

Through the Frosted Glass: The Goblin King

Chapter One: Wynette LaFey

Wynette can be sure about one thing and that is that her grandmother's death was the most unexpected thing that could have ever happened. ~~But let us be clear about something. Wynette's grandmother was a creature unlike any she had ever known. She had never once gotten an illness, despite others falling ill. Nor had she ever had a broken bone.~~ Wynette's grandmother had always cheated death somehow and she was convinced it was because her grandmother was part faerie. But it seemed that no matter how magical or powerful she was, even her faerie side couldn't keep her from death's door.

Wynette ~~was shocked when she found out. She~~ had spent the whole day crying in her room ~~waiting when she first found out. She waited~~ for her grandmother to come in and pretend it was all a joke. ~~But, but~~ when the night came and she still hadn't come, Wynette knew it was real ~~this time.~~

Her mother was less distraught from her grandmother's death. ~~Wynette would see than she thought she'd be. She never saw her mope around the house and cry at odd times during the day. But, but~~ what really struck Wynette as odd was how her mother seemed to be looking for something. She would catch her staring out the window with a worried look on her face or standing at the edge of the woods behind their house as if waiting for someone to appear. Wynette figured her mother was dealing with grief in her own way, so she ~~didn't bother to investigate further.~~ left it, but she couldn't shake the feeling that something was off.

Wynette's father, on the other hand, did his best to keep the family going by continuing to run their ski lodge in Leavenworth. Despite his concern with her mother, her father seemed

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especially worried about Wynette and would consistently check on her. It had been a long time since her father acted like that. It wasn't that she didn't expect him to care, but it was ~~borderline obsessive-very controlling for how old Wynette is.~~

Every time she went out, he would ask her where she was going, when she was going to be back, to make sure she called when she got there and when she was heading back home. It was ~~suffocatingannoying~~, but in a protective yet comforting way. ~~It had been a long time since Wynette and her father had connected like this.~~ Being twenty-three pretty much meant that Wynette was all grown up and she didn't require to be constantly checked up on. ~~She didn't find this hurtful in any way; it was simply what happened after she left for college at eighteen and her father become more focused on her mother and running the ski lodge. She didn't hold it against him but seeing him obsess over her like she was still a child was relieving and made her feel more connected to him.~~

A month after her grandmother's death, her father ~~camecomes~~ up to her while she ~~wasis~~ eating breakfast, her eyes skimming over the comic section of a newspaper. Her mother ~~trailedtrails~~ behind him with a ~~reservedan annoyed~~ look on her face. Looking up over the newspaper, Wynette ~~gavegives~~ her parents a confused look ~~as they both sat down in front of her at the kitchen table.~~

"What's going on?" She ~~asked, feeling uncomfortable atsets~~ the ~~waynewspaper down over her parents were approaching herfinished plate.~~ Her father ~~clearedsits down in the chair in front of her while her mother lingers behind him. Her father clears~~ his throat and ~~lookedlooks~~ at her mother who ~~wrung her hands in her lapsighs heavily~~ before asking,

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“Have you noticed anything different after Grandma Sylvie’s death?” Wynette ~~stared~~stares at her mother, completely bewildered at her question.

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“What do you mean by different? ~~Grandma is gone, so I feel the absence of her presence, but that’s about the only thing that’s different. Why???”~~ Wynette ~~answered~~answers. Her mother ~~let~~father lets out a sigh of relief ~~and relaxes~~, ~~but her mother continues to stare at her waiting for an answer.~~ “Did something happen?”

“No, no, everything’s okay,” Her ~~mother said.~~ ~~“I was~~ father says, relaxing in his chair. “I-
we-were just a little worried about how you were doing-.” He looks up at her mother who simply looks away and crosses her arms over her chest.

“Anyways, you and ~~your father~~I are going to go to Grandma Sylvie’s house to ~~make sure everything’s okay, so hurry up and get changed.~~”start packing her things up while your mother stays here to deal with some paperwork.” Wynette ~~perked~~perks up at this ~~and immediately headed up to her room to change out of her pajamas, ignoring. She has always loved going to her grandmother’s house despite her mother’s warning not to run in the house. She put on a black long-sleeve shirt and a pair of jeans before slipping on her hiking boots and an old random old jacket that protests. Her mother claimed she was bothering her grandmother bought her long ago during a spontaneous trip to Canada. That was one of the only times that her family had gone out of the states. It was also one of the only times that she really saw her mother relax. It was disheartening to know that too much by going over there unannounced, but her grandmother told her to ignore her mother’s comments. You are welcome whenever you want to come over, my little Winnie. Unannounced company is better than no company at all, her grandmother would be no more trips like that anymore. ~~tell her.~~ So, with her grandmother’s words in the back of her mind, Wynette follows her father out of the house and into his old red 1990 four-runner that~~

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could really use a new paint job. Honestly, they could just use a newer car. The four-runner has been on its way out for years, but her father just can't seem to part with it.

The drive to Grandma Sylvie's house was quiet except for the Celtic rock Irish folk music that her father was playing. Wynette didn't mind it though. The music made her feel hopeful rather than sad. Her father wasn't a big chatter box, and either, so she didn't mind sitting in silence together. She loved the drive to Grandma Sylvie's house anyways because during this time of the autumn season, the road was littered with brightly colored leaves and the scent of apple'sapples filled her nostrilsnose as she rolled down the window.

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The trees up in the mountains were giant and when Wynette was little she would likes to imagine giant trolls living within them waiting for the right time to jump out and surprise her. She also imaginedimagines that the leaves that fellfall from the trees were tiny faeries who were using the leaves as camouflage so that they could to pass by unnoticed when they needed to travel nearover the road. There without being noticed. She believes that there are tiny faerie and big faerie. Kind faerie and evil faerie. HerAt least, that's what her grandmother always taught her. Her mother, on the other hand, thought Wynette'sher imagination ran a littletoo wild and being around her grandmother didn't help. Everything was too much for her mother when it came to the faerie folk, but she never contradicted her, so of course she still believed everythinganything Wynette did. It seemed like nothing she ever did pleased her. At one point she thought that her mother must hate her, but she tossed that idea aside because her mother wasn't blatantly abusive or hateful towards her, she just didn't say anything when she made A's in all her classes or congratulate her when she won competitions for her art pieces. But that was little, where her father stepped up. Her mother was never very expressive with her, but her father

~~made up for it in ways she will always be grateful for. Her and her mother always fight so it is a relief that she's going to her grandmother's place with her father and not her mother.~~

Grandma Sylvie's house is tucked away within the forest of Leavenworth but not too far from civilization or neighbors. There's enough land between the houses that it ~~felt~~feels like the house ~~was~~is the only one there but travel down a mile or so and there's another house. Wynette thought her grandmother's house looked like something out of a fairytale with its double chimney roof, gingerbread trim, bright red door, giant windows, and plants growing over the red brick. ~~She'd loved her grandmother's house and cried when~~In the past, she'd cry she couldn't stay the night. Seeing it now made her feel nostalgic but also like there was a hole in her heart because now her grandmother would no longer be there. It felt like the bit of magic that Wynette believed the house possessed dwindled ~~now~~without her grandmother.

Once her father ~~stopped~~stops the car, Wynette ~~hopped~~hops out and ~~headed~~heads straight for the front door ~~without waiting~~. Her grandmother always warned her to knock three times ~~and to announce yourself~~ before entering otherwise the little faerie living in the house would not be happy. Wynette wasn't sure if her grandmother was ~~being~~serious or not when she first told her this. ~~She, but she~~ also didn't care to find out ~~as~~because if there is a faerie living there, she did not want to ~~make any faerie know what it was like~~ angry. So, before entering the magical house she grew up loving, she ~~knocked~~knocks three times, ~~announces herself~~, and ~~then entered~~enters.

_____The inside of the house ~~looked~~looks exactly like Wynette ~~always~~ remembered: warm, cozy, full of flowers that never seemed to die, dark wood accents with cream-colored walls, and ~~soft~~warm lighting. Inhaling deeply, Wynette ~~felt relaxed with~~relaxes against the scent of ~~lemongrass~~strawberry and vanilla filling her nostrils. It ~~felt~~feels like her grandmother was still there, waiting for them to walk into the kitchen where she would be baking her latest concoction

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of some unknown substance that somehow always tasted good. ~~Her father comes up behind her and looks around in the kitchen before turning to her.~~

~~“Let’s get started then.” Her father says, stepping into.” He moves towards the house behind her. “Your mother doesn’t want us to touch anything yet. She only wants us to make sure that nothing has been moved or is missing. Got it?”~~

~~“Got it,” cabinets while Wynette answers. “I’ll go upstairs to the attic and see if there’s anything left up there.”~~

~~Secretly turns out of the kitchen and heads up to her grandmother’s room. There is one place in this whole house she had always wanted to go up there, but her grandmother investigate but has always been forbidden from entering: the attic.~~

~~Her mother refused her every time she asked. She and would never tell her why but always said. What she did say if Wynette asked was “if you try to go up there, you will not be allowed back here ever again!” so of course, Wynette stayed away...until!”. So, Wynette stayed away. She didn’t want her mother to prevent her from seeing her grandmother or her magic house. But that was then, and this is now. Wynette knew, and she knows exactly where her grandmother hid the key, so she headed straight for her grandmother’s craft room and found the skeleton key hung up on. Retrieving the wall above her desk. Wynette felt exhilarated knowing she was finally key from her grandmother’s room, her mother’s voice wouldn’t stop nagging at her, warning her, but she continued forward. She wasn’t going to be able to see what her let her mother control everything about her life, especially not anything that has to do with her beloved grandmother was hiding, but another part of her was apprehensive.~~

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_____ As she ~~approached~~ascends toward the attic door, ~~her steps slowed~~she slows as she ~~began~~begins to question whether or not she should really be doing this: ~~opening the door that~~. ~~There~~ could ~~hold~~be so many secrets that her ~~grandmother~~mother tried so hard to keep from her ~~hiding behind that door~~. What if she found something she wasn't supposed to see? What if her grandmother was hiding some dark secret she was never meant to know? But there was something ~~that was~~ pulling her to open the door. Something that told her she needed to open the door and find out what was behind it. So, Wynette ~~unlocked~~unlocks it and with a 'click' and ~~tentatively pushed~~opened the ~~creaky~~ door: creaks open.

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Her breath caught in her throat at the enchanted scene in front of her. Garlands of flowers ~~covered~~cover the beams above her head and ~~showered~~shower the floor with fallen petals. Flickering lanterns ~~were~~are the only source of light ~~up in the attic~~, but they ~~illuminated~~illuminate the many pieces of clothing that ~~looked~~look like they ~~didn't~~don't belong in the human world. The detail and extravagance of the dresses ~~looked~~look like something Wynette ~~could~~ only ~~dream~~dreamt of. The floor was littered with random pairs of shoes in vastly different colors, and random trinkets that ~~didn't seem~~don't look familiar to ~~have any use, books in vary used condition, and random pillows. There was a bed in her~~. In the far corner of the attic ~~that looked just as cozy as the rest of the house~~ sits a bed with a large purple patterned quilt lying and two white pillows. ~~Across and across~~ from the bed was a large chair covered in more dresses with varying material and size. Wynette couldn't wait to get her hands on them despite what her father said, but she internally promised her grandmother that she would be careful. So, ever so walks over and carefully, Wynette shifted pads through every dress, admiring the fabric and intricate detail the dresses, taking in the details of the dresses one by one until she got to a dark

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~~berry-colored finds a cloak with embroidered Rowan berries and Yarrow flowers the color of deep raspberries and a matching pair of gloves to match.~~

“Well, aren’t these just precious?” She ~~whispered~~whispers to herself wrapping the cloak around her shoulders. ~~She pulled~~Pulling on the gloves ~~and moved~~she moves over to the mirror ~~leaning against the wall~~ to admire them. ~~Pulling down the clothing covering the the ornate golden~~In the mirror, she is surprised ~~by to see~~ how ~~clean it is and then she see’s herself with~~ well the cloak ~~and gloves on. The cloak matched her height perfectly and seemed to enhance the~~matches her skin tone, ~~not only that, but how defined her~~ features ~~in her face and brighten her pale skin. The gloves also fit perfectly, like they were made for her, and she couldn’t help but flex her fingers.~~

~~Looking~~look reflecting in the mirror ~~again. She steps closer to investigate but as she does,~~ something shiny ~~eaugh~~catches her eye ~~to her right~~ on the desk behind her. Turning around, Wynette moves over to the desk and, ~~placing the books and random scarves aside, she~~ finds a medium-sized snow globe with ~~no objects~~nothing inside other than fake glittery snow.

“That’s weird.” She mumbles to herself as she slips off the ~~glove on her right hand~~gloves and shoves ~~it~~them into her pocket. ~~Carefully, she~~She picks up the snow globe, ~~noticing that the weight of the object is not normal,~~ and shakes it, watching the snow inside swirl around. With her uncovered hand, she ~~swiped~~swipes her fingers across the ~~glass~~globe, trying to clear the dust off, ~~but when she touches the glass, she feels something.~~ Suddenly, there’s a pull ~~her~~ forward. ~~She pulls the glob into her chest as so strong that she falls~~ stumbles forward ~~expecting, clutching the globe to make impact into her chest. She expects to hit the desk. When but when~~ she doesn’t and instead falls onto soft ground, Wynette ~~opens her eyes~~looks up and finds herself kneeling in freshly fallen snow. Still gripping the snow globe, she ~~looks up and stills at~~stands and ~~swallows hard. Her breath comes out in a cloud, and she pulls her cloak tighter around her body. Where the~~

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hell am I? She wonders as she surveys the world around her. Turning to her right, she stumbles and falls back into the snow right as a sword is pointed at her throat. When she looks up, she finds herself face to face with four beings that she could only describe with one word: faeries.

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