

THE WIFE OF VORDEN

## IMPRINT

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The Wife of Vorden

Vorden hamlet had a sanctuary halfway up a mountain; but in sight, it was unbelievable that such the hamlet had it, for Vorden had a few houses, shops, and people, and even seemed to be a poor village. Nevertheless it had; the small town was kind of special.

There was a priest in the hamlet, as one of the special factors, to guard the sanctuary from danger. The priestess also gave people living in Vorden helps for all of anxiety, including bad harvests, bad weather conditions, smooth deliveries, welfare of their family, and so on, and protected them from hazardous elements originated in dangers that befall to the sanctuary.

Miaphil, the priestess of Vorden, genuflected on the ground paved with white gravels. "May God give benevolences to them...! People in Vorden hope rainfall because the croplands are getting dry. They want mercies from the ether..."

Miaphil was praying to God, in front of the building. She looked like very-very young girl but had served as the priestess for six years. She prayed to him every day whatever happened, from sunrise to sunset.

Miaphil put on a white robe embroidered geometrical patterns, which indicated high-ranked priestess, in gold and silver thread and black-dyed silk. On her head, there was a broad-brimmed black hat. The cloth didn't suit to her girlish face; however, she had something heavy in the back of her eyes. It was inconceivable that boys and girls had what was like that.

There were other points except her strong eyes. One of the differences between her and other children was

the face. Her face was expressionless, as if it had been a mask, and concealed her emotions and thought into her mind.

Miaphil didn't mean to secrete her heart into her mind. Then why did she have such a cold face? Generally speaking, people could describe that she was undemonstrative or serious for her work. However, at least for her, it was wrong.

Miaphil prayed again. "Under the shadow of the Almighty, please keep them, sir..."

She also had a different voice, cold voice. A tone of the voice stabbed into an atmosphere surrounding the sanctuary, merged into stone walls of the building, and vanished.

Miaphil stood up. She had no unprocessed task, except the last work: coming back to her house. She had to go back from the field, to ready herself for tomorrow suggestions, to go to bed, and to go to the sanctuary as soon as she awoke. She had spent all of time for her routine.

Miaphil's house was faraway from Vorden, but not too far. Her house located in the forest beside the hamlet; therefore she usually went across the hamlet, then, stepped into the dark forest in order to go back home.

She was walking in a middle of a street. Of course her face was flat and never changed. Though she appeared to be a puppet, some of citizens said greeting to her, with polite behavior, which was not for child. Some of the extreme-almost all the elderly-behaved with a maximum awe and respect; they checked her in their cause,

kneeled before the priestess, and begged that she asked God to give his mercies for them, which was a manner for blue bloods, as if she were a peer.

Miaphil stopped her feet. She moved her head slowly, looked at left side, and kept gazing at windows, which fainting light oozed out from. Seeing the house, she felt longing or fondness; nonetheless, she didn't understand why the affections sprang up.

Fay Evans—a black-painted simple carved nameplate was set on a exterior wall. *I seem to know something about the name, but I can't recollect what something is*, she contracted her brows into a frown.

Just at that moment, a door next to the nameplate opened. A shoulder appeared from the opened space. The shoulder wore a white cloth. Getting a full view of a figure including the shoulder in her sight, she saw a face.

A woman stopped getting out of the house, in mid-stream. "Oh, good evening, Mia... Miaphil."

"Good evening, Evans," said Miaphil.

Evans once seemed to be surprised with her greeting, by opening her eyes wide, but at once inquired. "You were looking my house, I suppose. Do you have something to do to me?"

"No, I don't particularly mean to... sorry, I was just looking," she answered. "I apologize for my rudeness."

"Please don't say such a thing," Evans answered in a loud voice, with her right hand being moved. "Don't mind what you do."

Miaphil never altered the physiognomy naturally. She could smile or getting angry, however, she didn't. She was nothing but replying to her words, "I don't care

about it.”

Evans stared. “Would you come in this house?”

“No, thank you. I appreciate your kindness.”

Miaphil noticed herself feeling uncomfortable, as if the dark forest where there was her house had been brightened and the feeling didn't sit well with her and was disagreeable. But she felt, though in contradiction to that, much warmth which children got from their mothers, from Evans.

*Well*, she thought. *How old am I?* In spite of knowing that she had served for six years, she couldn't recall when she was born and calculate how many years it elapse from her birth until this day.

Miaphil looked at her destination. “Farewell.”

“See you,” Evans bade.

Miaphil didn't have her own family name. Although she might use to have the family name, she didn't hold at that time. People called her “Miaphil”, “Miaphil the Archpriestess”, “Archpriestess”, or merely “Arch” and she hadn't asked them why she didn't have the name, indeed, she hadn't thought about this; therefore she had no opportunities that the question occurred to her.

Her house was made of stone bricks, was as small as a storeroom, and looked like a kind of a heritage or ruin; successive archpriestesses had dwelt in the house, from generation to generation.

In the house, there was a little furniture: a big wooden splendid wardrobe, a combination of a kitchen range and a fireplace, and a ragged stone bed, which she didn't purchase them but former residents in Vorden did.

Miaphil sank into the bed; she was much tired. She had a dead face, but her brain was functioned all out, full throttle. *Who am I?* She asked herself again.

She understood what her first name was, however, knew only that. Miaphil didn't remember who her parents were, where she had lived before there, where the memories were housed in her head, and what I was. She tried to get these whenever she was in the house frequently, but these made almost always all kind of fogs in her head: an obscurity, an anxiety, a rage, suffering, and fear.

Miaphil slapped her cheeks. "I am Miaphil, I am Miaphil the Archpriestess, I am archpriestess of Vorden and the sanctuary."

Surrounding stone wall made the sounds echo, however the minute that it echoed, her voice was absorbed into the grayish stones completely. Losing the sounds, there was nothing but her sigh. Miaphil batted her eyelids dozens of times, and moved her eye stormily. The inquiries confused the little priestess; she was getting mixed-up, and felt awful exhaustion on her head and weary limb.

"But then?" Miaphil muttered as low as the wall couldn't catch. "I knew my name and the status. But what else do I know? I'm an almost-empty container, which contains only them."

Miaphil held her head covered with her arms, put the elbows on her knees, and suffered from the difficulties.

It was time when Miaphil had puzzled over it. She heard a loud roar; nevertheless she was surrounded



among the brick walls, as if there were a source of the sound closely.

Miaphil brought the head up, and looked at a door, which was carved complex designs. The boom didn't come. She was pricking up her ears; she got tense. It boomed again, silence, silence, boom—

Miaphil raided and opened the door and rushed out of the house. These definitely came from Vorden. The peals sounded vary thunderous; she sometimes heard screams among the thunders, and the voices made the archpriestess anxious. *Something is happening*, Miaphil dashed between trees. *It is approaching to the sanctuary!*

Before entering the hamlet, in an edge of the dark forest, Miaphil saw a grisly tragedy with her own eyes; the sky was getting red and orange and the nearest building put on flickering flames. In the burned air, the screams mixed it. She hurried her steps. The serious atmosphere hastened her beats hard.

Almost all people were gathered in a stone-paved central square, where was the only place paved with stones and also the newest in this town. Stopping in front of them, before poor citizens, Miaphil saw a person. Although its robe hid its sex, it seemed to be a man; he was tall and had a broad shoulder. In his hood she found him having a mustache.

“You Miaphil the archpriestess, aren't you?” He shouted.

“I don't know who you are,” Miaphil mentioned with calm tone in contrast to it of the unknown. “But if you intend to bring dangers to this hamlet, I have to consider you as an intruder.”

"I'm not a trespasser but a vanquisher," he announced out loud like reciting poetry with iambic form. "The destroyer of world and the reconstructor of world."

Miaphil acted nothing about her emotion, though thinking of what purpose he had. "I'm displeased with your poetry," she took one step to the vanquisher. "Tell me your name, alien."

"Listen!" The man held his arms out widely. "I am Galion, the most terrifying conqueror!"

"A braggart," she grumbled after a deep sigh. "You had better not harm them. I'll kill you."

"If you deliver the secret to me, I will," said Galion.

"Secret?" Miaphil repeated.

"The secret of that sanctuary... I heard there is a token of power."

"Their God won't meet you."

"God? What a poor priestess, ha!" Galion laughed. "There's not god. It's a roll, a scroll of a magic! I come here to get it."

Miaphil had not heard such a thing. In the sanctuary there should be home for God and no one could go into the sanctuary. In fact, she had never entered there. But she taught that the interior was holy, so that only God could go into. Thus she wondered why he knew that; even the archpriestess was not told.

"Fetch me the scroll of the secret art," said Galion. "You fetching it, I will let hostages free."

Behind him, people cried out in intense protest; one objected that he should release them, and others insisted that Miaphil should not obey his requirement and not mind their lives. Their mouths had strong tongues, frightening nothing about the alien criminal, and struck

a back of him with vulgar terms.

"Peace and silence," Galion turned his head toward a crowd, at the same time, stuck out his flat of the left hand. He whispered with dark voice welling up out of the depth. "*Burnt.*"

Vermilion flames burst into their view. It seemed to be from the flat, and had been about to consume them by the fire, but spurted out above hostages with their faces dyeing vermilion. "Don't resist, or you'll die!"

They became quiet.

Miaphil was wrapped in a contradiction. Galion was a danger for the sanctuary, in addition, for people. She ought to protect there from him, and also save the citizens from. If she put priority on the sanctuary, people must be gone, and if did on them, the home must be desecrated. What was the best choice was to kill him immediately; however, she was afraid of causing them to be hurt. She shut her eyes, kept on closing for a while, and went on thinking of it, listening to their words, and feeling an aura about Galion.

Miaphil opened her eyes and said that she would accede to his request. Lots of claims and grieves from behind him. "Instead of my judgment, secure their safety."

"I see. But you not coming back until sunrise, I'll regard your choice as the escape or the abandonment and destroy here with a large bloody ocean."

"Can you be trusted?"

"Upon my word."

"I'll be back by sunrise."

Miaphil turned back, and headed herself for an approach to the sanctuary, experiencing the sorrowful

words within her ears. His spell bound her.

Miaphil stood up in front of a closed portal of the building. Her heart beat harder than everyday heart when she prayed before the sanctuary. The substantial door was stained with a coercive atmosphere and was so intimidatory that she was hard to grasp the knob.

Making up her mind, Miaphil flung her arms on the portal to open it. Rasping creaks were heard. Cold frowzy air gushed out of a crack in the door, but she didn't change her countenance; she thought about the citizens, the pathetic under a restriction.

There were glamorous decorations around the walls; it was not fancy as same as an ancient Corinthian architecture with complicated and ornate decorations, however it has plain and refined ornaments. If it was dared to say, it was the Doric style, majestic and solid. The cold atmosphere promoted its authority.

It was a large room; this sanctuary had only this room. This floor was, on either side, lined with seven white engravings without bases, which were seemed to be women and were like real copies. Some sculptures were modeled on little girl similar to Miaphil, some were beautiful women and others were average women and boys. All of them wore no cloths.

Miaphil found a small shrine beside her facing wall. The compact object was not carved and double doors existed in front of it only. It had no solemnity; as if it were a case for storage.

The priestess approached the case, with thought about God. *God must be in a secret place to hide his*

*shape from me*, she couldn't agree with what Galion said, and also couldn't accept the mention; she was the archpriestess of Vorden.

Miaphil faced the double doors. In a close sight, she found the doors using high-grade lumbers. The wood so white and smooth surface; it gave out comfortable wooden perfume.

Miaphil held out the left hand but stopped her forefinger closing to the doors. Somehow she wavered whether she opened the door or didn't, for she felt a kind of a dread or an apprehension. A time of the proof was coming.

There was an eerie silence around the hall, as if there had not been a medium that conveyed sound. In fact, it was filled with a sense of urgency. The executor swallowed her spittle down and touched its knobs.

Miaphil opened her eyes wider; from the knob which she touched with her forefinger and thumb, something bright appeared suddenly, attacked her hand and arm and then shoulder, and wrapped the priestess in brightness.

Miaphil was in bright room and everything in the hall was gone. It was an unknown place for her, and also was where she had never visited. Indeed, there is not a real world, a snowful ground below a sky with full of many white clouds and midair filled with snow grains. But it was not cold, or rather warm.

Miaphil had seen the blurred scene; but gradually it got clearer. She found three persons in the sight. Two were old and one was a juvenile who seemed to be a girl.

A woman entered with an extreme upset. "Mr. Gibson and doyen! Why is my daughter--"

"Calm, lady" said Gibson, a principal of Vorden, standing on the left side. "Your daughter was chosen by doyen, a proxy for our God. In fact she has a great power of the magic. This indicates to us that she is suitable for the archpriest."

Lady shouted. "The power? Everyone have it! Though my dear has a bit stronger power," she took a step toward the juvenile. "But nothing is different from other kids. At all, she is too young to be the guardian!"

"Not a guardian, the priestess," doyen announced and stood in her way. "It doesn't matter whether senior or young, female or male, and major or minor, but is only matter if the power is strong or weak."

"I can't approve it," she approached the girl with one step. "Your act kills my daughter, and makes an android based on her."

"Nonsense," Gibson opposed. "This is the greatest honor for you and her. Nobody can get such a glory. Citizens will praise you."

"Praise?" she replied. "We don't need a thing like that. We only need an ordinary and happy family. Don't split up!"

Suddenly the little lady was getting weeping; dropping her eyes, she covered her eyes by her hands. She let her fists go, and then as soon as putting it down, she lifted a train of her sky-blue casual one-piece dress up and held it to the face.

"Oh my poor dear," she walked a little and reached out her dry hands to the female child to give her a tight hug and a comfort to her. "Let me embrace her!"

“She doesn’t need your hug,” Gibson went on, “she is going to be the archpriestess, the strongest all over the world, and to be as strong as steel.”

The man beckoned the doyen, by nodding his head; the old authority assented, turned his back on the woman with an elegant spell and grabbed her small wrist. She was still crying. He asked her to follow him.

“No, Mia! You should deny his hand!”

“Silence, silly Evans.”

“Mia, Mia, Mia! Come back, Miaphil Evans!”

The girl called Miaphil Evans sobbed more bitterly and couldn’t go behind the man. The doyen pulled her, nevertheless her legs didn’t move, by the arm.

All of sight blacked out; and, Miaphil heard inarticulate undertones frequently. The black world seemed to be a Death’s den on underground, and also not to be a palace for God, though this building was made for God and for praying.

Miaphil stood motionless in a daze. Her pupils were looked like spoiled fish’s eyes, without animation.

Miaphil understood what the illusion meant, but couldn’t believe what was indicated. The little girl once she saw, the archpriestess felt an indescribable fondness: something foggy and uncomfortable attacked and perplexed her.

Miaphil heard a sudden voice, which made her ready for a fight; it was faint, dim with tender-years tone. A long while, there was a silence, then sudden, the voice got louder. “You are the first arch.”

“Who are you?” said Miaphil. She was unable to

locate its figure, so she turned round and round and moved her head many times. "Where are you in?"

"I exist around this sanctuary," replied the strange girlish voice. "And I am the first victim, second victim, third victim, many victims, and the last victim of you... I am successive victims... anyway, I am the victim."

"What do you want?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Yes, nothing. But I want you to get what you are. Find yourself."

"I don't understand," muttered Miaphil.

"It doesn't matter if you understand me or don't, but you should understand yourself."

"I did for myself."

"Not perfect. What are the lacks of your essentials? You've already known the answers, and already got one of the essentials."

"This makes time waste. I had better hurry to save them."

"Then, what's your name?"

"Miaphil, the archpriestess of Vorden."

"It mustn't be only Miaphil."

"My name is only..."

"You Miaphil Evans!" It roared abruptly; its voice sounded sad.

As soon as its protest echoed around room, the black space where she stood got brighter and brighter, she caught sight of the sculptures in dim lights, and the hall took back the brightness with fires on the wall, which didn't exist where she had entered. In front of her, there was the little shrine with the opened double doors.



Miaphil heard a sweet voice behind her. "Look back, Mia."

Miaphil did so, and in her sight, grabbed its shape; she had long black glossy hair, brown eyes, a thin nose, a slight full lip... she and Miaphil were as alike as two peas in a pod surprisingly.

"You saw, didn't you?" She pointed at the incumbent. "What you saw is the happening when you became what you are not."

*What I am not?* Miaphil was difficult to understand, but knew that her mention was perhaps true. Although she had no reason for the statement, something in the priestess exclaimed at her.

The unknown walked to Miaphil in refined steps, such as a modeling worker. She took about twenty steps, then stopped her feet beside her. "Your character put under seal with the secret magic; the archpriests' characters used as a key for the seal."

"By using a magic, the doyen did?"

The victim answered yes. "His family only knows and holds a skill that separates the mind from the body and implants a character of the archpriest without emotions and humanity; with cruelty and merciless."

"I was made." Miaphil turned her eyes aside. "And..."

"And I was also made but I'm the remnant," She touched Mia's left cheek to make her look the remnant in the face. "I'm a wreckage of the part of the forsaking emotions and abandoning humanities, which successive archpriests had."

"But I don't know," Miaphil brushed the hand on her cheek away. "Who is the doyen?"

She turned the suspended hand on Mia's back.

"Don't you wonder why the same descent was always appointed as the vise head?"

*That reminds me*, Miaphil had something in her mind. The incumbent vise head was very popular among the people, supported the head appropriately, and governed Vorden well. She knew that his father was an ex-vise head and father's mother was the position before him. "His family is..."

The wreckage smiled to the poker face, then, she put her hands on priest's shoulders. "They are. He is one." She moved the right hand from the shoulder to the back of her head, gazed at her strong eyes, and then touched her forehead with the forehead. Though a distance between their eyes got closer, she still watched. "It's time to be jumbled together, you and me."

"And to barter the secret magic for my poor hostages." Miaphil softly said, continuing after her words. "How can I get the magic?"

"When I and you are mixed into one Miaphil Evans, the magic will soak into your mind with your separated emotions and humanity." She held her tight. "Your reason and emotion are scrambled with the barbarous and vicious magic."

Miaphil felt the warm body temperature. The warmer she felt, the more transparent its shape became and the more it melted into her; the archpriestess had a feeling of extreme suffering that the successive underwent. It tried to crush her, but she endured it with her arms embracing the apparition close. Embracing hard, she was conscious that a lot of memories inputted inward. The poor girl felt enormous sadness, loneliness, and distress; tears spoiled from her eyes, expressing her own

emotion in a tense voice. "You, you, you!"

The almost-translucent figure in the arms of Miaphil embraced the opaque body. "Endure, endure! You have the strong will, so you can keep their sufferings in your mind. And I'm very glad to go back to you; we'll become one Mia..."

The shape became pellucid. Tearful Miaphil knew what to mean: it went back, thus she cried, writhed under their deep sorrow and solitude, and got the skill of the magic which Galion wanted.

Miaphil sank down to the stone floor. Copiously the tears flew on the contour of her face, dropped, and struck into the gray. The hall got dark; somehow all of the fires attached on the wall went out. The surrounding was dark; or rather the light was too poor to find the shrine.

Miaphil seized her beautiful cloth on chest, and crumpled the fine thread up. She contorted her visage; she felt so hard to withstand that she couldn't move, to mention nothing of walking. *I hold all of negative memories by the formers*, she found something huge in her heart. It was so heavy that no one took all of it except her. Because she was the only girl priest who faced the reality of the sanctuary, once denied, next confused and last accepted the truth, and got a true strength: to be what was the guardian. *Time to get back*, she stood up slowly.

The dawn was impendent, ticking away from the remaining minutes until the deadline. Miaphil was approaching to Vorden and found the fires on the buildings going out and being quiet as though nobody was settled in the town.

As soon as entering the square of the desert hamlet, Miaphil saw Galion still standing and the people still held as the prisoners. In addition, she saw a something red beneath a left foot of the hostage-taker. There arose a hum of voices around them. Two elder persons, Mr. Gibson and the wise head, stood and one said that they would be free, then were about to escape from the dumpling, but the invader was not allowed to run away by *Burnt*, his flame spell.

The man smiled eerily toward the elder and faced the priestess with his arms folded. "Just before sunrise, it's good time to back, don't you?"

"I know not."

"Now, show me the scroll."

"I have to inquire about the bloody pavement. You've done it? You've hidden an owner of the blood in the crowd?"

"I don't lose my words, so I didn't."

"Then by whom?"

"By them." Galion pointed to the old individuals: they were on well-tailored jackets made by the satin and pairs of trousers creased nearly, which were smart; however they had wrinkled faces with age, thus the suits didn't suit for them. "They're crueller than me because they asked me to let them free in exchange for a woman's death."

Miaphil was aware a charged atmosphere around the people except the guy. The noise made her irritate because of their suspicious actions; alternately some people looked her and turned away their eyes from her, and some of them moved their mouths near ears of the executives. She didn't find whether the mouths made

words and what the mentions were. *They're hiding something*, she gazed with skepticism.

Miaphil knew that there was something gushed out of her inside. It needed no time that she found the gush rage, and the girl was struck with a willing of overcoming the elder by her great magic to harm them and make the citizens obey to her. Though she was in a whirl of anger, nevertheless she wouldn't yield herself to the flurry.

"Let me catch the body in my sight," despite speaking quite calm, Miaphil was surrounded by the atmosphere freezing their blood. "Don't reach my sounds? I say you, let me watch it."

They gradually pushed themselves aside after another and formed a way to the fate. She gave a gaze toward an end of the road and was astounded at the eye opener: a woman, the woman who had been alive by the coming of the disaster—who killed by the two silly men—who was being dead—whom the girl knew but had forgotten—whom she knew the real character of the priestess—who loved the daughter—whom Miaphil once had loved—and whom Miaphil was loving.

The woman lying on the bloody ground was Fay Evans, who had a blue face in contrast of the vivid surface of land and the garments dyed darkish red. She didn't move anymore.

Miaphil crumpled up in front of the corpse. She opened her eyes wide, and became stupefied with grief. "Fay," The mutter melted into the sky and made her hang her head low.

Galion's laughter wrapped the tragic situation, which all the gazes centered upon his smile. "What the

stupid! It is one of some tragedies; the little guardian in dejection, the silly act of slaying the woman to protect themselves in spite of being doubtful if I really save them or not, and the pitiful lady putting on blood—or rather these are more enjoyable than other average plays.”

The laugh had her hands vibrate with her lips biting. She deeply sank into hate; she faced a truth of being that saved people betrayed her by accepting the murder by two heads, unless waiting for her in hopes of the honesty. *Why had I helped them?* Her days consumed for people settling in Vorden, but now, she was betrayed! *Not only mine*, she perceived; their act meant the treachery for all priests, who had done their duties without doubt.

Miaphil suddenly shouted. “My trust in you is broken. So I’ll break my responsibility.”

Miaphil stood up using her arm for support. Though being unsteady on her feet, the mighty awesome eyes pierced the man. “I know what I should be heading for.” Miaphil gave the murmur, then voices clearly. “*God in ræptfær, pepl in grief, by ða raim of ðeos spel—*”

The words made him fear that; it was what they called God and he called the secret magic. The hostages, however, did especially nothing because of their innocence. They only gazed her.

Galion stretched his arm and chanted a spell of the vortical fires, *Burnt*, but Miaphil was not consternated. In spite of being in the middle of uttering, she made another incantation, *Haieitæs of mīn*, an interruption of the previous magic. No sooner had she suspended the spell than the priestess raise her voice. “*Torture.*”

Galion writhed in abrupt pain. It was so suffering that he could not stand by his legs. The criminal

squeezed his chest and slumped to his knees; the voice made him put into unendurable pain.

Miaphil looked down at the tortured on the ground by brutal eyes. Keeping the gaze upon him, she opened her callous mouth. *"Præctete ða corps ænd ða taun."*

Galion was still in suffering; usually effective time of the magic depends on a spiritual strength, therefore person who has a strong or well-trained spiritual power can easily terminate from a restriction of the spell, but man who owns a weak power can't.

There was no doubt about being that Galion was trained for magic and defenses of that; nevertheless he couldn't eliminate an influence of magic, so he made grimaces with his body very wriggling, and gave groans.

*"Rizampfæn of mīn,"* Miaphil took a new spell, a reoperation of the interrupted magic. Immediately she sang the incantation. *"Hīe müsst hē wil ænd mīn hæmær feisen, Too leit to noutist, no lǽrær könnst bæc—"*

Thrashing around in front of the people, Galion roared similar to a death cry. "You had better not...!" Once he shut his eyes in agony. *"Støppe ða maup."*

The magic was hardly effective for the archpriestess because of her mighty spirit; but she felt uncomfortable by the mouth-sealing magic, though it was a mere scratch for her. She was still continuing. *"Not færgeten ða æcts by ðām, ða sily biheivær—"*

Among the sounds of terrifying words, hostages were as still as death; all captives were much tired. They didn't understand how terrible the sounds were; some of them considered that she was fighting against the vanquisher and had advantage, and some of them felt awe for the magical skill. However nobody realized tears

around the tails of her eyes.

In the presence of the afflicted aggressor, Miaphil was stuck for the words. She saw the miserable mother, fluttered her lip slightly, after that closed the eyes. “*Hie spredet þæ dizæsters over dāmselġ and not ġaindet hit,*” The voice also quivered.

Miaphil opened the eyes. On her eyeballs, she had a strong impulse for them, not Galion but the people. *I hate you, my foes!* She owned no opposites as for slaying all of them, except the corpse.

She sang the spell aloud such as a howl.

*Pāra sins: dāra silinæss, ænd hit mīn pæzefæn.*

*Ih möche mīn sin for Gød divouten, ænd ðen dām pærdæn.*

*Give mē ðe flæf dævælvins, ġainet on, ænd penætreitet!*

Miaphil raised one hand overhead in the middle of singing the first verse, and when she recited the component of the last verse of *penætreitet*, she brought her opened hand down. There was no impediment to uttering the sealed magic. He had no energy to resist her and people who knew nothing what the completion of the spell meant.

A glaring light appeared around her down hand. The shine became enormous immediately, and enveloped her body in. Not only she but the living and the departed and the architecture built in this village were covered with the bright light by which nobody was able to open its eyes.

In the white shining, angry billows of shrieks were echoed; they were different from shrieks by people, or rather they should be described as sorrowful outcries. Surrounding was so glary such as an aureole that she couldn't watch their faces and figures. She didn't grasp



who made the yells and what on earth it was. But she found them warm and comfortable, as if she were rolled up in a blanket.

Miaphil close the eyes, due to the happening by the awful magic; the white color was too bright and difficult to see and smarted her eyes.

As she was released from the pain, Miaphil faced a startling spectacle. She could find the stone-built houses around her, of course black soot on the wall and the signs of fires, for instance a burnt tree beside one of the building, and the pitiful body of her mother. The unexpected happening was that lots of vivid color surrounded the body.

Instead of the red, the people were gone. Where they gathered became where the ocean of gore lay. The crimson sea clung to the ground. Miaphil saw it up close and lost the vitality of speech.

*What's going on?* Miaphil didn't recognize, at first, what to mean. The fresh color impressed her as being a kind of paintings such as a scribble as though it were an Impressionistic art. *Beautiful*, she even thought that.

But as soon as she smelled something of iron, the archpriestess comprehended the bloodbath of doom. They turned, including Galion, into the red paste, blood and mushy raw meat.

Miaphil bespoke a smile, in spite of being in front of an inhuman wonderful view, in a scornful way. *Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, and perfidy for perfidy*, then she laughed. In a huge voice she laughed. She taunted them. Keeping swearing, the priestess sprinted to her mother

on the ichor.

The daughter surged to Fay and lifted her in the warm arms. "Fay, I did it. I did avenge! Mom, I made it!" Though her tone was much glad, her face was contrary to the sound; on the face the tears flowed ceaselessly and shed big teardrops. "Now mom, please praise me. Nobody has praised me yet."

The cold Fey didn't answer and praise her. She kept the cold eyelids closing, the pale lips hardening, and the breath stopping. The vacant body became solid similar to the stature rested in the sanctuary, a miserable box.

Miaphil called the mother following: mom, mom, mom, mom—the more she did the more lamentable she got tones, and finally something in the voice became as mourning as something on the face. The production from her mouth was in full of sadness; she sunk into profound darkness.

"Let's have first breakfast together," Miaphil whispered in her ear, "and then, after a meal, I'd like to have merry times with you."

That was a prologue to a tragedy of certain woman: the most brutal but the most affectionate priest. Although she would be the most famous criminal after that, there were few pages to describe how she became the felon. As for the episode, if there had had an opportunity to tell it, the incident would be told.

## **ITANI HAJIME**

likes the boiled rice and the potato salad.  
It is his dream to eat a big bowl of potato  
salad and the boiled Koshihikari on the  
boiled Akitakomachi. Visit the website:  
[ninoninofevor.xxxxxxxx.jp](http://ninoninofevor.xxxxxxxx.jp).