Alvara
and the Child of the Moon

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Alvara

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For everyone who has hope

Chapter I

The fallen wolf

Sometimes control is about letting go.

About setting free what is screaming inside of you.

It's how flowers blossom, rain falls out of heavy clouds or lions roar to protect.

I never knew that I could hold such an energy, such a strong emotion as I felt now. But as fury filled my soul, lightning filled the atmosphere.

Brightness reached the corners of the room. There was no running, no hiding.

The King's cries echoed beyond the castle walls as he fell to the ground. The magical energy emerged from my body, flew through every vessel out of me.

Lightning struck him right through his chest. Right where he had hit Elita. Right where he took everything from me.

As his cries faded with his life, and his body dissolved in the brightness of the light, his soul disappeared.

Finally, the brutal king had fallen. King Aldrich the third had lost.

"Aiden! Someone! Help!"

With Elita's body in my arms, I ran to the others. I managed to teleport us out of the castle to the square I told the others to go to.

"AIDEN!" I cried out. My sight was troubled, but somehow I was able to see him running up to me.

"Alvara, what happened?!" He saw both me and his sister covered in blood.

He stopped running as soon as he saw his sister's lifeless body.

"Elita?" All the life that once was in his voice, seemed to have left with his sister.

"I'm so sorry, Aiden, I'm so so sorry!"

Without any further words, he took his sister out of my arms. Magical fireworks filled the sky as a sign the battle was over.

Aria and Everest's calls for the oldest children echoed through my ears. Tears filled their eyes as well once

they saw her. Aria's screams pierced through the kingdom as she fell on her knees. I couldn't bare to look her in the eyes.

As the others arrived and saw the fallen wolf, they went quiet.

"Alvara, bring them home, please," Everest said without taking his eyes of his daughter. I did as he asked and brought Aiden and Elita's body to their house in the Starwoods. Aiden put her down on the bed as I teleported my way back to the others.

One by one I brought them home, where the others cheered for our victory not knowing what truly happened. Aria was the last one to return home. She needed a moment alone before returning back to the village where she loved and lived next to her oldest daughter. As I offered to bring her to her family, she refused to take my hand. I didn't know what to do. I simply started crying again.

"Are you okay?"

Her question startled me.

"It's all my fault."

She collected herself from the ground and came toward me. She wrapped her arms around my aching shoulder for a motherly hug. The wound where the king's sword cut my skin was still bleeding so she was careful not to hurt me.

"It's okay, sweety."

"No, no, it's not. Why aren't you angry? I am the reason your daughter is dead!"

I froze. I just said it.

Out loud.

A long pause appeared between us. Neither of us knew what to do or say. Until Aria spoke: "Alvara, listen to me. You are not the reason, okay? You cannot blame yourself."

"But-"

"Yes, I- I've lost my daughter, but she chose to be here, we all knew what was at risk. And we decided to stand by your side. You are not just our leader, Alvara, you are family."

I hugged her and it felt safe. Like a hug from a mother.

My mother.

"My mother," I mumbled.

"What, honey?"

"My mother," I repeated louder. "She told me not to bring her back."

Again I remembered what my mother made me promise her. I had promised her to let her soul rest. Finally, there was hope in my voice.

"Alvara?"

"Aria! Do you know what this means? I can bring her back!"

"Honey, that's impossible, only-"

"-only the most powerful witches can cast that spell, I know. But I have to."

Without waiting for her to argue further, I teleported us to the village where the others were gathering the villagers. Once there I stood on the platform and spoke to my people:

"King Aldrich the Third of Esmeray is dead."

Applause filled the room, but then it faded as they felt there was more.

"I promised you all to keep you safe. To protect you and your families. To make sure you *all* return safely. I will not break that promise. Yes, we've lost someone. We lost Carmelita Archer."

I swallowed, hardly able to say the words. Gasps came from everywhere in the crowd. Aiden stayed with his sister at home for a while and gave me a nod when he returned. He then stared at me in patience as the others did, only he did know what I was about to say.

"There is a spell. A resurrection spell. Legend says only certain witches can perform it. Only the most powerful ones. I alone am just me, but together we are so much more. We will bring her back. Mark my words, Elita will return home."

"NOOOO!!!" I yelled out as the arrow pierced through Elita's body for the thousandth time in my nightmares.

"I'm so sorry, so so so sorry!" I cried out hoping she'd be able to hear me. Aiden entered my room and took me in his arms.

"Alvara, it's okay." His voice was soft and calming.

"No, no, no. It's *not* okay, Aiden." I looked at him for a brief moment before going back into my trance. "It's all my fault. I will fix it. I must bring her back." I kept repeating those three sentences, even through my boyfriend's shushing words.

Were we still together? Why doesn't he blame me? I am the reason his sister is dead. What if I lose him too?

"You won't lose me, Alvara. Not now, not ever."

"Aiden-"

"Alvara, listen to me. You are by far the most amazing thing that has ever happened to me. Yes, losing *her* is unbearable, and I know you blame yourself for it, but please don't believe you aren't worthy of love. Because my love for you if what helps me through this. We'll find our way through this… together."

"Together," I repeated. "Help me bring her back."

"What?"

"Aiden, help me bring Elita back."

"Alvara, you know there isn't anything I wouldn't do for my sisters, but you also realize that's impossible, right."

"Even if it's impossible! Aiden, a year ago today I believed all this was impossible. Magic, witches, spells,…! But if there is just one little chance that I can bring her back, please, just let my try."

His kissed my forehead as I lay in his lap.

"I'm sorry, you're right. I just don't want to bring my hopes up too much and lose her all over again. And this spell, we don't know how dangerous it is."

"That's why we'll do it together."

"Together," he repeated softly.

I sunk into him and smelled his familiar scent of green forest and fresh fallen rain.

I managed to fall asleep, which wasn't better than facing the guilt during the day. I watched Elita fall to the ground with the king's laughter on top, over and over and over again.

"We are very alike, Alvara." His despicable words still made me want to vomit. Was I really like him? Some revenge obsessed fighter who would risk everything? It was just like Alora predicted... If I truly wanted to have my revenge on kill King Aldrich, as I did, I would have to face the consequences. I realized what a stupid mistake I had made. Yes, I had rid the world of that awful man, but did I create a person as horrible as him? He

may have killed Elita, but I was the reason she was there in the first place. And I *will* be the reason she returns.

In the morning, I realized I only wanted one thing. I would do everything I had in my power to make my friend return home.

Chapter II

Lonely in a crowded room

Hours went by faster than pages were turned. There were too many books and too little time to study each and every one of them to find this resurrection spell.

I was sitting in the library, by myself, asking the crystal for help. It was hard to find the right commands to give to the magical stone. After all, I didn't have any idea what exactly I was looking for.

"Resurrection spells," I asked. "Land of the dead."

I tried so many different things, but I couldn't find anything. Would that information have burnt with that of the King's? Did he make sure that whoever died in the battle, I wouldn't be able to bring back.

No, I couldn't lose hope now. I promised to bring Elita back. I promised everyone. I promised Aiden.

Aiden…

I hadn't spoken to him in a while. I'd locked myself in Alora's library and had't been out much since.

Aiden was probably with his family. It was hard for them to suffer the loss of her, especially for Malia, the youngest sibling. She and her older sister were very close and she hasn't been dealing with her absence very well. I could quite literately feel her sorrow as that was her magical ability. Aiden tried to spend some extra time with her to distract her mind. Last thing I heard was that they would go somewhere no one had ever been before. Which if I guessed correctly would have been Aiden's secret tree house in the woods.

"Yeah, she liked it very much," a soft voice said from behind me.

I looked up already knowing who it was.

"Aiden," I said, tone neutral.

I looked at him briefly and returned to the book I was examining.

"Alvara?"

"Mm," I mumbled without looking up.

"Alvara," he said again, his voice a little more stern.

"Yes?"

He took a deep breath and said: "Alvara, why won't you talk to me?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You are avoiding me."

"I'm not."

Silence fell.

"Alvara- we're in this together, remember?"

"No, we're not, this is *my* mess, I'll fix it."

"It wasn't your faul-"

"Yes, it was, Aiden."

"It was her own choice to come along, you didn't force her."

I shook my head. "Aiden-"

"She fought for you, because she cared, because we cared. Why won't you let *me* care?"

"Because everyone *I* cared about died!"

There, I said it. He looked at me with a sunken look in his eyes, not seeming to know what to say.

"Elita, my mother, even Alora! I lost them all. I can't lose you too."

I felt his arms around me.

"You could never lose me. Never."

He took my shivering hands and tangled his fingers between mine. His other hand cupped my face softly. I let out a deep sigh.

"Never," he repeated and he leaned in for a kiss on my forehead.

Then I realized how childish my behaviour toward him was. How idiotic I must have sounded.

"I'm sorry, I've just been reading, studying non stop for hours, maybe days, I don't have any idea if it's day or night. And-"

Aiden stopped me by placing his finger in front of my lips.

"It's evening. You should go home, get some rest, eat… decently, and do something you love."

By the expression of my face Aiden must have known how I felt about that, because I didn't look happy or even remotely pleased.

"Before you make up an excuse to keep on looking, which I'm sure you already have in mind, just think about how much faster you'll find a solution with a fresh start."

Aiden always had an interesting way of invading my mind. He always knew how to convince me in the correct ways. And maybe this time too, as usual, he was right. If I wanted to bring Elita back, I needed to think clearly.

"Alright, I'll go home to eat something and try to sleep a little, but I will return to look for ways right after I wake up. Deal?"

Aiden looked at me. He looked into my soul deeper than I thought possible.

"What?"

"Have dinner with me," he proposed.

"Are you serious right now?"

He didn't answer. He just stared while raising his eyebrows.

"You need this," he explained after a while.

"Go home, change and I'll expect you on my doorstep when the moon reaches over the trees."

Without saying anything but that, he left. Through the book portal, to what once was Alora's house. I was left speechless. I took a moment to close the book I was re-reading for the seventh time about ancient spells, hoping to find anything in there. Every spell I found or thought could be it, turned out to be a myth.

I eventually did what Aiden asked me to and left the land of books. I couldn't care very much about what I would wear, but in the end decided to wear a dress made out of dyed sheep wool. Aria gave it to me as a present since I kept wearing Elita's clothes. It was white and woven by hand. I wore my boots underneath it and let my hair hang loose. I gave myself a strong look in the mirror and did my best to make my forced smile look as real as possible. I left my room and closed the door.

On my way to the Archers' house, I saw the usual evening village events. The villagers calling their children inside for dinner, the white thick carpet of snow which covered the earth crust and the magically lit roses lighting up every household.
I was nearly there until something made me stop. I couldn't move. I couldn't scream. I tried everything to make anyone aware of the situation, but somehow no one seemed to be near.

"Hello, Alvara."

I screamed so loud I woke myself up. Aiden stood over me with panic across his face.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"Where-? What happened?" I looked around trying to see what happened.

I sat, in the snow, nearly in front of Aiden's house.

"I don't know, but I heard you scream and you were on the ground."

I stood up and shook my head.

"I probably just lost consciousness because I'm so hungry."

He sensed there was more, but even if he had asked, I wouldn't have been able to answer.

When we arrived at the Archers' house, I panicked a little. I hadn't been in their house, or even spoken to anyone besides Aiden since Elita's funeral.

Chapter III

Hope

3 days ago…

After my speech, I stepped of the platform in the Neoma village. People walked away with their heads bend down and their faces sad. The news I brought about their coven member, their friend, and for some even their family, brought them much sorrow.

I wanted to go to her. To see her. But just the thought of seeing her lifeless body again…

"Hey," a soft and sad sounding voice came from behind me.

I turned around to see Aiden.

His green eyes reminded me of his sister's and made me feel even worse. He must have noticed since he looked away from me so I couldn't focus on them anymore.