Morrígan's Story

Morrígan put her hand-warmers on, then fixed her hat, looking in the mirror. She looked young, she thought, but it was difficult for a human to say that because her face really didn't show age. Once upon a time, her nature was a serpentine structure, with duties and likes spreading in all directions, a sort of living artifact made of three imperturbable and distinct existences that consumed her time and attention. But, alas, even for immortals, time was an architectural anatomy that needed to be put in order to obtain some sort of satisfaction. She knew that if she wanted to understand human life, she needed to simplify hers, so she became the one quintessence of three imperturbable existences.

Now, Morrìgan was a sophisticated armature of beauty, balance, and purpose, and she was finally ready to dedicate all her complex self to creation. As simple as that.

She thought human life would be boring, some sentimental ups and downs at the most. Yet, she had never imagined humans would be capable of such emotional turmoil, such complicated cognitive investment in destroying themselves and everything around.

Truth to be told, she was the master puppet when it came to war and conflicts in general, but there were warfare rules she created, rules that needed to be respected, that were there to ensure the factuality of the results, but that were trashed like anything else in the humans' life. "Innate humans are longing for order," she read in a book, a logical understanding, something that needed to be true, but the reality was contradictory to this statement.

At first, she sympathized with the humans who were suffering atrocious injustices. Skin too dark or too light, land that belonged to one or another (challenging to understand how something without death becomes private property to someone with limited time). Beliefs too liberal or too conservative, egos too big or too small. Raped or sold like disposable objects, enslaved to

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physical or cerebral functioning, guinea pigs to pharmaceutical or cosmetic industries. Since the industrial era, humans have shifted power from physical to mental manipulation, making religious machinations look like kindergarten games. When her heart was still soft, Morrìgan made weak humans stronger.

Ultimately, humans directed their destructive hunger toward nature, the very thing they needed to survive. Morrìgan comprehended that it wasn't a gender but rather a generational and personal interest war. What humans did not understand was that nature did not need humans.

She opened the door and immersed herself in the beauty of snow and cold, hoping to find a solution to this terrible human condition. But doing something meant breaking the rules, the rules she so much loved. "The free will," she said to the snow. The snow answered by showing Morrìgan's ageless face in the perfection of the snowflakes. "You're right," she said as she continued. "I'll give them what they want, not what they need."

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