

It's a Lulu World

[RIOT CREATIVE CONTEST 2017] [Narrative] [WIP]

by SableV

Her world could be red, and blue, and orange. Her world could be round and square. Her world could be rough like dry tree bark or soft like a feather. She could make a cold day hot and bring cool breeze into a burning afternoon. Basically, it was her world and she could do anything she wanted in it.

Lulu didn't need company or a plan – she was perfectly fine with going wherever she wanted, with Pix flying around her. She was hopping merrily in the morning, then she was running, and now she opted for slow walk through the forest. It was a beautiful place – with lots of trees and so much green color... Too much, perhaps, but Lulu could correct it easily. She was creating huge flowers to grow on tree trunks, the air was now filled with clouds of rainbow dust and she even turned those useless insects on the ground into cute fuzzy critters. There, that's more like it! In her native town everyone was boring, they couldn't see the truth behind their stupid traditions – and Lulu could.

She didn't expect to meet anyone, she knew she was far from villages and towns. However, today turned out to be special. First she saw drops of blood on the ground, and then she felt a living presence ahead of her – faint, like a dying fire.

"My, my, Pix, looks like someone's ready to say goodbye to that world!" Lulu said in surprise. "Such a shame, huh? Let's see if there's anything we can do! After all, dying is a boring part of life".

She followed the trail of blood, but upon finding the one who left it, she realized this time she'd have to face the real world, not her world. It was a soldier wounded so horribly he probably wouldn't live to see the sunset. Somehow he managed to crawl here, but that was the end of the line for him. He was lying on the emerald green grass, surrounded by a bright red spot, and there was something beautiful in it – and eternally sad.

Lulu squatted next to him to get a good look at his face. Not like it mattered – she didn't know much about armies and wars. She just didn't care, they were playing a game she wasn't interested in.

To her surprise, the soldier was conscious. He didn't have the strength to lift his head, but his clouded eyes were open.

"Please..." he whispered hoarsely. "Can you just... Tell my family..."

Pix flew closer to her, shaking his head in reproach. He thought staying here was a bad idea. But hey, Pix didn't like most of her ideas, and he still played along. So Lulu simply waved him off and continued listening.

The man knew he was dying, he didn't have any illusions about that. He wanted her to find his family and pass his words to them – to his wife and children, and his brother. His wife and kids should know he loved them. His brother was to learn who killed him and why. He gave her everything – his town, the route to it, he even described how his house looked.

Lulu sat next to him, listening. She didn't say anything, but somehow he believed she would grant his wish. It was probably easier to accept his death knowing his words wouldn't be lost and forgotten.

And then he was gone. His eyes remained open, but the light in them finally succumbed to eternal darkness. Lulu stood straight and looked at the body thoughtfully. Pix was flying around her – not happy and not willing to hide it.

She could actually go to his home town, it wasn't that far and she was free to do whatever she pleased. But what would it give her and his family? She'd have to face his devastated wife and crying kids. She'd observe his brother's wrath – and desire for vengeance. He'd probably try to avenge his brother and fail, and another corpse would be bleeding on the forest floor.

Those weren't just boring things – those were dangerous things. They made Lulu remember those dark thoughts she kept locked away in a distant corner of her memory. Like everyone she loved and lost when she spent those years in the faerie land, and their lifetime ended without her. Or that she should've grown up long ago. Or how she could never fit in anywhere and share the connection the dying soldier was holding on to during his last moments. Or how Pix might be a dark faerie who selfishly took her old life away so he would have a friend...

Nope, that wouldn't do. She chose not to grow up – so she wouldn't grow old. That way, she would never die. And she wouldn't let someone else's death push her off the right path. She didn't live in a Lulu's world – she didn't believe it belonged to her. She lived in a Lulu world – a perfect world where death and sorrow didn't exist.

So she covered the dead body with bright red flowers and erased any memories she had about the soldier's words. "Come along, Pix!" she called. "Today's going to be a very important day: we're going to make it a happy day no matter what!"

It was going to be another Lulu day – because nothing else mattered.