

I smell kerosene my dear, have you been burning bridges? Trying to hide behind walls of fire when the world comes crumbling down? Burning the faces of those who wronged you, yet only going skin deep, because I too once thought that death cures all, but now I'm just ash.

The fire crackled to life as I sat so close. The man I once loved, now screaming. The mad king. The mad king. Yells of triumph as they drag me to his side, the flames licking my feet. Jack fell down and broke his crown, and I came tumbling after.

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