Page 5

Stories of a mother after the 100th solestice

As the mother waited for her child to return home from the summer solstice rite of passage, she couldn't shake the feeling of dread that settled in her stomach. It had been three days since her son had left, and there was still no sign of him. She had heard the rumors about the blood witch, the oldest and most powerful of the six witches of the scorching sands. It was said that she consumed the lifeblood of young children to extend her own life.

The mother couldn't bear the thought of her child being used as a tool for the blood witch's selfish desires. She prayed to the gods that her child would return safe and unharmed.

As the days turned into weeks and the weeks turned into months, the mother's hope began to fade. She couldn't understand why the gods would allow such a cruel fate for her child. She knew that she would never see her son again, and the thought of it broke her heart.

She couldn't bring herself to tell her husband the truth, knowing that it would shatter him as well. So she kept the secret to herself, trying to find solace in the belief that her son was at peace and no longer suffering at the hands of the blood witch.

But the mother couldn't shake the guilt that gnawed at her every day. She knew that she should have done something to prevent her child from being taken. She should have been stronger, braver, and more protective.

As the years passed, the mother grew old and gray, her once vibrant spirit now broken and defeated. She couldn't help but wonder what her child would have become if he had been given the chance to live. And she couldn't help but blame herself for his untimely demise.

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