

The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo

by anex



My name is Gabrielle, but I am also known as the girl with the dragon tattoo.

For the last half of my life I have borne this indelible creature, whose serpentine body twists and curls from the nape of my neck to the base of my spine. It was given to me by a ghost long since faded from memory; a gift for my protection against evil spirits. Although of course I cannot see my dragon, I feel its energy and its strength, and it has served me well over the years as my protector.

A lover once said to me that my dragon's brilliant blue eyes appeared to watch her, and that she feared to touch it in case it bit her. I laughed of course, she was a silly young thing.

I was a bard before I became a warrior, fierce in combat, deadly with a staff, sword and chakram. I travelled the world helping people who could not help themselves, some people feared me, others revered me. I did not choose this way, this way was my destiny.

Tonight though as I sit quietly by my campfire my dragon feels different... cold somehow. I take my katana and hold it such that I can see the reflection of my back through its razor sharp blade, to my astonishment I see my dragon has vanished. I rub my eyes, maybe it is because I am tired and weary from a long journey. I feel so very tired these days...

"Gabrielle."

I startle slightly as a voice I have not heard in a long time calls softly to me on a gentle breeze. My horse picks up her head from grazing, she heard it too.

"Xena?" I look around but there is only darkness in the forest beyond.

I stand though my legs feel strangely weak.

And then suddenly in a shimmer of light she is there standing before me, ethereal and so very, very beautiful, her hair is as black as obsidian, her eyes as blue as the Aegean. Her leathers are now white and her armour is silver but she is most definitely my Xena.

She smiles lovingly and holds out her hand to me. Without hesitation I reach out and take it, it is warm and strong.

"It is time Gabrielle." She says softly as her hand gently cups my face, she leans down and places the sweetest kiss upon my lips. "I am here to bring you home."

I nod in understanding. "You were my dragon." I say finally realising the true nature of the mark I had borne all these years.

"Yes my love." Xena smiles in answer.

She turns slowly towards the shadows holding onto my hand and I follow her. I glance back at the frail lifeless body curled by the fading fire, and I know now that I am finally going home, with Xena, my destiny in this life complete. THE END

*Questions, comments, complaints? email anex@hotmail.co.uk
November 2011*