

Agent Granger's Elegy

by Fairfield

Old photo albums work their magic.

Chapter 1 of 1

Old photo albums work their magic.

Agent Granger broke the seals to the Lestrangle mansion and entered. She had come to examine the estate: record its treasures and mark dangerous artifacts. No one would be surprised to learn she began in the library. Some might find it unusual she was drawn to the photo albums. Perhaps she wanted to rest her eyes after the long hours of the last month.

The first album was the early years: the baby pictures, formal portraits of the three sisters, the three sisters playing in their room, the sisters with their cousins in the garden, the birthday parties. The second album was the school years: the oldest daughter in her uniform as the younger sisters tried to hide their envy, group photos of her class, photos of the oldest daughter and her friends waving at the camera, essays that had earned high marks, tests with all correct answers, the award ribbons, the letters from relatives and professors on her graduation honors.

It was late when she closed the second album. She wandered into the pantry to see if there were tins she could open and down to the cellar to see if there any good vintages. She smiled when she saw the mead, something different. She nearly choked on the first swallow, found the second potent, and the third not bad.

On her way back to the library, she stopped to read the inscription under a pair of crossed halberds.

The song of battle
Strums the strings of heart
Time for the hero
To play his fine art

She was still digesting this when she noticed a painting of a fallen warrior had a caption.

For our noble comrades' death
Vengeance rides on every breath
Wolves and eagles are aware
Time for all to pay the fare

She took another swig of mead and read it again. This time it almost made sense.

She returned with her spoils to the library of a militant family who had dared much and had lost much. The old mead moved her spirit in strange ways. The old moon rose and moved weirdly through the clouds. The old spirits rose and moved weirdly through her.

Agent Granger stepped out on the balcony and wailed.

My tongue does not move
My heart is but stone
The dark daughter's tale
Left for me alone
The old memories
From deep thought's dwelling
Rush through my senses
Like waves come crashing
Bright was her future
A strong shining light
A force in the world
A wondrous good sight
But family cares
Made her a dark star
Her presence would burn
And leave a deep scar
The Dark Lord took her
Goodly treasure stole
From her parent's house
To pay their high toll
And well did she serve
With deep devotion
With strength and courage
And fierce emotion
If those that I knew
Had shown such trueness
Life would be better
Our loss would be less
But sadness did fall
And pale turned her skin
When our starry girl
Struck down her own kin
And who cannot say
Her end was not best
She saw no defeat
Before laid to rest
She went in great hope
With joy in Death's sting
That what she died for
Would come into being
No words come to me
To tell such a tale
My art is too small
The effort will fail

Agent Granger shook her head clear and returned to her meticulous inventory.

Prompt from MuseAmusant: Granger inspects the Lestrangle mansion.