

Pride

by Ariadne AWS

Reaching once again, always...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Warning: Dark. Very.

A dark drabble for Anastasia, from the prompt: leather, bottle, cat, fire.

Pride

He sat in a tower as vacant as his eyes, ignoring the leather-bound scroll lying slack upon his lap, its words too faded to read.

A desolate wind pawed the brittle window glass, a mindless feral cat seeking the creature that trembled within before a hearth that had long since known no fire.

His hand a twisted, papery claw reaching once again, always, for the quill that wasn't there to answer the letter that never came.

The ink bottle empty, in its well a thin blue crust the only remnant of the words he could have written and never had.