

Castle of Glass

Von abgemeldet

It felt strange to be here with them today. After all she had done, they still trusted her.

What other choice did they have? Their parents were either dead or out there, roaming the city for some ADAM, their faces deformed. They wouldn't recognize them, anyway. No, none of those little girls would ever see their parents again. She had to take care of them now. It was the least she could do.

"Mama Tenenbaum?" One of the girls was tugging at her sleeve, looking up to the geneticist with big, blue eyes. Her dress was shabby and torn, her feet and legs were dirty. Her hand was cold, as it reached for Brigid's. They were always so cold, and she could do nothing to change this.

"Can you tell us a story?" the girl asked, already dragging her towards the other girls, who were waiting, looking at her with great expectation.

She had given them new names after she cured them. Part of Suchong's treatment was to delete all of their memories. They couldn't remember their names, their parents or where they lived, but sometimes some very strong memories bled through, like a distant dream. It had taken Tenenbaum a long time to remember their names, and whenever she confused two of them, they would start to giggle and laugh. Sometimes they even played pranks at her, pretending to be one of the other girls, just to confuse Brigid.

None of them had ever seen the blue sky, felt the wind in their hair or the sun on their skin. They had been born in Rapture, born into darkness and a doomed society. But she wouldn't let them die here. She would find a way to save them. Only then she would be able to forgive herself and find peace.

The girl holding her hand showed her where she had to sit down. They liked it when she sat on the bed in the corner, because then they were able to sit on the mattress next to her - the closer the better. The girls who didn't get a spot on the bed sat down on a rug on the floor, looking up to her. A cold chill ran down her spine. It was always freezing cold here and yet the girls didn't seem to mind.

"Once upon a time," she began, after she had been told that this was the right way to start a story, "there were many little princesses, who lived in a castle of glass at the bottom of the sea, just like Rapture. But one day, an evil witch came and cursed the

little girls." They gasped, looking at each other. Sometimes Brigid wasn't sure whether she might wasn't as bad at telling stories as she'd thought, or if the girls just pretended to be interested, for her sake.

"The witch didn't care about little girls and hated their happy laughter-"

A noise silenced her, and she gently pushed the little girl sitting on her lap off of her. She saw a pair of feet coming through the hole in the wall and rushed over to it, helping the girl down.

"Maya is back!" the girls chirped happily and followed Tenenbaum. The geneticist took a look at her, making sure that she was fine. She was worried whenever she sent one of them out there. Some of them never came back. But this time, more came back than she would've expected. Two more girls she hadn't seen before followed.

"This is from Miss Langford," one of them said, holding out a potted flower. The second girl had one, too, hugging it to her chest as if it was a precious treasure.

A small smile spread across Brigid's lips, as she ran her hand over the girl's head. "It's time for bed now, little ones. Hush, hush." She took the plants and was about to turn around, when one of the girls tugged at her sleeve again.

"But you didn't finish the story. What happened to the princesses and the witch?"

Tenenbaum set down the plants on a table and crouched down, kissing each girl's face before going to bed, like every day.

"The witch realized that she had made a mistake and saved the little ones. She became their new mother and lives with them in the glass castle. And one day, she will show them the sky. Sleep well, now." She watched them getting ready for bed and sat down, looking out of the window at the crumbling city.

Brigid may wasn't very good at telling stories, but she would keep her promise.