

Silver Lining

by DarkFate

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This little ficlet was written for a challenge. I was given 3 weather conditions (damp, drizzle, and moonlight) and 2 characteristics (ecstatic and alive). Anyway, hope you all enjoy this piece; I certainly enjoyed writing it.

Thank you, to my wonderful beta, AmyLouise!

Disclaimer: I own nothing but the plot.

It was cold and dark. The air had the damp weight of an imminent storm and the chill that only a rainy night could bring. It was glorious. He stood in a valley between two forests; a gushing stream twisted and turned as it flowed beside him. The air felt alive with the anticipation and energy of what nature would bring. Moonlight filled the valley with its eerie white glow, muted though it was by the looming clouds. There weren't many nights in a year that could be this perfect; the elements aligned and balanced in pure harmony, nature's true beauty.

Standing with his eyes closed, he basked in the atmosphere. His senses heightened, and he was assaulted by the smell of the trees, the grass, the very bark. The dampness clung to his robes like an added layer of clothing, encasing him in the essence of the night.

He felt alive.

He was perhaps the last person others would expect to be out on such a night. But they didn't know, they couldn't understand, what it could feel like to be so entwined in nature's harmony. He breathed deeply, holding in the air, allowing it to permeate his being. A light drizzle came down and he smiled.

So, the clouds were ready to play, hmm?

Well, so was he.

With the moon just shy of being full, his senses, his mind, his very soul, were tuned and bursting with energy. For all the pain and suffering of his condition, this was the only blessing—a true silver lining—well, perhaps not silver.

Nature really did have its own balance, for how else could all this be explained? How could the horror—nay—evil, of his condition give rise to something so pure and exhilarating? The unity he felt with the elements was a rush of joy, an ecstatic thrill that he could never explain, and now, could not bear to live without.

The moonlight was his tormentor, but tonight, it was his salvation. For every curse, there is a gift, should one choose to accept it.

Thanks for reading! Leave a review, please.