

title: eggshell
author: wellowned



cues challenge: prompt
time used: twenty nine minutes
feedback: is encouraged
fandom: none.

“the calm before the storm”

notes: not even a pairing. first person pov. oc.

There's clouds in her eyes just before the storm begins. Just before she breaks into the pieces of what was once her heart. She gave that piece of herself away once... twice before. When she was younger, it was all the rage.

She's alone now, though she'd always have someone when she needed them. A phone call away. A text message. An email. She sometimes calls for help, hanging up before anyone can pick up. Admitting she needs that help is more than she can stand. More than she wants to let anyone know.

That's why she wants to fly away. Why she got wings tattooed on her back. The need is greater than any she's had before. Greater than the need to find someone to share her life with. More hopeless and more substantial. She has to get away.

There's turbulence on the horizon, just as the clouds are gathering in her eyes once more. The trouble of never being taught what it's like to solve problems on her own. She's built up an utopian picture of what life will be like when she leaves. Idealism dies a hard death, though the world's pummeled it beyond recognition. She doesn't recognize it as naive, though her heart feels the shapeless truth of it.

She only sees the light calling her. She sees it, feathered brushstrokes, coalescing behind the turbulence. Feels it like a thread, binding her heart in the saddest caress. She can't break free from it, and isn't sure if she wants to.

Just before she leaves, just as the calm before the storm, she finally learns to breathe.