

Eternal Tears

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A Short story I wrot one mornign when I was bored... yeah...

Please coment!

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1 - Eternal Tears

A small elf sat alone in a cave. She was no longer a child but not yet an adult. Her long black locks seemed perfect and untangled. Her gray eyes wandered frantically, around the dark and dank cave. Her pale skin frozen, and the ends of her white elven dress, scorched. Fear filled her heart, as she cried for those she wished she could be with. She curled up even tighter to the wall, arms around her legs, hands clenched to her elbows, head hidden in her arms. She had been in that cave for a number of days and night that she had long lost track of.

Soon she worked up the courage to leave the cave. She sat up slowly, using the wall to help her push her self up with her weak arms. Her steps staggered as she walked out, tears still streaming down her face. Her hands reached up to hold the sides of the narrow cave to keep her balance.

As she approached the end of the cave, she had to shield her eyes with her hand, for she had not seen the light in many weeks, and her eyes had become accustomed to the darkness of the cave.

Once her eyes had again become accustomed to the light, she looked around in shock. The once green, tree filled forest she lived in, had become a massive field of ash. The fire that had been started by man a many weeks back, spread out of control, and that is when she sought out the shelter of the cave. But now she wondered if that had been the best idea.

The young elf looked around for anything that might not have perished, but her search was in vain. All the tall trees that had once supported their tree house homes were all burned to the ground. Not even half burned stumps were left, and the stream that ran through their land was covered in ash. Even the grassy clearing where they had once housed their horses looked the same as everywhere else, an ash graveyard.

Though she searched, she couldn't even find traces of bones. The only thing she could hope for is that her forest village had all fled to another place. In all the commotion of the fire, the most she could do was find the cave that had been her home through the village's death.

In a patch of ash, that once been her beloved garden of roses, she fell to her knees weeping. She could not believe that all she has known, the place she grew up, and was still growing up in, could meet such a horrific fate. She frantically began to scoop away the ash, as if she was digging for something, but all she found was ash. As far as she could dig with her starved hands, all she found was ash. She finally gave up and just sat there weeping. Crying out for her mother, her father, brothers, sisters, any family she had, even her friends and neighbors. She cried all through the day and into the night.

By the rise of the sun the next day, the elven girl was no more. In her place, instead, was a stone statue. And by the power of the fallen elves, from where she had been digging around her, grew roses. Sparkling silver magic called them up from the ground, and they twisted and wound all over the stone statue. The statue remained there forever, A constant reminder of the tragedy that had happened so long ago. And even if one tried they couldn't move it, or even trim the roses, for the elven magic that protected them, would make them instantly grow back, with the silver magic still sparkling.

But the oddest part of the statue was its eyes, or rather what was still falling from them. For The elf girl was still crying for the ones she had lost, a sadness that would not leave her heart, even in death.