



Pirouette
(Flash Fiction, 438 Words)
By Chris W. Vasques

"Once I am fallen and buried, bring me back with this."

The cold clay vase I hold in my hands has been in my possession for nearly three decades. Our days in the Order were young back then. We knew so little. How appropriate that it should come down to this. My sister and I carried on the lineage through her resurrection. My steps quicken as I reach the garden. Thorns catch in the hem of my dress as I hurry over the stones. The monastery may have captured my sister's bones but they will not be keeping them.

I use the seeking spell they taught me to draw me to the grave. A faint red line of smoke twists through the ruins. These vicars bury our kind here to trap us, but their greatest magics are no match for a properly engraved vase. I tuck it tighter under my arm.

The seeking spell ends at a tombstone with someone else's name on it. She would have been imprisoned here for all time if not for me. My skin prickled with anticipation, my senses heightened. I can smell the death. I can sense the longing for release from this place. These poor souls. Once my sister is free, we will return for them. We will return for all of them.

The words, whispering from my mouth, a yellow swirling mist forming glyphs on the grave. The stars seem to pull in closer to me. The creatures of the night cackle and creak. Their encouragement raises my power. With the incantation complete, I smash the vase. Purple shimmering ashes sparkle in the moonlight for a moment before plunging into the grave. I stand and scan the grounds. I am still alone.

The dirt shifts and delicate fingers, familiar fingers, reach into the night air. Her once clean cloak is streaked with earth. The arm, white with death, pushes and pulls the fresh ground of the grave. A second arm, and her head emerges. My sister's eyes struggle to escape the dirt and death on them until finally, our eyes meet. She exhales a sigh of victory in her rose soft voice.

"Sister..."

I smile back at her, my hands outstretched. With a thrust, she is free. Her arms stronger than they ever had been in life. As we clear the dirt from her, the movements turn into a dance of pirouettes. We embrace and I kiss her cheek the way only an elder sister can. Our dancing and laughter are a mockery to the jealous shades as we escape. Our freedom purchased; we would soon own our revenge.