

Chapter 6.A perchance to dream

In a quiet hotel room Kirika quietly sat on the bed watching the news on the television.

“Earlier today the sentencing of former C.E.O of Bookwald’s Gazth-Sonika division began. His full role in the Gazth-Sonika civil war is still under investigation...” A stolid anchorman with a plastic smile said before Kirika turned off the television.

“They’ll never find the whole truth...” Kirika said to herself.

“But that won’t stop some fool from trying...” Mireille said with a touch of melancholy emerging from the bathroom.

“They’ll end up dead...” Kirika in an unemotional tone.

“Enfant’s legacy isn’t our problem...Now let’s get some sleep, long day tomorrow.”

“What about the Soldats?” Kirika asked.

“We’ll leave before dawn and take the train.”

Kirika nodded and placed the remote on the nightstand and got into bed.

Mireille got into bed soon after and turned out the light.

“Night Kirika.”

“Good Night Mireille.”

The pair was soon asleep.

Mireille began to dream of her place in Paris once again. Then everything turned dark as she ran yelling Kirika’s name over and over again. Then she heard another name echoing back at her; Claudette.

Then she found herself in blood covered bedroom with a disemboweled Kirika lying on the bed.

The words “DIE HOMOS!” were painted on the wall in Kirika’s blood.

Then she heard the melody from the pocket watch. She turned and it all turned to black.

Mireille woke up in a cold sweat as she looked at Kirika.

She listened for the sounds of Kirika’s breathing and once she heard it breathed a sigh of relief.

“I wish I could sleep as soundly as you. I wonder what you dream of.” Mireille said lying back down and trying to go back to sleep.

Later that night at Burton Manor, Margaret tossed and turned briefly then she stopped moving.

Margaret found herself in the dining room with the smell of pasta and sauce cooking wafting through the air. She smiled when she smelt the cooking.

“Am I dreaming?” She asked her.

“Oh, I assure you are Margaret Burton.” A voice answered similar to hers, but with a Welsh accent.

“Where are you? I can’t see you.” Margaret cried out.

“Oh, sorry about that.” To Margaret’s surprise, sitting at opposite end of the table was her or at least that’s what she thought, except she was wearing a ruby red dress and motioning her to sit. Margaret sat in the chair opposite of her.

“Who are you? Are you me?” Margaret asked still a bit befuddled.

“I thought that was explained earlier. But I see another introduction is in order. I am Queen Rhiannon or at least part of me that’s being channeled through the Torc.”

“Then why do you look like me?” Margaret asked a little less confused.

Rhiannon thought for a few nanoseconds and then she smiled. “Now that’s for you to figure out.”

Margaret frowned and then replied. “Why me? Why choose me?”

“That I can answer; in your case it’s because of the “Gift”. That drew me to you, granted I had to use your friend Vanessa to get to you. Anything else you’ll just have to figure out.” Rhiannon replied with a warm smile.

“Can I ask for help?” Margaret asked a bit daunted.

“Of course, you can ask your family and friends for help. But ultimately it will be up to you to figure out why.” Rhiannon said reassuringly and a plate of pasta with red sauce appeared before Margaret.

“Why come to me in a dream?” Margaret asked a little less confused but still frustrated.

“Because your mind isn’t tied up with conscious thoughts. Besides aren’t dreams the minds way of processing information. You should know that Margaret.”

Margaret thought about it and then remembered the dreams she had before she went to Gazth-Sonika. Then Margaret smiled sheepishly as she answered. “You’re right I know this. Is there anything you can tell me?”

Rhiannon smiled and then answered. “Sometimes wishes have to be re-spoken in a new way.”

Margaret looked at her with another confused look.

“You’ll understand what I mean in due time. Rest well Margaret Burton...” Rhiannon said before leaving Margaret to the pasta.

The Torc glowed slightly as Rhiannon stretched out her conscious. She could see the psychic residue all over the house both good and evil. She grinned as she saw Laetitia psychically talking to Poupee.

Laetitia and Poupee froze as they sensed Rhiannon’s presence.

“Laetitia, do you feel that?” Poupee asked wondering who or what was watching them.

“I do Poupee, but I don’t know where it’s coming from.” Laetitia said going near Elenore in attempt to shield her if necessary.

Rhiannon backed away noticing her presence was causing alarm and there was no need of it. Though she did notice the chain and decided to follow it.

Following to where the chain led, she saw Elenore running through a jungle then on her laying on a morgue slab being dissected or eviscerated in her case. She could see the look of horror on Elenore’s face. Noticing that the chain continued on she followed the chain further to a pair of doors that had been nailed shut.

Touching the doors, she learned what was behind the door and was saddened. “Somebody wanted to make sure you didn’t remember this. But it does explain why the child is floating nearby.”

Then she went back to where Elenore was running through quickly narrowing hallways in a funeral home. Rhiannon knew that is dream usually ended with Elenore seeing herself in a coffin. Rhiannon decided to do something, with a flick of wrist the scene changed from the hallways to a graveyard. Elenore found herself in a graveyard looking at row upon row of gravestones.

She kept walking till she noticed the gravestone of her grandfather. There standing looking down at the grave than at her was her when she was twelve years old. In reality it was Rhiannon, trying to help Elenore in a small way.

“So this is where it all happened.” Rhiannon said to Elenore.

“What happened? I don’t understand what are you talking about?” Elenore said not noticing the shadow that loomed behind her.

“I’m sorry for what happened. It should’ve never had happened.” Rhiannon said to Elenore knowing that she couldn’t tell her.

“Please tell me...” Elenore said then the shadow put its hand on her shoulder. Elenore turned her head and screamed...

Rhiannon was going to intervene but she was delayed by a tug on her dress. She turned to see a little girl with dirty blond hair with bright brown eyes no older than seven or eight years old smiling at her and she smiled back.

Rhiannon bent down to eye level to the child. “Well, you saved me a bit of time little one. I was going to go look for you.”

“Really?” The little girl replied a bit surprised.

“Yes really.” Rhiannon replied but before she could say more Elenore woke in a cold sweat.

"Why is she so sad? Did I make her sad?" The little girl asked as Elenore got of bed.

"No little one. You didn't, there are other reasons she is sad." Rhiannon said in a sympathetic tone.

"Did the other people make her sad?" The little girl asked.

"No. She can't see people like us."

"Oh." The little girl replied in surprise.

"I haven't seen you before. Who are you? My name is Margaret." Margaret said with a smile.

"Hello Margaret. I'm Queen Rhiannon."

"Wow! You're a queen?!" Margaret said in surprise having never met a queen in her entire unlife.

"Yes I am. Do you want to come with me Margaret?" Rhiannon asked and the little girl smiled feeling safe around her.

Margaret thought for a bit and then answered. "Yes your majesty."

"Let's go then..." As Rhiannon held out her hand and the little girl placed hers in it. Then the pair left Elenore to herself oblivious to the conversation that just happened right next to her.

Elenore woke in a cold sweat. She tried to close her eyes and go back to sleep but found that she couldn't. So she got of bed and pulled a set of keys from her apron pocket.

Then she went out of the room and down the hall.

A minute later she was in the kitchen. She turned on a small light near the stove and grabbed the timer sitting nearby. Setting the timer she placed on the table and went to the liquor cabinet. Unlocking it, she scanned for a glass and a bottle of Irish whiskey. Sitting down with the glass and bottle, she stared at the empty glass. Feelings of helplessness filled her as she silently wished she didn't have to do this but this was the only thing she knew that made the nightmares go away. The events of earlier this evening didn't help as she poured filling the glass. Then raising it, she stared at it and then she took a drink...

After she put Margaret under her protection she extended herself again. This time she went to Vanessa. She observed the Alice in Wonderland themed dream that Vanessa having.

Vanessa dressed as Alice was trying to stuff Limelda into the teapot with an olive fork.

While Margaret dressed as the Mad Hatter and Elenore as the March Hare not even noticing what Vanessa was doing as they chatted merrily to each other and to Madlax who was dressed as the carpenter.

Madlax was too busy dancing on the table and talking about guns to walrus that resembled Charlie.

Rhiannon turned into the Cheshire cat and walked up to Vanessa.

"Here dearie, use this. It will do a far better job than what you're using." Rhiannon said to Vanessa.

Vanessa stopped and looked at the hammer.

"Thanks."

"My pleasure my dear." Rhiannon said disappearing like the Cheshire cat with the trademark grin the last thing to disappear.

Vanessa picked up the hammer started to pound Limelda into the teapot while Rhiannon chuckled as she went back to the Torc. On her way she noticed that Elenore was on her fifth drink and she sadly looked at her in compassion as she continued.

"Hopefully Margaret will figure out a way to help you before you destroy yourself...again..." Rhiannon said as she went on.