

# The Fall

By anthonychansa

Published on Stories Space on 09 Oct 2016

Do you know how it feels to fall in love?

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/fantasy/the-fall.aspx>

In a magical land far far away, fairy tales make the headlines on a daily basis. Seldom sad endings, mostly happily ever after. Everyone was special if they believed. I wanted to be famous; I wanted them to sing songs and tell tales about me long after my death. But most importantly, I wanted to fall in love. I started my day just like any other day. I read the paper as I had my breakfast. Today's headlines: RAPUNZEL DYES HER HAIR BLACK. SLEEPING BEAUTY FINALLY AWAKENS. I made my way to the gates of our kingdom; I was a patrol guard. And so I began my usual day, my usual life, in this magical world. I had a partner I used to work with; he was the only one who understood me. I spent most of my time with him, both at work and after we work. We were always together. I was a coward, and he was the brave one. He always had my back despite protests from our peers, who constantly asked him to drop me. Things between us changed when the king sent him on a mission to the 'land of the babies.' Despite being cute and cuddly in nature, their eyes could steal your soul if you stared too long. They were hypnotic and delivered what we called a beautiful death. Rumour has it their king had wings, a bow, and an arrow. His name was Cupid. He (my best friend) returned from the land of the babies with an arrow in his back. Nothing he said made sense, he was slowly becoming a zombie. He constantly wept and begged us to kill him. He said he couldn't live in this world without his soul mate. Before he killed himself (to spare us the pain of watching him fully turn into a zombie), he told me what it was like to fall in love. Despite everyone calling it a cursed thing, it sounded beautiful. My life seemed incomplete; maybe it would fix me. And so I began my quest, to search for love. I spent every day after work in the royal library. I researched on the heroes that had fallen because of love. The saddest being the tale of Romeo and Juliet. I researched on the good tales too, my favourite being Cinderella. I now had mixed feelings, because love was a double edged sword. But I found my answer from an unlikely source, an old ex of 'Prince Charming.' In her words, she wrote: My friends called me an addict, addicted to love. I could fall in love every day. They called me weak and vulnerable, a sucker for pain. The truth is I did want to fall in love every day, but with the same person. Waking up next to him every morning, staring into his eyes and falling for him again and again. I wanted to fall for someone with warmth when he spoke. His voice, warm enough to melt this cold heart of mine. Tell me, am I a fool for seeking happiness? Is it wrong to seek happiness every day? Falling in love is like sitting on the edge of a cliff, with a beautiful view right in front of you.

It looks beautiful from afar, but so does love... Love is like dangling your feet from the edge of the cliff, wanting to jump over, to the other side, and wondering if your partner will catch you. It is scary to jump, to fall, to fall in love. Love is putting all your faith in someone, and diving off the cliff without second guessing. Either you are caught, or you crash.... It hurts to love sometimes. I have been to this view a couple of times with a couple of other guys, and every time I jumped, I had a bungee rope secretly attached to me. I was just trying out this love thing; I never wanted to get too deep. But I met the one; I fell in love. Suddenly I was no longer afraid to jump, to fall, in love. I fell, and I crashed, but I felt a beautiful kind of pain. I know I wasn't supposed to crash, maybe he should have jumped, and I would have caught him. So I will keep jumping till he catches me \*\*\* The last part struck me, here was someone who got burnt by love, and enjoyed the fire. Maybe love isn't such a bad thing after all. The concept of love amused me; I slowly began to obsess over it. I too wanted a bite of that forbidden fruit. My best friend, before he was zombified used to obsess about a woman dressed in black. He called her his soul mate, and that idea began to grow in me slowly. I formed images in my head of what I thought she looked like. I too wanted to meet her. My mother was a clairvoyant, and she told me my future. It was a strange thing to do because I was in my first form, I hadn't matured into my final form yet. She normally foretold destinies to people (those of us who had multiple forms) in the final forms. She said; I wanted two things, to be famous and to fall in love. However, both destinies fell on the same road. The road to light was the road to darkness. I sat alone that night with a cocktail of emotions swirling in my mind. The only woman that loved me was my mother. I wanted to seek love. I was a 'nobody' in life, so in death, how would I be famous? Only warriors were famous. The next morning, I had my usual breakfast but this time, I choked as I read the morning's headlines; CUPID ZOMBIFIED!!! There was pandemonium throughout the kingdom as the news spread. The kingdom's main gates were shut as the real story began to unravel. It turns Cupid was framed, and it didn't take long for the villain to reveal herself. They called her the 'witch of the west', but I knew her as Charlotte, Prince Charming's ex-girlfriend. She was the witch with a broken heart that ate men's hearts hoping to find a pure one. She bit her prey on their necks, leaving love bites (hickies) and infecting them with bugs (love bugs) that ate their hearts, slowly turning them into zombies. I watched her grow stronger with each passing day from the top of the walls. The soldiers went to fight her, and she would eat out their hearts. The king and his counsel of wise men discussed alternative strategies. They considered sending women to fight instead. After all, she fed on the hearts of men. Eventually, they decided to shut the kingdom from the outside world, and they built the tallest walls in all of fairyland. I continued to watch her from the top of the walls as she grew weak and weaker as no men came to fight or feed her. I actually felt sorry for her. She would scream, with her mouth deforming wide open as she banged on the gates, trying to knock them down. Slowly, she began to wither like a black rose. The soldiers would laugh at her and call her ugly. But I saw a beauty trapped in darkness. She was once a beautiful girl, turned evil because of the curse of love. I secretly used to toss male pigs' hearts over the wall to find her when no one was looking. It didn't help her much, but it slowed her death. She noticed my feeble attempts and was grateful. I was starting to grow feelings for her. Then came the day that will go down in the books of history as the 'Red Sun' day. I watched her that

very day, as the red sun set, a flock of Ravens covered the entire ground outside the kingdom. Everything was pitch black except for her pale, weak white skin. She looked beautiful in that colour contrast. I could see her true self for the first time. She began to disintegrate into thick black smoke. The more she broke down, the more I felt weak, part of me died as I watched her die. I felt my life-force turn dull; I felt my heart breaking; I was losing my will to live. It was futile, but I wanted to give my heart to her so she could live for one more day. I wondered why Cupid's heart wasn't pure enough for her. Maybe he not only caused love but he was responsible for heartbreaks as well. Only people in love could experience heartache. It seems her slow dramatic death caught the attention of many as almost the entire kingdom climbed to the top of the walls to watch her demise. They began to cheer in joy; the long war was finally over. Suddenly, the birds began to screech and ferociously shake. They started exploding as their hearts began to draw to the creature. The ground began to violently shake, as the red sun slowly sunk into blackness. The skies turn dark, and the rain turned red from the sun's reflection. The sun looked like it was setting in a pool of blood in the black valley. This was the scene of death, the end of the world. Everyone panicked, rushing down. Soldiers shot giant flaming arrows but it had no effect. I had a warm fuzzy feeling inside, that despite the whole kingdom being in danger I would remain unharmed. As I sat on the top of the wall, with my feet dangling, I realised I was in love. This was the cliff, and there was a scary scene below me. Love isn't always attractive; it's scary sometimes. I wasn't afraid to take the fall and fall in love. Without thinking, I took a leap of faith and jumped towards her. Then, everything went black... \*\*\* Despite him not being loved in life, he was loved in death for he broke the curse. Every house sang songs and told tales of him for he was the greatest heroes of all time. One of the most famous memories of him was in the form of a child's song: HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL....