not the gold.

Carefully, I step forward avoiding any coins as not to disturb this magical creature until I'm at the Phoenix's wing. My heart is pounding so loud I hope this gigantic bird will not hear. Holding my breath, I bend down to find the biggest and wrapped my fingers around and pluck the feather.

The Phoenix startles, revealing gems, tossing them through the air making the colours look like a rainbow that had been shook vigorously. But I didn't want to wait till this beauty becomes the beast. Like a ninja I made my way to the corner. I fly towards the golden light, I race down the rugged rocks, swiftly negotiating my way through the thick scrub until I meet the road. Thankfully a passer-by lends me a lift to where I need to go.

I race up many flights of stairs. Sweaty and out of breath I make it to the silent room. The air rushes out of my lungs, my blood goes cold, my eyesight becomes blurry. I'm too late. My father is dead. Long dead.

He feels frozen to the touch. Suddenly, the flood comes, I drop the feather. It doesn't matter anymore; what use is it to a soul? The waterfall slows down, I pick up the colourful blur to tickle my cheek. As the feather touches my cheek a glow appears, getting brighter by the second. I have to shield my eyes with my arm but then realise that the glow is coming from the feather. I place it on my fathers chest, right where the deep wound is and hope for the best.

His eyes open and the flood returns, this time there is another glow, my dimples become visible , creases at my eyes start to show and my bright white teeth appear. My whole body fills with warmth and love.