

THE SIN THAT KILLED HER SANCTUARY



EVERY DAY A RAVEN-HAIRED LASS SNEAKS AWAY, DOWN TO THE FOREST WHERE DOORS OF OAK
WOULD STRETCH TO THE SKY - THE STOUT LEGS OF GIANTS WITH FACES NEVER SEEN COVERED BY
VIRIDESCENT LOCKS THAT WOULD ALWAYS GLEAM.



SHE TRAIPISES THROUGH ITS HALLS, WITH ITS DIRT ON HER FEET - THAT WILL PROVE A TREAT, TO



WHOM SHE WILL MEET. BRIGHT YELLOW RAYS SHOWN THROUGH THE BRAVNY WOOD COLUMNS, CAST SHADOWS OF LIGHT ONTO BLANKETS OF BLUEBELLS THAT *WHISPER* AND *WARN*, BUT SHE PAYS NO HEED AND GALIVANTS ON. FADING INTO THE REALM OF UNTOUCHED EARTH, LAY A SOFT AIR CONJURED FROM VERSE, OF THE WILD FAE: IT ENVELOPED HER BODY AND EVOKED A THIRST. THE BURBLE OF WATER DREW HER TO THE EDGE OF THE EARTH. A GLITTERING STREAM IN THE MIDST A BED OF MOSS AND GRASS WITH WILDFLOWERS THE COLOR OF THE MOON AND STARS TUCKED IN

HERE AND THERE. THE HUM OF THE WATER ROSE UP AND DANCED WITH THE BUZZ OF BEES
CREATING A BEWITCHING HYMN THAT ENCHANTED HER.



THIS WAS THE SAME EVERY DAY WHEN SHE SNUCK AWAY, IT WAS TIME TO BARE HER FEET. SHE CROUCHED DOWN AND OUTSTRETCHED HER OLIVE SKIN, EXPOSING *THEIR* TREAT. WHILE SHE LAY AND WAIT HER EYES WANDERED, SHE CAUGHT SUCH A SIGHT - A RED RING OF MUSHROOMS DANCING IN THE LIGHT, SHE THOUGHT WHAT A WONDER BUT THEN GREW WITH HUNGER.

COULD SHE NOT INDULGE HERSELF WITH A MERE MUSHROOM - HAS SHE NOT GIFTED *THEM*,
HAVE *THEY* NOT LICKED THE FLESH OF HER FEET TIME AFTER TIME.

HER HAND GLIDED DOWN, SHE PLUCKED-PULLED-NOTHING, A HISS AND A SNARL CAME FROM THE PENTACLE OF FUNGUS. DENIED, SHE CAST HER FEET INTO THE STREAM WHERE BLISTERS AND BURNS SCATHED HER SKIN. THE TENDER EARTH TURNED TO JAGGED THORNS PIERCING HER SPIRIT. THROUGH TATTERED BREATHS - A BROKEN SOUL: SHE TORE IT OUT ROOTS AND ALL.





LIFELESS SHE LAY ON THE FROZEN FLOOR, THE ARMS OF THE WINGED GUIDE WOULD NOT EMBRACE HER. LET HER FRIVOLOUS HEART AND HEEDLESS HEAD ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED.