

# Leatrix Baumé

*"The Angel that Fell and the World that Fell With Her."*



sinless. holy. pure.  
she is divine beyond words  
an angel fallen from the clouds

*"Born beneath a still, moonless sky a hero is  
born.*

*Reaching for stars, the clouds swirling  
above, a Great Evil stirs and awakens.*

*Golden eyes look from the darkens, flames  
evolving forests and an island sinks to the  
bottom of the sea: a Holy Land.*

*From that fateful night the moon never  
returns, stolen from its silver throne.*

*Only when the hero reaches for the sky once  
more, felling the Great Evil will the silvery  
moon return, free from its sinister bonds."*

“Born and expected to be the great hero of legend, Leatrix thought she was the answer to her world’s issues. She thought she was the cure, believing herself to be the hero in the story. She played her part, studied, trained, went about her day as the world spiraled into madness... but for what?”

She reaches for the sky, wings of white beating behind her as she climbs higher, higher, *higher*. The air is hard to breathe, her lungs aching as her arm stretches to the point she feels it nearly snap. She needs to reach beyond the cloudy sky, needs to glimpse the stars she had only heard of in stories. Higher and higher she climbs, ice biting at her skin and her wings phasing in and out of existence. Just a little more, just a *little* farther. But was she meant to do after her mad dash to the top? No one had said anything, just that she needed to fell the Great Evil... and she had, hadn’t she?

It’s fine, she tells herself as she reaches as far as she can manage in the dark inky void. She’ll manage it, she was made for this, destined for this moment. With a wave of her hand, and a few magical words she feels something snap. A spell? Some kind of binding?

Looking to the starless sky she expects to see something.. But nothing comes. Nothing changes and in confusion she doesn’t even notice her incorporeal wings falter completely. She reaches as she falls, she thinks she sees the glimpse of something shining but she can’t be sure. She will never be sure as she plummets towards the earth.

Darkness takes her, its cold vice wrapping around her as the wind rushes by her. She thinks she feels the earth, thinks she feels the impact of it but.. when she awakens it is somewhere she has never been, never seen. Did she die? Did she do as she was trained? What was she meant to do now? Would those she had sworn to protect be alright?... Would she?

## Snippet

“Don’t.” She warns. “Do not *tell* me I did enough.” Anger rises in her voice, eyes the color of milk suddenly sharp and engaged upon the man. “Do not tell me my sacrifice was for nothing.” Her anger burns hot, the ember growing with each careful word she chooses. The words bent, shaped and polished into the perfect point ready to flay the man before her. “I will not be subjected to your.... Your *pity*, your *compliance* to my failure!” There is no talking to her now, no reasoning with a woman whose whole life was revealed as a farce.

Did he know everything she missed? Did he know the hours she spent training? Perfecting and honing her skills until blisters formed blisters and sweat drenched her clothes. Did he know the consequences of those years surrounded by men and women that only saw her as a tool? An *object*? Obviously not. He would not be so brazen if he knew. Yet still, he opens his mouth and speaks as if he knows her and her struggles.

“Stop! Just *stop!*” It is a desperate plea and the man goes quiet, staring at her as though he’s confused.

*He meant well.*

“I *failed*, nothing you say will ever free me from that guilt... *Nothing.*”