

Rose Water

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Rose Fletcher, the new girl at school, feels out of place. All that changes when she learns that she's the princess of Icesp and a member of the elemental Winx.

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Bloom joined her friend Flora. She noticed the girl standing by the pillar nearby.

"Who's that?" she asked.

"New girl."

"Ah."

Rose Fletcher felt a pair of eyes watching her. She looked over in the direction of the red head and idly brushed a strand of her crimson streaked blonde hair over her shoulder before examining her nails. Rose hated being a newcomer at anything. Ever since she could remember, Rose had done odd things; things that couldn't be explained. When she'd been ten, she'd made a small gold statue lift up and move across the room without touching it, following an argument she'd had with her mom. Coming out of her flashback, Rose noticed three other girls had joined the first two. One had blonde hair, while the other two had pink and blue hair. Stella noticed Rose standing off by herself. She quickly looked away when Rose looked up.

"What's the dish on the new girl, Bloom?" she asked.

"She moved here two days ago from Avestone," Bloom replied.

"There's something odd about her," Techa added.

"Like what?"

"I'm not sure. But I've got a feeling we'll find out soon."

"Lets go before we're late for class."

The five girls headed off to their first class. Rose, who had the first class with them, also headed to her class. She took her seat across the room from them and kept her eyes averted. Rose hated her gift. She wished she'd never gotten it. Her gift was more of a curse than a blessing as far as she was concerned. But she also couldn't deny her heritage. She was the most recent in a long line of fairies. She took her power from the element of water. Three rows away from Rose, Bloom glanced over at her. She felt a sense of kinship with the new girl.

'There's something different about her. Could she be another Winx girl?' she asked herself.

'It'd be nice if there was another one of us,' was her next thought.

After class, Rose was placing her things into her backpack when Bloom joined her.

"Hi. Rose, right?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"I'm Bloom."

"I know," Rose replied.

"You do?"

Rose nodded.

"When I was little, my mom told me that my grandma had been a member of a fairy race called Winx, as was she. I'm the most recent in a long line of the Winx race."

"So am I," Bloom said.

Rose looked at her.

"You are?"

"Mmmmm. And so are my other friends."

"That's cool."

"So, what's your ability, Rose?"

"I control anything having to do with water. I'm also telekinetic."

"The elemental Winx? I've never heard of them before."

"We led a secret life."

"Oh. Why?"

"My home planet Icesp had a domineering king. He ruled with an iron fist, killing those who dared oppose him. That is, until the time came for him to take a bride. All the eligible females in the kingdom that were young were sent to the palace, myself included. The instant his eyes landed on me, he said I was to become his bride. My mother wouldn't allow me to wed the king. So, in the darkness of night, we left Icesp and came to earth. I lived in Avestone for four years, until mom packed up and moved us here."

"Oh. I'm sorry."

"Don't be."

"So, do you know of your origins, Rose?"

"No. Mom won't tell me anything."

"Why?"

"She's very secretive about that. I've got to go to my next class."

"Bye."

Rose waved as she headed off to her next class. The day went by in a blur. Before she knew it, school was over and Rose headed home. Reaching home, she joined her mom, who was in the kitchen.

"Mom, I'm home," she said.

Melody Fletcher turned.

"Hi honey. How was school?"

"It went great, mom. I met one of my school mates today."

"That's good. What's her name?"

"Bloom."

"Mom, why did we leave Icesp?"

"To save you from a marriage that was ill fated."

"That's not the reason, is it?"

Melody sighed.

"No. The truth is, you're the princess of Icesp. Your uncle, my ruthless brother in law, was the second son. Your father was Icesp's rightful King. But your uncle wanted the throne. He had your father killed and ascended the throne. I took you away from Icesp so your uncle would never marry you. Icesp's throne is yours by right, Rose. Until your uncle dies, you can't return to Icesp or he'll make you his Queen."

"If I'm princess, that would make you..."

"Icesp's Queen, yes."

"And grandma?"

"She's your late father's mother."

Rose sat down in a chair that was nearby.

'Wow. I'm Icesp's princess,' she thought.

She looked back up at her mom.

"Why didn't you tell me that I was a princess in the first place, mom?"

"I wanted to keep you safe from your uncle, Rose, until you were ready to become Icesp's Queen."

The next day, Rose went to school. She got to her locker and opened it. Bloom joined her.

"Hi, Rose," she said.

Rose looked up.

"Oh. Hi," she replied.

"Is something wrong?"

Rose faced her.

"Mom finally told me of my lineage yesterday after I got home from school. Turns out I'm Icesp's princess and she's Icesp's Queen."

"Wow. Another princess. Most of the girls here are princesses. Myself included."

"Really? That's cool. What world are you the princess of?"

Bloom looked down.

"A world that no longer exists," she said softly.

"Oh. I'm sorry."

"It's okay."

The school bell rang and the two girls headed to their first class together. At the same time, on the planet Icesp, King Grian watched the scene through his mirror. His gaze went to his advisor, Latria.

"Latria, what's the best way to make Rose my Queen?" he asked.

"There is one way, but you'll have to disguise yourself in order to trick the princess into drinking it."

"Drink what?"

"A potion, if you will. It'll make her succumb to your charms and she won't fight your marriage."

"Hmmm. It may just work. How soon can you have made?"

"Whenever you desire it, my liege."

"Have the royal potion maker work on it. I want it in an hour."

Latria bowed.

"Yes, my liege."

Back at school, Rose was busy taking notes, unaware of her uncle Grian's plot to make her his Queen. Without warning, she went into a trance as a vision came to her. In it, she saw herself standing beside her uncle. She noticed she was clad in a white wedding gown with a veil that flowed down her back and out behind her. She saw her mom seated in the front pew as she wept bitter tears. The vision ended and she came out of her trance, only to see the entire class was looking at her, including the teacher. Bloom, who was seated next to her, leaned over and whispered, "Rose, what happened? The teacher called on you to answer a question and you spaced out."

Rose felt lightheaded from the vision she'd just gotten.

"I'll tell you after class," she replied.

'That was weird. Where'd that vision come from? Mom doesn't have visions. Maybe I should tell her about the vision after school,' she thought.

After class, Rose was the first one out the door. She made a beeline for her locker. Bloom halted her progress towards her locker. Rose faced her.

"Rose, what's going on? You can tell me," she said softly.

"You remember my uncle?"

Bloom nodded.

"I had a vision of me becoming his bride and Queen. This is why my mom took me from Icesp in the first place. She thought she could prevent the wedding from ever happening."

"Oh. I have something for you."

"What?"

Bloom handed Rose a small vial. Rose looked at it.

"What is this?"

"It's a potion that'll help you."

"Ok."

"Drink it now."

"Maybe later. I've got to go."

Rose headed off in the direction of her next class. Grian, in his disguise as Bloom, frowned at the retreating figure of his niece. He'd hoped that she'd take the potion then. He walked into an alcove and disappeared after first making sure the hallway was empty. He reappeared on Icesp.

"Latria!" he bellowed.

She came running.

"Yes, my liege?"

"How long will the potion hold?"

"The longer it takes for your niece to drink, the stronger it becomes," she replied.

"She hasn't drunk it yet."

"She will, sooner or later."

Rose looked at the small vial in her hand. Pulling off the cork, she lifted it to her lips and tilted the vial upwards. The contents of the vial entered her mouth and went down her throat. Bloom, the real one, ran in.

"Rose, don't drink that!" she cried.

It was too late. The vial slipped from Rose's fingers and hit the floor, shattering on impact.

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