

## from a windowsill

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Rating:	<a href="#">Not Rated</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">3rd Life   Last Life SMP Series</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Pearl   PearlescentMoon</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Ficlet</a> , <a href="#">Introspection</a> , <a href="#">just some nice late night introspection yk?</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Double Life SMP Setting</a> , <a href="#">Character Study</a> , <a href="#">sorta. in the way your thoughts are unfiltered and messy at night</a>
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## from a windowsill

by [swagcore](#)

### Summary

It's a cold night tonight.

As Pearl stares out to the moon, feeling the wind through the tower's rafters and the howls of the hound army roar from below her, she squints her eyes.

There's supposed to be a blood moon tonight.

or:

it's late at night, and pearl has some thoughts about the blood moon (and herself)

### Notes

hope you enjoy the gift <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It's a cold night tonight.

As Pearl stares out to the moon, feeling the wind through the tower's rafters and the howls of the hound army roar from below her, she squints her eyes.

There's supposed to be a blood moon tonight.

She snorts. Maybe she should have taken advantage of that fact to scare more people this night, you know, taking advantage of the whole witch thing and whatnot.

But it's late out and she doubts anyone would have the energy to keep up with her antics at this hour.

She sighs. It's late out. She can't tell if it's the fatigue catching up on her, but she still feels as if the moon's calling out to her—something about how the deep scarlet calls to her, almost entrancing.

She stares out at it for a moment, letting the wind of the cold bite at her cheeks and the continued howls of the wolves surround her.

As if she was watching a fire.

And maybe, it is like that—the way the craters of the moon deepen the tones of crimson the moon radiates. It reminds her of herself, in a way—the way there's blood on her hands and the way the wolves' are her call of war.

Maybe the destruction is just like fire is, dangerous and intrinsic. Maybe that's what draws her to the moon—the dog's barks and growls.

Pearl slouches on the windowsill. Maybe she's been up too late now.

She has to play the role of Scarlet Witch tomorrow, after all.

## End Notes

dont know if this is how your prompt was meant to be taken, but hope you enjoyed regardless! hope u had a good time reading this an a good day/night! <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!