



TALES OF ELHAANAI



"...I will not be swept away with the chattel.

Nicole Patrice Thomas

Chapter 1

We were supposed to die together, my love and I. But, here I lay among the winter leaves and skeletal branches, alone, but not quite.

I could still sense his heartbeat within me. The child lived; but not for long. I didn't have the strength to erect a shield fast enough and one arrow met its mark. He hit me in the back. The coward! Even now, I could feel the point of it grazing the inside of my large belly as I drifted off into the past from the pain.

6 months earlier...

"Coming for breakfast my love? My son needs to grow strong, you are wasting away before my very eyes!"

It seemed like only yesterday that we were married, not the 20 wonderful, though, childless years. What I carried now was a miracle and I wouldn't speak until his birth. Regardless, my husband and I were true soulmates so telepathy was one of our gifts.

"No husband, I have developed an aversion to the scent of the dining hall of late. I'll have the cook bring me porridge or soup. But, you go and enjoy, give my wishes to your sister and nephew."

"As you wish dear. I will return shortly and we can take a walk through your garden. The season is changing and the leaves have turned the most wonderful shades of bronze and gold. The fresh air will do you both much good. And if you get too tired, I can still carry you...like I did so many years ago over this very threshold." He cupped her face and she leaned into him, *"Alanna, My love for you grows tenfold each day."*

"And I you, my king. I will look forward to it."

Only, he never returned. I felt the moment our bond shattered as though my very soul had been ripped from me. His last thoughts to me, *"We are betrayed! Devona! RUN ALANNA RUN!"* And run I did.